THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 200,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

FREE NOVEL

Vol. II. No. 42. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1935. 48 PAGES PRICE 3d. SYDNEY

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
22 MAR 1935
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

DRAWING BY BOOTHROYD

VERSE BY P. DUNCAN-BROWN

Threshold

Youth is looking out
Through the partly open door
At Life's wide highway
Where her dreams have gone before.

She sees the laughter
On the sunny crests of light,
And pools of shadow
As the pitfalls in the night.

Yet with eager eyes
And with lips that laugh the more,
Shall Youth pass gladly
Through that partly open door.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607102

GUS BLUETT *Plays Hitler* in MELBOURNE

Nice Goings On Between Consuls and State Governors!

There have been some nice goings on about the show, "Nice Goings On." It finished in Sydney the other week, but it opened in Melbourne last Saturday.

In Sydney, Gus Bluett was banned from burlesquing Hitler, the German Chancellor, but in Melbourne, after considerable debate on the part of J. C. Williamson's directors, the act was allowed to proceed in its original form.

Melbourne's attitude towards Gus Bluett's little joke must be causing some embarrassment to two people, the German Consul-General in Sydney, Dr. R. Asmis, and the new State Governor of New South Wales, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven.

THE incident has created a situation which is without parallel in the history of Australia. It involves many problems.

To name a few:

The advisability of a State Governor adopting the powers of a theatrical censor and interfering in a civil matter of this kind!

What precisely constitutes an insult to a foreign power?

When one State has taken a particular stand on a situation like this, should another State do the same, so as to avoid making the first State look ridiculous?

MELBOURNE undoubtedly has made Sydney look ridiculous over these nice goings on, and even though Sydney may have been at fault, it is questionable, when the important positions of the parties concerned is taken into account, whether Melbourne has not been more at fault.

After all it would not have mattered much if the act had not been performed in Melbourne.

What Sir Alexander will say about it to Lord Huntingfield, Governor of Victoria, and what Dr. Asmis will say about it to Dr. Koltzsch, the German Consul in Melbourne, one can only imagine. Dr. Asmis is Consul-General for Australia, and a superior to Dr. Koltzsch. There is little doubt that, either rightly or wrongly, he considered the act an insult to Hitler and Germany. As a loyal patriot he objected; what now will be his attitude to Dr. Koltzsch, who did not object?

THE act itself was harmless enough. Gus Bluett pulls a lock of hair over his brow, and takes a Hitler salute.

That's all there was to it; but the German Consul-General did not like it, and other Germans did not like it, either and so when it was learnt that Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven intended going to the show, representations were made to him, as a result of which Sir Alexander asked "The Firm" if the act could be dropped.

If "The Firm" had exercised a little diplomacy, they would not have agreed.

They could have pointed out that Leslie Henson, who played the same part in the show in London, did the same burlesque of Hitler and nobody objected. Not even the Princes who went to the London performance.

However, Williamsons probably thought it was a small matter, and that as it would not make any difference to the show, it would be a courteous deed, to a new Governor, to grant his request.

This was done, no doubt, without any thought of the sensation it would create and the precedent it would establish.

Sensation!

SMALL, unimportant things like this, however, can have far-reaching effects.

The news that Gus Bluett's burlesque was censored spread like wildfire.

Gus himself walked down King Street that night with a newspaper poster bearing the news pinned on his dress shirt.

Everybody was talking about it the next day, and for days after. Was the Governor right? Was the German Consul right?

Some said "yes" and some said "no" . . . but now Melbourne has thrown its vote on the side of the "Noes" and, in doing so, has involved the policies of the Victorian and New South Wales State Governors and the German Consuls.

The Consuls will, no doubt, settle the matter their own way, and take care that nothing like this happens again—but will any step be taken to see that the State Governors synchronise their policies a little more carefully.

Farcical though the whole business is, it might easily have been more serious.

J. C. Williamson's, believing that discretion is the better part of box-office receipts, deliberated for several days about whether or not Gus's Hitler should make his bow at the King's Theatre.

His fate was not decided until a few hours before the show opened and until the people likely to object in Melbourne were w e l l sounded.

Nice goings on indeed!!

AN EXCLUSIVE Australian Women's Weekly study of the new Primate of Australia, Archbishop Le Fanu, Metropolitan of Perth. The Primate, who is a descendant of the Irish Huguenots, has a remarkable sense of humor, and is a master of repartee.
—Women's Weekly Photos

GENERAL EVA BOOTH *Pictures Modern* YOUTH

Interesting Chat with the Salvation Army Leader!

From Our Special Representative at Fremantle

One of the world's great women and ablest leaders was the impression I formed within a couple of minutes of commencing to interview General Evangeline Booth soon after her arrival in Perth by the Mooltan to commence her Australian tour.

She is rather small in stature and slimly built, but does not look her 68 years.

On such questions as dress, social work, and the trend of modern youth she spoke earnestly and with deep conviction.

HER black Army bonnet was trimmed with gold to denote her rank; she wore a black uniform, and neat hose, neither obtrusively woollen and obviously not silk, with neat, serviceable shoes. From the bonnet, tied in a large bow under her chin, hung long broad ribbons.

Her firm oval face has deep-set, winning eyes, while her sonorous voice carries with it most earnest conviction.

I must mention her wavy brown hair, coming over her forehead under the bonnet and now beginning to show silver streaks. Her chin betrays indomitable will, and her whole being radiates good fellowship.

Modern Dress Discussed

TO the question: "What do you think of modern dress? What about silk stockings and fashions generally?" she replied:

"I have never busied myself with other people's stockings, but you may take it for granted we wear the least expensive. In America you can get a pair of supposed silk for very much less than one would pay for woollens. I think with all reasonable people that dress should be sufficient to meet the demands of modesty, but I equally hold that with the clothing of men and women, health should have full consideration. I would only approve of such stockings as were modest in color and texture, and for Salvationists in keeping with our uniforms.

"There is no thought of changing the Army uniform," she said, in reply to a question, "it is known all over the world. As to the bonnet there is perhaps no headgear which suits so many different types of faces."

Personal relationships between members of the Booth family are quite happy, the leader explained. Her deepest sympathy in times of depression went out to the most pitiful section of the unemployed known as the "white collar" group, including office men and small shop-owners. They had lived easily, had or were buying their homes, and possessed bank accounts, perhaps a car. Unused to hardship, when all had gone they found themselves unable to adjust themselves to altered circumstances and loss of morale in such cases was irreparable. In the midst of depressions and the welter of misery the Army, which wielded enormous influence and toward which the poor had always looked as a friend, had labored with intensive energy.

"Youth to-day," said General Eva, "holds that Governments are all wrong. There are too many restraining laws; too much puritanical bridling of sex impulse; too much restraint on discussion of subjects which were never brought up except in intimacies of family life. The older folks were all right, but they had fooled themselves. They were not running things right.

"I have never taken the attitude that all these ideas and impulses should be crushed."

OUR *Three-in-One Free* PATTERN

A special "three-in-one" free pattern is one of the many attractive features of this issue. This pattern, which is being given away to readers in addition to our usual free pattern, constitutes another of the many amazing services of The Australian Women's Weekly to its readers.

CONSTITUTING a revolution in newspaper fashion services, this free pattern is so clever, smart and versatile that every woman will at once recognise its value.

Armed with this pattern, any woman with the average knowledge of sewing can make herself three smart winter frocks for the bare cost of the material.

Any woman with a flair for modifying designs to suit her especial taste can easily use this pattern as a basis for making half-a-dozen winter outfits.

Each frock for which the pattern provides is eminently chic. Each bears the authentic fashion hall-mark of winter, 1935. Chic neck notions, basques, snappy pockets, slimly-tailored fittings are all provided for. All three are distinguished models. One, a caped street costume, is so outstandingly smart that few women would hesitate to pay three or four shillings for the pattern of it alone.

Sketches and full directions for obtaining this splendid pattern will be found opposite the pattern page

LONDON, PARIS AND SYDNEY

ATKINSONS
FACE POWDER

Infinitely soft and semi-transparent, leaves your skin petal smooth but without a trace of powder visible.

Atkinson's No. 24
. . . created for England's patrician beauties.

Black Tulip
. . . a fascinating fragrance.

Californian Poppy
. . . charmingly youthful and gay.

Also in these ever-pleasing perfumes— Atkinson's FACE CREAMS, TALC POWDER and PERFUME, so that your fragrance may be an unbroken harmony.

TO LOOK NATURAL . . . USE ATKINSONS FACE POWDER
1/6 BOX (8 Shades)
At all chemists and stores

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

ACTRESS CELEBRATES JUBILEE

MARIE TEMPEST, who once visited Australia, and who still is famous as an emotional actress of vivaciousness, charm, and wit, celebrates her jubilee of stage work on May 30. On this date in 1885 she made her first appearance as Fiametta in a revival of the comic opera, "Boccaccio."

It is understood that her jubilee will be marked by a great all-star matinee, to be held at a large London theatre on the exact jubilee date.

Miss Tempest has agreed to this proposal, and plans are now being made for the matinee.

J.P. AND GOLFER

MRS. AUSTIN GATEHOUSE is one of the best-known figures in the golfing world of Australia. She has been Commonwealth champion three times, champion of Victoria six times, and champion of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club eight times, and is probably the only golfing woman who is also a J.P.

Just elected president of the Victorian Ladies' Golf Union for the eighth year in succession, Mrs. Gatehouse will entertain the British women's team when they visit Melbourne later in the year.

Mrs. Gatehouse was president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for many years, and she has been 15 times president of the A.W.N.L. at Sandringham, Vic.

Horticulture is her hobby, and she is a patron of the Cactus and Succulent Society of Australia.

A CLEVER ARTIST

MISS CAROLINE BARKER, of Norman Park, Brisbane, is a member of a talented family. Her mother, Mrs. A. Barker, who belongs to the National Council of Women, is an artist, and has a unique collection of furniture and china, gathered from all parts of the world.

One of her sisters teaches artcraft, and another is a short-story writer.

Miss Barker herself is one of Brisbane's leading artists in portraiture and still life. She was trained at the National Gallery in Melbourne, and then in London.

She has exhibited her work at the Paris Salon, at the Society of Artists, Sydney, and the Royal Queensland Art Society.

For the last six years she has conducted the only "life" class in Brisbane.

A prominent member of the Lyceum Club and the Art Society, Miss Barker has been chosen by the latter to give their monthly broadcast, her subject being "The Art and Life of John Constable."

BABIES whose every action makes news that is flashed round the world. The famous Dionne quintuplets, Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, photographed a few weeks ago.

WHAT DOES *the Future* HOLD for *Nature's Freak* BABIES?

World's Most Interesting Infant Girls Will Celebrate First Birthday Soon

WHAT does the future hold for the world's five most interesting baby girls—the famous Dionne quintuplets of America, who will celebrate their first birthday in a few weeks' time?

A freakish trick of Nature pushed them into the world's spotlight from the day of their birth, and they seem likely to remain in the spotlight all their days, every action the centre of intense interest.

Recent cables reported that the Government of Ontario was preparing a bill that would virtually remove the babies from the control of their parents, but the proposal aroused so much public feeling that a milder agreement was drawn up, providing for the upbringing of the children and to prevent their exploitation as a sideshow.

BUT these five small girls, ridiculously alike, with no more privacy than the domestic goldfish, taking long, ecstatic pulls at their bottles, are oblivious to the world's attention just now.

Soon they will be playing games with their elder brothers and sisters. What fun the older youngsters will have in trying to identify the quintuplets in a game of hide-and-seek.

The world's most publicised babies have already become involved in litigation because of an allegedly unfulfilled circus contract. Unconscious of all the excitement and interest, they have gurgled and crowed and developed in a manner that has amazed the medical profession. There were many anxious days at first, keeping the spark of life going in those five little bodies.

Through babyhood, childhood, school days, adolescence, and womanhood what influence will each exercise on the other?

Hardy Family

DAUGHTERS of a farming couple in Ontario, the babies have been feted like princesses. Gifts have showered upon them from all parts of the globe. They have enough baby food alone to last them all until well into middle-age.

Every detail of their birth in May last filled columns in the newspapers of the world for weeks afterwards. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and Nurse Marguerite Moores Marshall, who attended Mrs. Dionne, became international figures. Audiences of 3000 and more at a time have filled halls to listen to Dr. Dafoe's lectures regarding the birth of these "identical" quintuplets.

When twins or more babies are born at the same time they are known in medical terms as being either identical or fraternal. Identical babies are of the same sex and look alike. This similarity in physical appearance continues throughout life, and some experts in twinning feel that even their thoughts and actions are similar. In fraternal multiple births the babies do not look alike (any more than members of the same family).

Quintuplets have been born before from time to time. Exact figures in relation to all births have not been worked out above triplets, but it is only once in very many millions of births. There is also a case on record of six children being born at the one time. In New Zealand the birth of quadruplets recently has been a matter of extreme interest.

MRS. OLIVA DIONNE, who was married at sixteen, already had six children when, at the age of twenty-five, she gave birth to Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie. After all previous confinements she had been up and about doing housework five days later. So that, though it is a miracle that quintuplets should live at all, let alone for ten months, the fact that they were born of so hardy a mother is surely in their favor.

The whole atmosphere into which they were born was, in fact, auspicious. In Callender, Ontario, families quite usually contain ten or more children and life is lived in the primitive healthy outdoors fashion.

Explanations of the births are varied, but some medical men think it may be a "throw-back" to a time when all human births were multiple.

Yet, though the babies were born of such healthy parents, in bracing country surroundings, their survival is still a miracle.

Not only were they born two months before their time, but there were no preparations made to receive them.

When nurse Marguerite Marshall arrived following an urgent call, she did not even find a hot-water bottle in the house. She laid them in a borrowed meat basket, which smelt of mothballs, dressed and washed them with rags, and bathed . . . in in olive oil from a saucer.

Their total weight was only 10 lbs., and they were so tiny that she had to be careful to look twice to see she hadn't thrown away a baby along with the dirty rags.

"They had faces no bigger than apples, and they mewed like little kittens," she said afterwards.

Public's Gifts

BUT, when the news that quintuplets had been born leaked out, through the inquiries of the babies' uncle about "the cost of inserting a five-in-one newspaper birth notice," the public was lavish with its gifts.

The cellar of their parents' home is stocked to the ceiling with toys and presents of all descriptions.

The Government of Ontario even pays the babies' washing bill, which includes 150 pieces daily.

The most important early gifts were incubators. In these the babies lay, being helped along with periodic inhalations of carbon dioxide and oxygen, when they had attacks of suffocation. They did not experience a real soap and water bath until two months old. At present they are living in an air-conditioned "hospital" across the road from their parents' home, where they bask in their cribs, and, because of eight large windows, have about as much privacy as a bowl of goldfish.

Attractive Babies

THE Dionne quintuplets are not only unique, in that they are carbon copies of one another, but in their attractiveness. Hundreds of people, hard-boiled men as well as women, come to press their noses against the window panes where, in a warm temperature, though there may be snow on the ground outside, the large-eyed, long eye-lashed infants perform their baby antics.

Yvonne is the largest and strongest, with the longest and blackest hair, and is also, say her nurses, the most phlegmatic.

Annette is the prettiest one, and—quite naturally—the flirt and the temperamentalist. Annette had an "affair" during Dr. Dafoe's visit to New York. She made a conquest of the good-looking young Toronto physician, Dr. Garnet Hamlen, who is in charge of the hospital.

Cecile has the roundest face, and she's a natural-born acrobat.

Emilie is the talkative, smiling, vivacious infant. She probably will be a small bunch of mischief as she grows older. Even now she tries pulling her night nurse's leg. When the nursery lights flick out at six o'clock, Emilie takes a long breath, waits till the door closes, then sets up a pathetic wail.

Tiny Marie has just the least bit of a cross in her big blue eyes and is a frankly jealous little person. If the nurses are paying special attention to one of Marie's sisters, she tries to turn it in her direction.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE, the quintuplets' doctor, has vigorously opposed schemes for their exploitation in sideshow.

YOU CAN BE TALLER!

Astounding proof that you can increase your height!

Gained 3 Inches

"I am writing this letter in order to let you know that I have gained 3 inches since taking up your course of Height Increase, and can say I am very pleased."—L. D. Luca, G., N.S.W.

A Splendid Success!

"I have improved in health as well as in height. I have already gained 2 inches. It is a splendid success, and I am very pleased I went in for it."—M. Archer, L., Tas.

Gained Nearly 2 Inches!

"I have very much pleasure in stating to you that I have gained nearly 2 inches in height, and am feeling much stronger in the spine. I am continuing with your method hoping to gain more inches."—A. Serramba, E., N.S.W.

£100 GUARANTEE

The above sum will be paid to any person who can prove that any one of these testimonials appearing in this announcement is other than genuine extracts from actual letters in our possession.

In Just 14 Days From Now!

LADIES!—You can now add several inches to your height! With this remarkable, scientific method, it is now possible to increase your height, at the same time improve your health and appearance. Without the use of drugs or unnatural methods, this system will add inches to you. You CAN be taller!

How Is Your Appearance?

All the social and business advantages of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand above your fellow people and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing adds you more to social and business success than a tall, commanding appearance, nothing will add more to your personality—and yet all this is within your grasp! You can NOW get this extra height—you can be the person you have always wanted to be.

500 Booklets to be Given FREE!

This remarkable literature will amaze you—it will show you the short cut to a tall, commanding personality. Through reading this wonderful booklet, hundreds have already increased their height. Hundreds are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these booklets Free—if you SEND AT ONCE. Get this coupon in the post NOW!

MAIL NOW

The Principal,
SYDNEY PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,
Dept. W8,
Lombard Chambers,
Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your remarkable literature, "How To Increase My Height." This obligates me in no way whatsoever. I enclose 4d stamps for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

31/3/35.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607104

AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)

Issue 1935-03-23

Page 4

Missing Page

National Library of Australia

AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)

Issue 1935-03-23

Page 5

Missing Page

National Library of Australia

WHAT'S *Sauce* for the GOOSE

By JAMES POLLARD

Illustrated ... by ... FISCHER

EXCUSE me, girl, but that's my streamer! I——"

"Indeed. Then please take it and keep it!" Vonn Palamour tried to stare frigidly through a tangle of paper streamers that had suddenly enmeshed her head. The familiarity expressed in the man's voice jarred her sense of dignity. To be addressed as "girl" by a stranger was outrageous. And she always had disliked big, masterful fellows who grinned at everyone and spoke to everyone as though they had a right to, and as though privacy were a quality to be ignored and reticence something foreign to human conduct. So much she tried to convey in that stare.

The big fellow's grin expanded. "Thanks," he said cheerfully. "But I'd just as soon leave it there now. I'm an artist, and the unusual is always my soundest inspiration." He cocked his head a little and eyed her critically. "I'll put this on my next canvas—a brunette clinging to a ship's rail, trying her very hardest to look dignified with a dozen farewell streamers playing havoc with her hair, and quite unmindful of her haughty beauty. All in a sea wind under a summer sun, with smoke and masts for background."

Vonn shook herself free of the snare of rippling bright paper strands, and turned to attend again the friends on the Adelaide wharf, who were there to see her sail for Fremantle.

The young man continued to admire for a few moments, conscious that, freed of the wanton streamers, her face, now animated and in profile, more strongly charmed him. But he, too, had friends demanding his attention, and streamers connecting them with him to repair—so he needs must elbow his way between the girl and a stout old lady and look to his own interests.

His elbow made undue play thereafter until the boat had swung out from the wharf and the long streamers were blowing and breaking and whirling away with the wind, and the passengers were breaking from the rail, and dispersing about the ship. Not that he was unduly rude. The elbow played gently, enough to keep Vonn in mind of the fact that the big, grinning, too-familiar man was all the time at her side.

It followed that when the pair found themselves seated side by side at dinner they felt sufficiently acquainted to exchange smiles and conventional talk. With a brief sea trip before them, the interests of good-fellowship demanded that they make friends quickly. And a shipboard flirtation might swiftly have developed had not the man, having passed Vonn the salt, the pepper, and a glass of water, and received cordial thanks for his attentions, decided that the time was ripe to introduce himself.

"I'm Beverley Langreyre, you know, bound for——"

"Oh, are you?"

He looked blank. The girl's voice expressed more than recognition. It expressed hostility. And her stare now was thoroughly frigid.

"Why?" he queried. "You're not going to dislike me because I'm Beverley Langreyre, are you?"

"I am," Vonn replied decisively. "But not because you are the artist—though I have heard that your nudes are atrocious and your sunsets hideous. I'm going to dislike you because you are Mrs. Langreyre's son."

"Really?" he sounded incredulous.

"Yes, Florence Langreyre, you know. She and my uncle have been lifelong friends, and you are probably going to join them at Busselton, where they are holidaying together."

"I am," he informed her, and whistled. "So Sir Thomas is your uncle. Then you must be Vonn Palamour."

Vonn asked the gentleman on her right to pass the salad.

WHEN an attractive youth and a charming girl are thrown together aboard ship and achieve no more than a nodding acquaintance, their fellow-passengers are apt to make much out of so little. But Langreyre ignored the nods and the smiles and the meaning glances that he observed, and, as Vonn had evidently resolved to keep him at a distance, he, being not untutored in the ways of women, decided to meet the girl more than half-way, and destiny when and where destiny chose to be met.

As the ship docked at Fremantle, Vonn, stationed near the wharf-side rail, saw Langreyre approaching along the deck.

"What about your luggage, Miss Palamour?" he inquired casually. "I'd better get it off with mine and see they go to Busselton together."

"I like your cheek," Vonn retorted. "After ignoring me during the voyage you want to take charge of my luggage as though it belonged to you—and of me, too, no doubt."

"I do," he assured her, grinning.

"And there," she said aloofly, nodding toward the gangway, "is the steward already passing my cases to a baggage agent. Within a few minutes uncle will have charge of me. And," she proceeded, her voice and her attitude becoming more hostile as she observed that he listened and waited with an air of patience that appeared unwarrantable, "when we meet in Busselton I hope that you will kindly avoid any unfamiliarity. I——"

He took her arm gently, but firmly. "I haven't had the opportunity to tell you," he announced, "but your uncle asked my mother when she wrote to me in Adelaide to put the responsibility of your safe arrival in Busselton upon me."

Vonn was speechless for a moment, then, "I like that!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you would. Now——"

"But if uncle isn't here, I shall go to Busselton alone."

The grip on her arm tightened, and so did the set of the young man's brown face. "Your uncle isn't here," he told her grimly, "and you'll go to Busselton with me. You are the most stubborn creature I've known."

She surprised him then with a quick, flashing smile, and surprised him still further when she accompanied him docilely from the ship.

"A car is here somewhere for us," Langreyre announced as they stood on the wharf. "Your uncle's. Come and help me find it. Ah—what's this?" He turned as he heard his name called.

A uniformed motor-driver was descending the gangway, at the head of which stood the steward who had lately handled Miss Palamour's luggage, and who, Langreyre divined, had directed the motor man after him.

"Mr. Langreyre? I missed you on the boat, sir."

"Sir Thomas Palamour engaged me to run you and another person to Busselton. If you will come this way." He led them from the wharf.

Langreyre saw his charge ensconced in the big tourer that awaited them, and closed the door with a snap. "Please stay there while I rescue your baggage," he requested. "If you hadn't been so all-fired anxious to prevent me taking charge of it, I'd have been saved this trouble."

Vonn gave him another sweet smile. "I'm so sorry to trouble you."

Langreyre snorted. Then he grinned. "All right, I earned that," he granted her, and hurried away.

THEY reached Busselton a little before seven in the evening, were met and welcomed by Sir Thomas Palamour and Mrs. Langreyre, and parted to make a hurried toilet before dinner.

"Now what, my dear uncle," Vonn wanted to know as they dallied for a few moments together in the baronet's room at the Seaport Hotel, "is the meaning, firstly, of your holidaying with Mrs. Langreyre; and secondly, of my being put upon Mr. Beverley Langreyre as a burden and a responsibility all the way from Adelaide?"

Sir Thomas looked sympathetic. "Was it unfair to you, Vonn? I didn't think of that. Well, you know that Mrs. Langreyre and I are old friends. Fate willed that another man should part us in our youth. He died soon after Beverley was born. And now Elizabeth and I meet each year to enjoy for a brief period so much of one another's companionship as we care to enjoy. And you and Beverley—why, what could please us better than to see her son and my niece married? We feel that that would be some recompense for the mistake we made and for the happiness we were denied. So we arranged that you should meet and become good friends."

He chuckled at the girl's reproachful stare. "You think us a sinful old couple, eh? Never mind; you have charity enough to forgive us our sins. We won't quarrel; but I for one will be very happy to see you and Beverley married."

Vonn pursed her lips — whereupon the old man kissed her.

The girl laughed. "Well, uncle, I shall marry Beverley if I like him, if I fall in love with him, if he likes me, if he falls in love with me, and if between us we feel convinced that the only way to be happy is to be married one to the other. I hope you realise just how serious are those many obstacles to your happiness. Now come along to dinner."

During that meal conversation dragged a little, and somewhat coolly.

THE young couple met alone the next day on the beach. Vonn, prepared to be friendly, more out of curiosity than for any other reason, was surprised to find Langreyre inclined to be distant.

"Matchmaking is not in my line," he told Vonn, apropos of nothing at all. "I don't intend to be a nuisance to you to please my mother and your uncle. You'd better play in your own yard, Vonn."

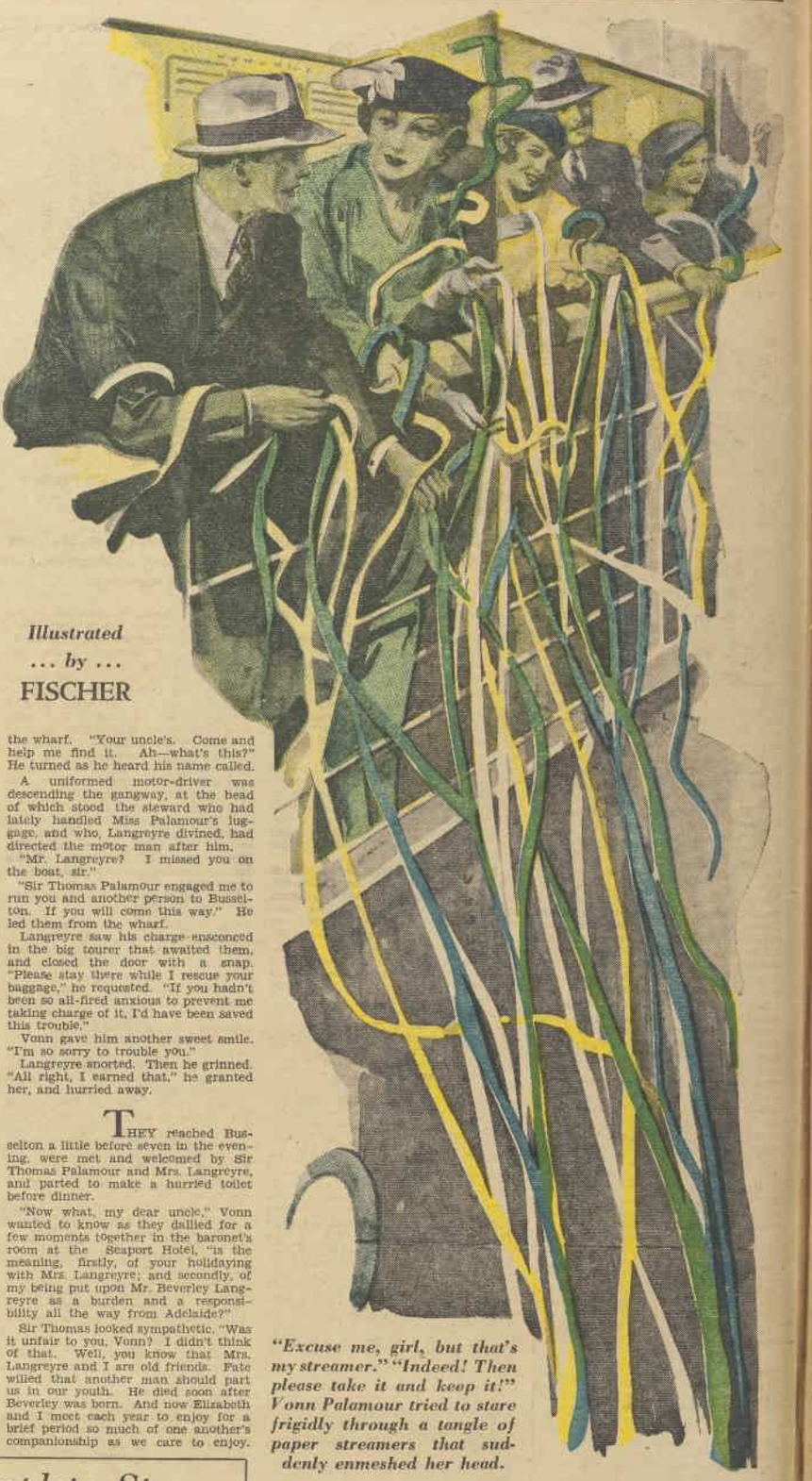
Vonn put her hands on her hips and stared him out. "I believe I do like you," she informed him. "In fact, I'm sure I do. So one of the obstacles is removed. Now look here, I want you to help me with some matchmaking, so you can come down off the wall and play in my yard, too. I think it's perfectly scandalous that two elderly, respectable folk should roam about the country loose, as uncle and your mother do. It's a wonder they don't remember that it wasn't done in the days of their youth. The sooner they're married the better."

She added after a pause: "And I'm pleased that you called me 'Vonn.'"

Langreyre colored—and grinned; and a light gleamed in his eyes. "I'm with you," he said softly. "Let us plot plots and scheme schemes."

Sir Thomas and his old friend strolled down to the beach a little later and, observing the young people far up the sands where few people were, swinging hands together as they walked along, they exchanged smiles.

Please turn to Page 29



"Excuse me, girl, but that's my streamer." "Indeed! Then please take it and keep it!" Vonn Palamour tried to stare frigidly through a tangle of paper streamers that suddenly enmeshed her head.

My Favorite Poem

Three Gates

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three Gates of Gold.

These narrow Gates, first "Is it true?"
Then "Is it needful?" in your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three
Then you may tell the tale nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—Author unknown.

Sent in by Miss Nance McDonagh, Concord, N.S.W.

A Long Complete Story

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607105

Complete
SHORT STORY

Illustrated by FISCHER

Out of the DAWN

BY F. Dudley HOYS

Anne lifted her revolver. Her fingers tightened on the butt. She would save one shot, and then run back to Warwick. At least they would meet the end together.

"HERE they are," said Merchison. Half closing his eyes, he peered away to the south, where the desert stretched like a still, yellow ocean. "They'll be along in half an hour."

His daughter came out of the wattle hut that served her as a bedroom. Like her father, she shaded her eyes from the glare and stared at a wraith of dust creeping lazily towards them.

"Let's hope Ibn Nafa has been duly impressed. After all, he's a wise old scoundrel, Anne, and he knows which side his bread is buttered."

"I rather like him," she said, and continued staring, one slim hand to her forehead.

Merchison lit a cigarette, and watched her covertly. Only in the last few months had he realised she was grown up. The picture of her mother, he thought. The same wide grey eyes, waving hair, determined little chin, and lissom figure. A good thing she had fallen in love with Warwick Grant. Of course, he had enjoyed her company, wandering about on his political missions along the border. But the farther desert was no place for a girl.

No doubt Grant would settle at Ahwaz when they were married. She would have a good time there. The Eastern Oil Company treated their people very decently, and Grant would be able to provide her with the small pleasures that count so much in youth.

Merchison nodded to himself, and gazed at the approaching dust spiral, which represented Sheikh Ibn Nafa, Warwick Grant, and their escort of three. He sincerely hoped the trip had been successful. Of course, Ibn Nafa made a good round income from guarding the pipeline in his territory. He was hardly likely to quarrel with money. But some of those cut-throat Bakhtiaris he led were spoiling for trouble, and the new depot here had no protection—just Heppel, Grant, himself, and a few Kurdish miners. If anything happened suddenly, it would be warm work holding out until help arrived from Ahwaz, a hundred and forty miles away.

Presently Merchison shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I'm getting old," he told himself. "Seeing shadows where there are none. Oh, well, Warwick will soon drive them away."

THE dust wraith was much closer. He could make out the sombre burnous of Ibn Nafa, Grant's white sun-helmet, and the spidery legs of their Arab mounts. Behind, naked yellow soil, sterile as rock, glittered to the horizon. In the north the Persian hills loomed, a vague blue haze. Sky and dust and the breathless hush of eternity. No wind-driven ripples, no sandhills, no cover but one stunted palm by a crumbled well. Even now, after the familiarity of years, it seemed a miracle to Merchisen that travellers could come unscathed out of this wilderness.

The cavalcade reached them at last. Ibn Nafa dismounted and touched his forehead gravely. Grant greeted them with a cheery "Here we are again," and made straight for Anne. The two disappeared, presumably to console each other for their week's separation.

Ten minutes later, when Ibn Nafa was refreshing himself and defying his religion with a cooled Scotch and soda, Merchison left him to Heppel and went in search of Grant.

"Sorry to disturb your—er—conversation," he said with a sly grin, "but I'm aching to hear what happened at Ahwaz."

Anne smoothed her hair and pouted.

"I think it's horrid of you. He's only just come back to—to—and you begin worrying about this stupid political business."

"Never mind," said Warwick, with a sort of joyful awe. "We've years and years ahead of us, haven't we?" Then he blushed at his outburst and smiled awkwardly.

"Years, and years, and years," said Merchison banteringly. "Later on, I daresay you'll both regret there are so many." He eyed the lean, sun-tanned Warwick and winked at the air. "However, business comes before pleasure. For the second time of asking, what happened?"

"Just what we expected, sir. When Ibn Nafa saw the tanks, and the stores, and the pumping plants, his eyes began to widen. The company took him everywhere. We showed him pictures of our shipping, and of the refineries at home. We simply stuffed him tight with an atmosphere of wealth and power. When he left, he was like a child who has been to an exhibition for the first time."

"I'm more than glad to hear it." There was a distinct note of relief in Merchison's voice. "So you don't think he's likely to give the least bit of trouble in future?"

Warwick's grin was eloquent. "Not an ounce of it, sir. I should imagine he's dropped his old religion and taken up the worship of oil. Of course, he may demand more for guarding the pipeline, but a small increase wouldn't hurt us. He has enough sense to realise that while he keeps in with the company he can live like a lord without even making an occasional raid on his neighbors. I heard him tell the general manager that he'd rather kill half his tribe than play false. He made a long, flowery speech of friendship. 'Shall the children of Ibn Nafa fight their sworn brothers? Never. Shall the liquid gold that flows through our country be sacrificed for liquid blood? Not while the Sheikh of the Bakhtiari lives!' And so on. Oh yes, sir, he's sincere enough."

"The best news I've heard for a long time." Merchison stared from Warwick to Anne, and pondered a moment.

"What's the matter?" asked his daughter with quick intuition.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, my dear. You're not the sort to be scared, but . . ." He broke off and laughed. "But why not? Your news counteracts mine, Warwick, so the boggy is more or less banished. While you were away I gathered certain information. It appears that Ibn Nafa's son, a real young blackguard named Ibn Said, has been at the bottom of all this unrest. In his father's absence he took the opportunity to spread a little murder gospel among his friends. I shan't feel quite happy until the Sheik's back in the bosom of his family, treating the hotheads with a firm hand."

"You bet he knows how to do that, sir," said Warwick.

"Quite. Ibn Nafa doesn't stand any nonsense. But some time or other, when the old man ends his foxy career, we shall have to keep a very careful eye on Ibn Said."

"I'm not a prophet," said Anne, lightly, "but from what I've seen of the Sheikh, he should live to about two hundred. He's made of wire."

"Barbed wire at times. Which reminds me, he'll be waiting to go. We'd better trot along and give him the ceremonious farewell due to a leader of superior brigands."

They found him puffing at a narghile, idling with the impassive perfection of the East. The sun was creeping behind the horizon, tinting the sky a dull orange, like the flesh of a sirin pod. The few palms in the camp stood out hard and metallic against the waning light.

To save trouble, Ibn Nafa anticipated vespers. With his escort he knelt and bowed to the dust. The perfunctory prayer droned out, the Sheikh muttered a final "Allah il Allah," and touched his brow to the party. Then he mounted his bedecked stallion and rode away to the north, where the buzzards wheeled lazily and the phantoms of night drew down their purple shrouds.

DINNER in camp that evening was a merry affair. The mess-hut, a structure of mud and basket-work, sent yellow gleams into the darkness. Merchison, Heppel, Warwick, and Anne were doing full justice to a meal evolved from Heaven-knows-where by the Kurdish cook. On a table in the corner Warwick's gramophone rattled out a strident fox-trot.

Certainly, furniture was at a premium. Packing cases did duty for chairs, and the watered dust was a poor carpet. In one corner the wireless reigned like a twentieth-century shrine. There was something very comforting about it. They had established a broadcasting station at Ahwaz, and sometimes the headquarters staff there gave amateur concerts. With the headphones on, many a lonely outpost of the company could forget the jackal-haunted night as a rollicking song came lilting to him across the wastes.

For the first time in many months, Merchison felt at ease. The question of Ibn Nafa seemed settled, at any rate for a space. He rose, winked at Heppel, and lifted his glass.

"I should like to propose a toast," he said. "Here's to an interesting little ceremony that should take place shortly. The two principals will, I'm sure, congratulate each other on their choice." Warming up to his foolery, he hummed and ha'd and put on a portentous air. "I have known the bride since she screamed and struggled and refused to be bathed. I could say a lot about her—but won't, for fear of frightening the bridegroom. I, er——"

"If you don't sit down," said Warwick, "I shall forget our respective positions and assault you with this fly-flap."

"And I," added Anne, "shall use a tin-opener."

"You see, sir?" Warwick linked his arm in hers and under cover of the table gave her hand a most ridiculous squeeze. "We're united. All jealous leg-pullers shall be brought to condign punishment, as they ought."

"Dear, dear. Their modesty is as great as their appetites. Now, when I was young——"

Merchison got no further. There was a commotion outside. The beaded curtain swung back, and a tribesman staggered into the hut. An ominous red stream trickled from his shoulder.

"Effendi——"

"Great Scott!" Heppel's voice was shrill. "He's one of Ibn Nafa's escort."

Warwick dragged forward a case. Merchison sent his orderly for the drug chest, gave the exhausted man some stimulant draught, and set about doctoring the wound. While he worked the man told his story. It was short, simple—and brought a sudden cold chill to his listeners.

Four miles out from the camp they had been attacked in the darkness. The Sheikh and two of his companions were dead.

"My own horse fled, effendi, all praise to Allah. He was mad with fear, and though they pursued, the wings of terror gave him the speed of light!"

"Who were the murderers?" asked Merchison, his voice toneless with control.

The man bowed his head.

"The Sheikh's own children—men of the Bakhtiari!"

They stared at each other in silence. It was futile to voice their thoughts since each knew Ibn Said had cut off the strong hand that held him, and there was nothing now to check four hundred cut-throat fanatics.

Warwick went across to the wireless.

"No need to worry," he said evenly. "I'll get on to Ahwaz, and they'll send off a relief column in no time."

Merchison got up briskly.

"There's not much to do. Collect the men, Heppel, and serve out arms. They're not exactly sharp-shooters, but some of them could hit a man at twenty yards. Anne, my dear, you might bandage this poor fellow. I'll just look round and see what sort of defences can be arranged. If——"

A shout of rage interrupted him. Warwick had removed the dust-screen from the transmitter. He swung round and his face was white.

"It's smashed up! Must have been done by somebody in camp. One of the Kurds——"

"Ahmed!" shouted Merchison, and the Kurd in charge of the laborers ran up. "Parade everybody here. At once."

A minute later they had checked the numbers, and one was missing.

"I thought so," said Merchison quietly. "Friend Ibn Said had this cut and dried. Warwick, can you patch up the transmitter?"

"I think so," he said, desperately busy with the instrument, "but it may take hours."

"Can't be helped. Do your frantic utmost. Once a message gets through, they can race up some sort of relief in half a day. And the planes from Basra would take under two hours. I think we'd better reconnoitre, Heppel. They're not likely to attack before dawn."

"And what about me?" asked Anne steadily.

Merchison looked at her with wincing eyes, then braced his shoulders.

"When you've bound up the patient, stop here and help Warwick. He may want things."

The frightened Kurds, chattering volubly, were stationed at intervals round the camp. Heppel and Merchison buckled on revolvers and made off into the night, one taking the south the other the north. The moon was rising, revealing the desert as a cold, grey blue.

Finding she could be of no help to Warwick in his frenzied wrestle with the transmitter, Anne went out to the limits of the camp and peered into the night. It was silent, horribly silent. Once she heard a jackal wail, and the hush afterwards seemed redoubled.

THE waiting began to tell on her. Somewhere out there her father was scouting among the shadows, playing a grim game with watching Death. Why didn't he return? He had been gone hours—days, . . . Heppel, too. They should have kept together—— What was that shadow? Something moved, she could swear it. And there were strange, remote noises like the sounds in a dream——

Crack! A shot split the silence and re-echoed through the empty world. After the shivering flash the night looked like ink. Her heart pounding wildly, her mouth dry and hot, she listened to the following hush and heard its menace.

She must go out, go out and find them. How could she stop here, after that one shot? What had it meant? She could hear it still, a lingering note of doom.

Then the patter, patter of running feet, the rush of heavy breathing.

"All right," came her father's voice. She gave a sobbing sigh of relief as he loomed up out of the greyness. Almost at the same time Heppel whistled behind and joined them, panting hoarsely.

"A half-circle," he said jerkily, "about a mile out. I peered along the ground. Saw them like little dots against the shadow."

"As I expected," Merchison's tone was grim. "Just the same my side. They've surrounded us. I edged a bit too near, and one of them blazed away. He was yards wide."

"You think they won't attack until dawn?" asked Heppel.

"Certain of it. It's the hardest time to shoot straight, and they know it. They'll close in gradually, then make a sudden rush. Let's pray devoutly that Warwick repairs that transmitter soon. All we can do now is wait."

Please turn to Page 36

Immigrant

The foreshore is flaring with flame-trees,
Convolvulus burns blue above;
But I've found an immigrant—Name, please?—
I know for an earlier love:

A sweet-scented breath of the Counties,
Far from its birthplace astray,
Where kingcups' and buttercups' bounties
Bring bees to Kent meadows in May.

The foreshore is flaring with flame-trees,
The last of the wattle's dull gold;
But I've found an alien—Name, please?—
Less splendid, less lovely—but old.

Old and beloved as Surrey,
Old as the undulant line
Of the downs. Oh, what is it? Hurry!
I've found a sweet, wild woodbine!

—Desmond Blake.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607106

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS!

Here is a Splendid Fashion Guide for the Smart Playgirl

PERHAPS you are contemplating a few days' holiday at Easter. If so you will want suitable clothes. In order to be practical they must be chosen with an eye to town wear as well. The following suggestions will come in useful for sports and morning wear when you return.

WHETHER you are going to the seaside or to the country you will require thick as well as thin clothes, as the weather is sure to be changeable. Take as few clothes as possible and yet be prepared for any event. Therefore, work out your color scheme before purchasing anything. Navy-blue is a good foundation, as it can be worn with almost every color and is equally smart for town wear. First you will want a topcoat of heavy, rough woollen, made on sporting lines with wide lapels, pockets, and a "swagger" look when worn open. A plain navy fabric will do, or a hairy one, or a navy and white tweed. I suggest a matching skirt, straight and with kick-pleats at the hem.

The one sketched here has three bands of the material stitched on at the waistline. These do up with little square steel buckles at the centre front. With this skirt you can wear bright blouses—red, green, yellow, or pale blue—or jumpers.

For travelling I have chosen a blouse of heavy crimson crepe with a military collar. With this ensemble you will wear a navy felt pull-on hat, with a slightly high-pointed crown and a brim, navy-blue lace-up Oxfords with Cuban heels, navy bag and white or navy gloves.

For Golf and Tennis

FOR golf or walking you will see sketched the same skirt worn with yellow twin-sweaters, really being a sweater and cardigan in the same color and same stitch, or you could have a navy jersey blouse and yellow or red cardigan.

For tennis or for wearing if the weather is hot, there is a tailored dress of white washing crepe or linen worn with a navy scarf and a white panama hat. You could have this dress in any pastel color. It will look nice under the topcoat or under the cardigan. You will require two of these frocks if the weather looks like being warm.

Rather a luxury, but still not expensive, is the pyjama-dressing-gown ensemble sketched. If you are going to the seaside the pyjamas could be worn in the daytime. The dressing-gown is made of navy-blue artificial crepe—crepe-de-chine or silk linen are good alternatives—cut like a man's with navy and white spotted crepe-de-chine collar, cuffs, and sash.

The spotted crepe-de-chine makes the wide-legged pyjamas with a tuck-in top, collared like a shirt. There is a navy and white spotted cotton, rather like a fine pique, that could replace the crepe-de-chine.

If you are taking an evening dress, have a coat that will turn it into a dinner frock in case the men "don't dress." Chiffon, lace, printed crepe-de-chine or dull crepe pack easily. Sketched is a Molyneux model with his new shirred neckline showing on both the dress and the coat. It could be made in crepe or chiffon. In this instance the dress is lime-green chiffon and the coat tomato-colored chiffon. A lace evening dress could have a lace jacket or cape—or a printed crepe-de-chine frock a velvet jacket.

Color Schemes

ANOTHER suggestion for a short-holiday wardrobe is a tweed coat and skirt with a blouse, sweaters, and a cardigan, with two thin frocks.

Here are two more color schemes:

A grey flannel coat and skirt, navy and white spot shirt blouse, navy cardigan, red sweater. Yellow silk frock, grey linen frock. Navy felt hat and shoes, and gloves. White crepe evening dress, with one printed jacket and one red jacket.

Brown and white tweed long sports coat, matching skirt, and yellow shirt. Leaf-green sweater and brown cardigan. Beige frock and a pink frock. Brown hat and shoes. Black evening dress with a long red chiffon scarf.

FULL description of the garments sketched above is given in the accompanying article.

. . . DO'S AND DONT'S FOR AUTUMN . . .

DO HAVE—

A TOUCH of bright color at the throat of a dark wool dress.

o o o

A SURPLICE (cross-over) bodice of a low cut square decollete for evening.

o o o

VELVETEEN, somewhere on your winter ensemble.

o o o

HIGH-CUT lace up shoes for street wear.

o o o

STRAIGHT narrow skirts for day. Sloping shoulders.

INITIALS on your sports blouse or sweater.

o o o

YOUR top coat about 10 inches from the ground.

o o o

YOUR sports suit 11 inches from the ground.

o o o

YOUR evening dress just touching the floor all around.

o o o

A GLIMPSE of gold or silver—gold thread through wool for day, gold or silver spots or flowers on your evening dress material.

SHIRRING; shirred necks, shirred yokes, shirred sleeves and evening capes.

o o o

A DETACHABLE fur collar that can lead a double life.

o o o

THREE-QUARTER and seven-eighths coats with matching skirts.

o o o

A TUNIC, day or night.

o o o

DON'T HAVE—

SKIRTS cut on the cross in woollen material.

ELABORATE sleeves.

o o o

ONE of those big squashy berets.

o o o

TOO narrow revers on your suit.

o o o

CURLS or hair that hangs around your neck, have your hair short and sleek, with the curls—if any—above the tape of the neck.

o o o

A WIDELY-flared evening skirt, unless it is on a "robe-de-style" dress.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607107

WE STRIDE into the BALLROOM NOW!

● *IN accordance with the predicted new evening silhouette, the frock, above, of pale blue taffeta, has a tightly-fitting bodice joined to a skirt that flows widely from the hips. In this case fullness is achieved by the use of pleats.*

● ● ●

● *ON THE RIGHT is a cocktail frock, tightly fitting and trained, for we must still move with dignity and caution at the cocktail hour. The long sleeves and high neck are appropriate for winter wear.*

● *AS WELL AS VELVET, taffeta will be much worn this winter. Now obtainable in a wide range of lovely colors, it is a much more popular material than ever before. The model in the centre has the popular wide skirt treatment, the fullness being concentrated at the back.*

● *ONE IS NOT old-fashioned if one prefers one's evening frock to be tightly fitted to the knees. This silhouette favored last year will maintain its prestige this season. The skirt is gracefully form-fitting, but cut to ensure ample freedom of movement.*

● *IN WHITE VELVET, this model evening gown is perfectly suited to its dark-haired wearer. Cut on unusual lines, and with a particularly becoming treatment of the sleeves, it is a true "creation." The skirt is very cleverly cut to fall into a wide, circular hemline.*

New Winter Silhouettes

FROM MURIEL SEGAL

ACCORDING to Victor Stiebel, the young Englishman who has such a lot to say about fashions both in London and Paris, as well as in New York, we shall have a different silhouette this winter in the evening from that which we have during the day. And both day and evening silhouettes will differ from those to which we have been used during the last few months.

This designer has not yet publicly shown his collection, but a few favored ones have seen a fore-glimpse. The evening gowns show a waistline dropped to the top of the hip, and this is accentuated by the use of wide, exciting belts, from which the skirt falls in heavy fullness, achieved by inverted pleats, or by a solid mass of the material itself.

Instead, therefore, of evening gowns being tight to the knees, they are to be very full from the hips.

"I want to see women striding again," Stiebel says. "It will not be an ugly movement, but one that expresses the new freedom of line."

Yet another means of achieving freedom of movement in evening frocks is to have the skirt slit. The slit may be large or small. It may be just a gash of an inch or so at each side, or it may be an opening reaching to the knee.

This, of course, is a useful method of being economical. Wide skirts take up far more material than the old style tight ones if they are achieved by means of pleats, and velvet particularly is an expensive proposition. With the use of slits one may obtain freedom of movement, yet not have to buy extra yards of material.

But the daytime silhouette and walk are quite different matters! Though they swing with easy stride into the ballroom, women must hobble almost to afternoon functions and cocktail parties.

While evening skirts may measure six yards around the hem, daytime skirts are less than a yard. The pencil silhouette prevails, the skirt being as narrow as possible, and perfectly straight. The pencil effect is exaggerated in coats and skirts by the fullness of the coats.

Lumber jacket coats, for instance, are shown which are gathered at the waist, and hang away from the skirt like a bell.

When coats have a fitted bodice a lower waistline with a wide belt concentrates fullness around the hips. This gives a wide, Mae West effect to the hips, although for morning and afternoon wear we must remember that the pencil silhouette is the thing.

Models 45 and 70 now 4/11

So popular have Kestos Brassieres become, and so great the sales, particularly Models 45 and 70, that a reduction of a shilling in the price has been made possible. They are now 4/11 instead of 5/11. These, and other models, are available in dainty shades and in a variety of lovely materials.

Model 65: A dainty Brassiere of Cotton Crepe, in White, Tearose, Black, Nil, Lemon and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. Price - - - - 3/11

Model 45: An exquisite Brassiere of figured Rayon in Tearose, White, Black, Lemon, Nil and Blue. Sizes 30 in. to 40 in. Price - - - 4/11

Model 70: Another delightful model, of Alencon Lace in the fashionable Beige shade. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. Price - - - - - - - 4/11

Model 51: A bewitching little garment in good quality satin. In shades of Tearose, White and Black. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. Price - 9/11

Model 102: A charming Brassiere of Crepe de chene for the smarter occasions. In dainty shades of Tearose, White and Black. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. Price - - - - - - - - - 11/6

KESTOS BRASSIERES

Kestos Brassiere Co.,
Grace Building,
York Street, Sydney.

An Editorial

MARCH 23, 1935

LITERATURE IN AUSTRALIA

ANOTHER fillip to the movement for greater recognition of authors, publishers, and all connected with Australian letters will be the Authors' Week, organised by the Fellowship of Australian Writers, which will commence on the 8th of April.

The most significant feature of this week will be the display of a comprehensive collection of books written by Australians or published by Australian firms. This exhibition will come as a surprise to a public which is quite unaware of the variety and importance of the work that has been done.

To Australians generally the term Australian Literature means very little. It is known that books appear written by local authors and set in familiar scenes. Such names as Rolf Boldrewood, Henry Lawson, and Steele Rudd are more or less household words; but there is little if any realisation of the consistent, painstaking, and terribly hard work that has been done, and is still being done, by Australian women and men to build up a literature that will be representative of the country from which it has grown, and, at the same time, lose nothing by comparison with the highest achievements of overseas writers.

Strong efforts are being made by interested bodies and by individuals to bring Australian books more into the limelight, and, in this way, to build up a demand for them which will in turn encourage not only a greater output, but the development of a higher standard of artistry and a greater adventurousness in choice of subject.

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud of the fact that in using the work of Australian novelists and short-story writers it has been able to keep to its high literary standard while at the same time familiarising the names of our own writers to a great and valuable audience of readers.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

The Only Child

Poor little only child,
I've watched you at your play. . .
Poor little lonely child,
What are your dreams to-day?

Your games are all a phantasy
Within your thoughts enshrined.
With children of your make-believe,
The playmates of your mind.
What seems to us but empty air
Or shadow-mottled grass,
To you vast palaces may be
Where laughing children pass.
You prattle to your dreams all day,
To folk we cannot see,
We call you strange and wonder why
You live in imagery.

Poor little only child,
There's none so sad as you.
I understand because. . .
I have been lonely, too.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Lively at 71

WHAT a man this Venizelos! Recent disturbances in Greece bring him again into the limelight. Now in his seventy-second year he has reached an age when most men are tired of stirring up trouble. But not Venizelos. England has reason to like him because in 1914-15 he was Premier of Greece and doing more than any other man to keep King Constantine from dragging the country into war on the side of his brother-in-law, the ex-Kaiser.

In the recent clash the rebels, headed by Venizelos, were described in the cables as anti-Monarchist. It is a bit confusing, because the party in office seems no more anxious than the 71-year-old rebel to put a king in power again. The only clear and definite fact about the ancient disturber of the peace is that he is for Venizelos all the time.

Also, he hates a quiet life. Cynics say he proved it by marrying a second time when he was 57.

Too Much Publicity

A BRIGHT idea occurred to someone on the London "Daily Express"—to hold a plebiscite to find out what persons people were most tired of reading about. In the result Bernard Shaw came first. After him followed Amy Mollison, Sir Oswald Mosley, Ramsay MacDonald, and Greta Garbo in that order.

Bernard Shaw has expressed himself as delighted with the voting. He regards it as his highest title to fame. To be so much talked about, so much discussed, that you are the one person in the world whom newspaper readers want LEAST to hear mentioned—if that isn't glory, what is?

If a similar poll were held in Australia who would be the winner? Mr. Lyons, Mr. Lang, Don Bradman might stage a triple dead-heat. But a lot would depend on the season of the year and the mental calibre of the newspaper readers.

Win for W.A.

THOUGH they have their grievances the little States have their distinctions. The Tasmanians claim Mr. Lyons as their own, even though some of them would like to fashion him a bit differently. Now we have Archbishop Le Fanu, of Perth, succeeding to the high position of Primate of Australia.

Though it isn't likely that this will redress the secessionists' grievance, it is a good thing that the highest offices should not all be centralised in Melbourne or Sydney. In having officiated in a land of great distances the new Primate will have something in common with Archbishop Mowll, who has held sway in China. And the turn of the younger man may be still to come.

Not Noisy

A BARRISTER in an Australian court succeeded last week in persuading a Judge that a megaphone was not a noisy instrument within the meaning of the Act. The reasoning seemed to be that there was nothing noisy about the article itself; it was the person who spoke into it that caused the trouble.

There is a promising line of argument here. Looked at the right way, a steam siren or a motor cycle are harmless appendages to a quiet neighborhood. We should not hate such contrivances, but should deplore the moral weakness of those who use them. Even mouth-organs can be loved for their own sake, whatever we think of those who play them.

Popular Politician

TENS of thousands of Australian women gave a sigh when they heard of the illness of little "Doc" Maloney, M.H.R., and smiled with satisfaction when they knew he was getting better. The doctor will be 81 next month, and illness at that age is a serious matter. But the hero of a thousand untrecorded acts of kindness has a vitality all his own. It may keep him going for years yet. Since 1903 Dr. Maloney has been Federal member for Melbourne, and more often than not he has been unopposed. Always a sound Labor man, he has spent his life working for the poor. Women and children who wanted free medical advice have found him at the same spot for nearly 40 years. He has never turned anyone away.

Grounds for Divorce

THEY have queer reasons for divorce in America. If a man talks too much on one subject, say, baseball, President Roosevelt, or another woman, his wife can say he is a menace to her peace of mind, and an understanding Judge will do the rest.

One of the latest grounds for a successful divorce application was mentioned by a speaker at the Women's Union of Service the other day. The husband liked stout women, and because his wife had adopted a persistent practice of slimming he applied for a divorce and got it!

The "incompatibility of temper" clause that leads to so many divorces in America has freakish results, but on the whole probably does more good than harm. A man or a woman can be so incompatible in Australia that they don't even speak to each other for years. But unless they live under different roofs (which isn't always easy) or commit a matrimonial offence there is no release.

Our Uncrowned Kings

ALL over the world you find him—the dominant official paid by the public, and telling the public what to do. Running the public off its feet, in fact. He, the official, increases in numbers, importance, dignity, and avoirdupois. His supposed boss, who pays him his salary, dwindles day by day.

We—that is to say, you and I—pay our taxes, park our cars, run our vegetable-shops or our milk-carts as we are ordered or permitted to do. To protest is useless, even dangerous.

Take a small instance of how this subservience of the public to the official is increasing. In England they are preparing stiffer penalties for the individual who mutters a hard word into the telephone when the young lady there is more than ten minutes giving him a number. In Australia we are at her mercy.

Byron's modern Greek sang the brave days of old—

"Our tyrants then
Were at least our countrymen!"

But is that such a consolation?

A STRANGE PET. A young Australian has made a friend of a mopoke—a bird seldom tamed.

Is There Such a Thing as Platonic Friendship?

By Air Mail from Our London Representative

Platonic friendships have come up for discussion in England, where a lively debate has been taking place on the old topic as to whether such friendships are possible or not.

MRS. LEONARD FURRIER created a great stir when she announced at The National Council of Alliance of Honor that there was no such thing as a platonic friendship between a man and a woman.

"I have tried such friendships, and I know," she said. "I have watched so-called platonic friendships, and I have never yet seen one that was successful. It may have seemed so, but human hearts are very deep and subtle, and a thing which looks successful is not always really so.

"In these friendships there must be, inevitably, a considerable amount of repression. It is like sitting on a trapdoor. Both the man and the woman feel that if he or she gets off the trapdoor something horrible will spring out of it. Always at the back of their minds is this fear of sex and the fear that it may become too strong for them.

"A platonic friendship, to me, means a friendship which rises above the level of sex-consciousness, and I do not believe this is possible."

THIS declaration created such storms of protest that they have spread far and wide and brought forth all sorts of ardent retorts.

Bernard Shaw was one of the most emphatic, and he should know as he is the most devoted of husbands, and yet had his famous thirty years' unbroken friendship with Dame Ellen Terry.

"Of course there are heaps of platonic friendships," says Mr. Shaw, "probably more than the other thing.

"The fact is, nobody knows whether a friendship is platonic or not, except the people concerned.

"All my friendships with women have naturally been 99 per cent. platonic. It is only the platonic part of a friendship that lasts."

Judge's Opinion

LORD ST. HELIER, president of the Divorce Courts, does not agree with Mr. Shaw. To a woman who, unaware of his position, asked his views on the existence of platonic friendships, this learned divorce authority answered:

"Madame, I can only say that I don't encounter such a thing in the ordinary course of my profession."

It has been suggested that in newer and freer countries, such as Australia, a healthy and yet platonic relationship between the sexes is growing as the result of sport and companionship and co-educational schools.

Yet other authorities insist that such a thing as platonic friendship is abnormal and can only exist among decadents.

FROM SUE TO LOU — **A Bright Girl's Letters**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607109

HE'S NOT *Cut Out* for a BUTCHER!

L. W. LOWER Gets Mixed Up with the Sirloin and Bones!

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

I had been talking things over with Wep for some time before we eventually decided to open a butcher's shop of our own.

It was our wives who started it. We'd be told to bring home the meat for the week-end, and when we'd get it home they'd unwrap it and say, "Where on earth did you get this stuff... the dogs' home? Take that back immediately!"

AND somehow we always seemed to be a bit light in the change, and then there were other times when we didn't get home with the meat until one o'clock in the morning and all the paper would be worn off it, and we'd have dogs and cats following us.

So we thought that if we opened a butcher shop of our own we'd get all the best cuts. And we did, too. I've still got scars on my hands and arms, and Wep has two fingers missing.

"A little bit of oxtail for soup! Yes, ma'am."

In Suspense

Our first customer was a lady with two children in tow.

"Have you got a nice leg," she asked Wep.

Wep blushed and pulled up his trousers. "Don't take any notice of my suspenders," he said, "they're only my second best."

"I want a leg of mutton," she said coldly.

"Certainly, Madam," replied Wep briskly, and came to me.

"Which is the mutton?" he whispered.

I was rolling a piece of beef at the time and the thing kept on unwinding before I had time to hammer the nail in the side, and I was pretty annoyed. "Put your foot on this piece of beef while I get it fastened," I said, "and I'll serve the lady."

I had a bit of difficulty hacking the leg off the sheep. By the time I'd finished the carcase was in eighteen pieces and there were bits of sheep plastered all over the walls. The lady was hiding under the counter with her two children at the time, but she seemed quite pleased when I told her it was all over and she could come out.

I wrapped up the leg for her and she paid for it and ran out of the shop, leaving her change on the counter.

Then a man came in and wanted threepennorth of soup bones.

"Wouldn't ordinary bones do?" I asked him.

"I just want some bones to make soup with," he explained.

"Bone soup!" exclaimed Wep. "Never heard of it!"

Anyhow, we managed to rake up a few for him—there were quite a few out in the backyard that we had previously thrown to the dog, not knowing their commercial value.

AFTER this, the rush started. The surge of business was tremendous, and Wep was trying to pick out the easiest-looking customers.

Unfortunately, he drew one that wanted three sets of sheep's brains. He brought out the skulls and tried chopping them in halves with the cleaver, according to the accepted method. When they bounced off the block he chased them around the shop.

He became mad with rage and brought in the axe. His first blow split our chopping block in halves, and the axe-head hurtled off and smashed the cash register. The crowds were all around him, cheering like mad.

In the meantime I had troubles of my own. A woman came in and wanted an oxtail. I dragged it off the hook and started to wrap it up.

"I want it skinned!" she said.

"Madam," I replied, "I am a butcher, not a taxidermist." But she insisted, so I started to skin it. I tried pulling it off like a sock. I tried scraping it. I even had a go at singeing it, but it was like trying to skin a mad dog. "Madam," I said, whimpering slightly. "The correct way to cook these things is to boil them with the hair on. It comes off quite easily afterwards, and you just put it on the side of your plate." She never answered me.

No More Meat

I looked around imploringly for Wep. "He's under that side of beef," said a customer, "I asked him for a pound of chops and he unhooked that bit of rhinoceros you've got there and it fell on him."

This was the last straw, and I burst into tears. "Go! Go! All of you!" I cried hysterically. "Leave us!"

They all trailed out softly and a hush fell upon the shop. I dragged Wep out from underneath the side of beef and told him I was going home. He came with me, and when our wives saw us they said, "You're early. Did you bring the meat?"

"MEAT!" we shrieked, and crashed to the floor, frothing at the mouth.

We are vegetarians now.

TWO SOLO *Six-Bids* ... in *Contract* BRIDGE

By Ely Culbertson

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.

IN my morning mail the other day I received a very intelligent question on the bidding of a bridge hand. The writer did not mention any cards at all, but merely explained that he and his partner had bid the hand in the following manner:

North	South
1 D.	2 D.
3 S.	3 N.T.
6 D.	Pass

The letter closed with the query, "Is such bidding possible?"

My automatic first response was "no." It seemed a little remote that the North player could have a hand which would justify bidding six single-handed after having received only a simple raise and then a minimum response to a force from his partner, without having had a two-bid in the first place. In other words, a superficial analysis would seem to indicate that if one's hand is strong enough to go a slam with only one raise, it surely must be strong enough to try for game, even if partner has a blank, and accordingly the bidding should have been opened with two instead of one.

A little further thought, however, convinced me that such hands are definitely possible. I started off on the premise that North's diamond holding was something like six to the ace-ten or the ace-nothing. With this as a start, the rest was easy. I wrote out innumerable hands which the South player might have held which would make the above bidding most sound. A typical holding is the following:

S: A K x x
H: A Q 10
D: A 10 x x x x
C: —

This hand is a questionable two-bid without any knowledge of a diamond fit. However, when partner raises to two diamonds, showing either four cards in the diamond suit or three to the King or Queen, a slam now seems to be a definite possibility. The heart Jack or any heart holding in Dummy which will make it possible to lead up to declarer's combination twice must offer some sort of play for the slam. Of course, it is barely possible that partner might have a sound raise to two diamonds, including side strength in the club suit, without the cards necessary to give a play for the slam, but opposite the opening hand I have shown about nine out of every ten hands that South might hold would make the slam, if not a laydown, at least a fifty-fifty chance.

ONE possible South hand comes to my mind which contains duplication in the possession of the club king, and yet makes the slam a laydown unless all three trumps are in one hand. The holding is:

S: x x
H: x x x x
D: K x x x
C: K x x

Making a Slam

STRANGELY enough, in the same mail I received another letter which asked a very similar question. The writer wanted to know if the following bidding could occur:

North	South
1 S.	2 C.
3 H.	3 N.T.
6 H.	Pass

Having already given a similar subject some thought due to the previous letter, I was able immediately to answer "Yes." All I need to do is show the following North-South hands:

North	South
S: A K Q J 10 x	S: x x
H: A x x	H: J x x
D: 9	D: Q x x
C: K 3 2	C: A J 9 x x

The minute South responds with two clubs North knows there must be some play for a spade slam. If hearts are not opened (and there is certainly no better than an even chance that they will be), the slam can be made even if one club trick has to be lost either to the ace or to the queen. And even if hearts are opened, and South has a club holding exactly as depicted above (the South hand is certainly not a strong one), the slam may still be makable through a club finesse and either a 3-2 club break or the drop of the ten on the first round. As a matter of fact, the North player's bidding on this hand is most praiseworthy. North quite properly did not try for a grand slam by bidding four no trumps as he knew his partner, with both aces and some solidity in the club suit, would have made a different response than three no trumps on the second round.

(Copyright)

WHOOPYCROUP

"Aw'right Mum it's nice"

Mother knows she'll take it *readily*; but it must be instantly effective, also, for those "whoopy" coughs. **Bonnington's Irish Moss** has all these qualities—it is demulcent, it SOOTHES, it will abate any slight FEVER, it quickly stops the COUGHING, removes phlegm and makes breathing easy.

IMITATIONS: These won't do. Get "Bonnington's"—1/9 and 3/-.

Bonnington's IRISH MOSS
FOR COUGHS and COLDS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607110

It wakes your
SLEEPING BEAUTY

● Nivea All-Purpose Creme is not only a superlative vanishing and cleansing creme—it is a skin food. Nivea Creme—and only Nivea—contains EUCERITE* . . . the special skin-related lotse which is absorbed by the lower layers of the skin. While you sleep it nourishes and revivifies the delicate skin tissues—it wakes your sleeping beauty. . . . , AND IN THE MORNING . . .

Nivea gives that soft, velvety finish to your make-up, holding powder perfectly throughout the day.

Day and night—summer and winter — you need only ONE Creme.

*EUCERITE is a unique substance which is chemically united to the natural nourishment of the skin. To this exclusive ingredient Nivea Creme owes its remarkable skin-related qualities.

NIVEA
CONTAINS EUCERITE
6° & 1/6 All Purpose CREME

"MORE THAN SATISFIED with LAXETTES"

—says this Fairfield user

Chronic constipation is easily overcome by a course of Laxettes. Overcome safely, too—for Laxettes are specially compounded to combat constipation gently, without endangering the health. Particularly suitable for children's constitutions, and the easiest of medicines to take.

SAMPLE We will send you a Free Sample. Send the Coupon to The Laxette Mfg. Co., Dept.W.W.8 Melbourne, C.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

LAXETTES

Laxettes are not expensive. Any chemist or storekeeper can supply you in generous-sized tins at 1/6. Laxettes are never sold loose or in cardboard packets. ONLY IN TINS.

FOR INTESTINAL WORMS Use BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS *Sold by all chemists*

The only SAFE worm treatment. Does not contain calomel or santonin. Send for FREE Booklet to The Laxette Mfg. Co. Melbourne.

WORKING Wives

CAN a woman run a home and a job successfully?... Read this short story of Myra, who thought she could, before you answer this question!

Short Story By
Margaret I. FOX

"AND so," concluded Myra triumphantly, "we can join the club after all."

"We can do nothing of the sort." Her husband scowled and prodded a potato fiercely.

"Of course we can, Peter. Elaine has promised me three-ten a week, and I know a woman who'll look after the flat for a pound, so we shall have fifty shillings clear. Why, we can have all kinds of extras."

"No, we can't." Peter was in a contradictory mood, but Myra persevered.

"Whatever's the matter, darling? Didn't you hear what I said? I said——"

"I know what you said. But my wife is not going to work in anybody's hat-shop, so that's that." Peter knew that he wasn't handling this situation at all well and he blushed boyishly.

"But it isn't anybody's hat-shop. It's Elaine's hat-shop," Myra explained sweetly.

"I know it is. And I hate Elaine."

"I thought that you admired her tremendously. You used to take her out a lot." Myra was still dangerously sweet.

"Well, I've changed my mind and if we're going to rake up the past, you went out fairly regularly with that objectionable Canadian."

Myra flushed angrily. It was odious of Peter to bring up that. Nothing now could stop a quarrel. And it was a pity because it was their first.

"I don't think that it was awfully nice of you to mention that, Peter, but it's quite beside the point." Myra's voice was colder than Peter had ever heard it. "The point is that I want to take a situation which will help us to afford all those things which would make such a difference, and that you are being most terribly old-fashioned about it. The new arrangement needn't upset you at all. This woman is extremely capable."

At that Peter lost his temper and said things which made him tingle all over whenever he thought of them afterwards. At first Myra remained cold and biting, but gradually she, too, became excited and they battled royally for half an hour. Finally, Myra dissolved into tears, and this was the signal for a reconciliation.

Peter never had been able to stand the sight of his wife in tears, and it was no different to-night. Greatly to his own surprise he heard himself saying that Myra was an absolute brick, and that none of the other men he knew had wives who were willing to help them like this. But the impossible had happened, and they had just had a really serious quarrel.

For the first month everything worked perfectly. Myra reached home an hour before Peter and was waiting for him in a charming frock. The woman who "did" the flat proved herself a treasure, and the club more than came up to expectations. Even Peter admitted that he must have been an old stick-in-the-mud to have objected to the scheme.

BUT things go wrong, even in perfectly regulated hat-shops, and when two of the staff had tonsilitis it was an hour and a half later when Myra arrived home. This would not have mattered quite so much if the woman who "did" had not chosen the same week to have her teeth out. As it was, the first rifts appeared in the lute.

At first they were only very tiny rifts. Peter would be hurt when Myra hadn't changed for supper, and Myra would be mildly indignant when Peter expected her to play tennis after a hard day at the shop. She was sorry that Peter had to wait for his supper and that there was never any hot water, but soon everything would be all right again. Surely it wouldn't hurt him to put up with a little inconvenience for a few days. And they were much better off. The electricity bill hadn't caused any fuss at all this quarter.

Everything, however, was not soon all right. The treasure returned, but with the ultimatum that unless she could leave every day at four she must look out for another situation.

Myra was so delighted to see her back that she felt ready to agree to anything. And it would be all right, because next week she would be home at the old time again.

But she was not. On the following morning she found Elaine full of a new scheme. She had decided to have a department for the sale of cheap hats, and the establishment would stay open an hour later to attract the custom of the women workers.

Myra's heart sank miserably and she was certain that she ought to leave. But it seemed a pity. They had paid their debts and could save now. And everybody ought to have a few pounds in front of them. It was really terrifying to live from hand to mouth as they had done. But she couldn't help thinking of Peter waiting in an empty flat, and Peter eating cold suppers. And when she told him what had happened they were sure to have another quarrel. Their second already! And they had been so positive that they would never even have one.

But Peter received the news quite calmly; so calmly that a funny feeling of anxiety kept pricking Myra's spine. And it was ridiculous when there hadn't been a row.

The second quarrel, however, was not far away. It took place on the following Thursday and was much more serious than the first.

Thursday was the day of the club dance. Myra had looked forward to this for weeks, and then suddenly it all seemed too much bother. By lunch-time she was wondering if Peter would mind if they didn't go. She had always been far keener on dancing than he had, but after a particularly trying afternoon at the shop her one thought was a novel and bed.

As she crawled wearily up to the flat she was hailed by a cheery shout.

"Hallo, Myra, come and see what a model husband you've got! Supper's ready."

"Oh, Peter, you angel! It's—it's awfully sporty of you after everything." Myra looked at him gratefully.

"Rubbish, it's pure selfishness. I only did it so that we shouldn't be late for the dance."

The dance! Myra had forgotten it. She glanced hurriedly at Peter. He seemed happier than he had been for weeks. If he wanted to go as much as this she must manage it. If only her feet weren't so bad! She couldn't dance a step. It would be stupid to go and then not be fit to enjoy it. Everything would be spoilt for Peter, too. And you could dance any time. There wouldn't be another club dance, but they could go to an hotel.

"Peter," began Myra hesitatingly, "I wondered if—I mean, this dance isn't very special. Would you mind awfully if we didn't go? We could dance somewhere else another evening."

"And why another evening rather than to-night?" Peter suddenly looked much older.

"Well, I'm terribly tired. Oh, I know it's tough luck on you, Peter, but you never used to be keen on dancing, and you've no idea what my feet feel like. You wouldn't enjoy dancing with me much." Myra gave a smile which was intended to be conciliating, but Peter ignored it.

"I see. You've worn yourself out at that wretched shop and now you're too tired to come out with me. It's the same every evening. It's funny people used to think you were the jolliest girl in our set. They'd change their minds if they saw you now."

"Peter," gasped Myra, "I'd no idea you were as keen as that. We'll go. Perhaps my feet will feel better after a bath."

"Oh, no, you won't go! I'm not having a martyr on my hands all the evening."

Peter's voice was cruel, and two tears rolled down Myra's cheeks. But for the first time in his life Peter took no notice. There was a long silence which Myra broke.

"That isn't fair. You know it isn't. I'm sorry I haven't been very entertaining lately, but it isn't easy to sparkle after a hard day's work. But I've helped, Peter. There's the electricity bill for one thing."

"Hang the electricity bill!" roared Peter, and he rushed out and banged the door.

Myra sat perfectly still. She felt as though every ounce of strength had been drained from her. Suddenly, sounds from the room behind probed her consciousness. Peter was opening drawers and the bath water was running. Fear clutched her heart. He couldn't be going without her. Things like that didn't happen. They'd never been to a dance separately since they met. But Peter was going alone to-night. She knew that he was.

After what seemed hours, he came back. Peter had always looked his best in evening clothes, and something stabbed Myra's heart when she saw him. Silently he filled his cigarette-case.

"Peter," gasped Myra, "you're not going without me?"

"Why not? If you don't want to enjoy yourself, I do. And I'm going to enjoy myself, too. Enjoy myself—d'you hear?" And for the second time that evening he banged the door.

Myra still sat on. What would happen now? "They couldn't go on as usual. Her head fell forward on to the table in front of her. Oh, what would happen to-morrow?

Please turn to Page 40

HOST HOLBROOK says: 1 blend, 1 stir, and I brew the Blues of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser. ★★★

Get Rid of Catarrh THIS EASY WAY!

Stop sniffing, snuffing, hawking, and spitting. Stop coughing, sneezing, and constant nose blowing—making yourself a nuisance wherever you go! There's no need for it. You can rid yourself of it quickly and effectively, in the privacy of your own home.

Catarrh is a dangerous as well as a nasty, unpleasant complaint. Amongst the more common symptoms are headaches, "headaches," frequent colds and influenza, hoarseness, and phlegm discharges, catarrhal deafness, and general debility (run-down, tired feeling). The only way to overcome it is to drive the catarrhal impurities right out of the system; and the BASIC treatment is the only one to do this.

500 TREATMENTS FREE!

To further popularise the famous BASIC treatment, and to give readers of this paper an opportunity to test it at our expense, 500 treatments will be distributed FREE under our special new-season offer. Send no money (not even a stamp); just your name and address (including State) to Harry L. Adams, 76 King St., Sydney. This splendid free offer will be despatched by return mail.

H. L. ADAMS, Dept. A, 76 King St., Sydney, N.S.W.

BE POPULAR
Beloved—Magnetic!

You can MAKE people like you. You can be Popular with the Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship, and Success into your life! You can dispel FEAR, nervousness, and "inferiority complex," overcome shyness and blushing, and cultivate a strong, fascinating, MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

Truly, this is a "strange" book. It seems to cast a mysterious spell over the reader; and gradually, as you read it, you become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power, as the magnetic forces within you are awakened, and subordinated to your Will. You MUST see this amazing book—read it—learn its great secret—FREE! Just send a 2d. stamp towards postage, etc. This unique volume (latest illustrated edition), will be forwarded absolutely FREE, by return mail. HENRY GALVEN, Publisher, Dept. W, George St., Sydney. (Box 160, G.P.O.)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607111

GIFTS of PEARLS

A Short Story
- BY -
Herbert SHAW

VALENTINE HURST was a clever journalist, and perhaps that was why adventures happened to him. He drove through the park with flowers for a lady, in whom he was immensely interested.

On a hoarding, announcing her appearance in a new play, he smiled at her name, in very high, proud letters. FLEURETTE MONTRESOR. She was interested in Val and a little afraid of him, possibly because he had never kissed her.

She said that his beautiful flowers were the wrong color for Friday, or something like that, and she did not like them, although she had christened herself Fleurette out of a little French story which had taken her a month to spell, and her far-seeing parents, in Walham Green, had, twenty years before, called her Lily, which goes very well with Jones, and is as good as poetry when parents are young. Fleurette now sent them five pounds every week, which is sheer prose, but to them it seemed, and indeed was, the music of the stars.

The last time Val had brought her similar flowers she had adored them, and had said she never wanted any other color. So he reminded Fleurette of this, and said, in the nicest laughing way, that she was a capricious little idiot, and was she ready to come out with him.

Fleurette felt that she ought to be offended and said, "If you're going to ask me the same question to-day, no!" The movement of her hand directed Val's attention (but he did not dream of looking) to a dozen framed photographs of friends of Fleurette, actors, managers, baronets, and one Earl, who all rightly thought she was the prettiest and most talented fair-haired actress in London. "No!" Fleurette repeated. "I don't want another man, Val!"

"How crude that sounds, but how modern!" Valentine told her, and she stamped her foot.

"You are always laughing at me, and you never have a fresh idea," she complained, when they were on the pavement. But she stared at the lovely Bentley and its serene and Bentleyish chauffeur. Valentine calmed her hopes. He informed her that he had borrowed them for the occasion—but he was sad because he had actually paid for the flowers she despised.

Fleurette, now seated in the car, made a grimace.

"What a fuss about your silly flowers!"

"I am very glad you left them behind, and the poor things cannot hear you," said Valentine. "You are a greedy girl, and not worth half the trouble I am taking for you. But here is a little present you may like better. They will suit you very well, my dear."

FLEURETTE'S eyes were bright, and she cried, "Oh, Val!" For what woman's eyes will not shine when a man opens an alluring case of morocco leather from Christopher's, of Bond Street? And the pearls were entrancing. Fleurette gasped again with pleasure at the magic light of them, and rubbed them in a gentle ecstasy, against her cheek, and made soft sounds which were the equivalent of a human purr. And she said—a shade late, almost as though she were singing the last verse of a song first, "Thank you, Val."

"Like them?"

"I think they're lovely." She measured their sparkling value with eyes that had a lovelier sparkle. "Christopher's!"

For every nice girl—and Fleurette was a really charming girl, although she tried so hard to pretend that she wasn't, because it was the right thing to pretend that nothing in the world really pleased or excited you, not even men—would rather her pearls, if any, came from Christopher's of Bond Street than from anywhere else. For the pearls that came from the bland and excellent Christopher's are—well, they are pearls, you see.

"Put them on," murmured Valentine, and it sounded to Fleurette, now doped by pearl-worship, like the whisper of a god who had suddenly called to her from the sky. "We're going through the park, Fleurette."

"I like the park," declared Fleurette, enthusiastically, and only the other day, when Valentine had driven her round the park in his two-seater with the dent in the back about which the insurance company was arguing churlishly, she had said that she couldn't make out what people saw in the park. Such is the beneficent influence of pearls (Christopher's) and we can only be young once in a lifetime, and can only buy the wonders Christopher's sell about a couple of times. Christopher's see to that. "What are you stopping for, Val?"

For the chauffeur, who was even more like Bentley than the magnificent car itself, was waiting his chance to turn, and in a minute he pulled to the side, where a noisily earnest man with a bright tie and the wrong kind of hair, fronting an emblazoned banner which called upon the WORKERS to do something, was addressing a few italicised shouts to a handful of men who didn't look like workers very much, and three women who looked like workers very much indeed.

Please turn to Page 33

THIS DINNER ENSEMBLE of wool and metal cloth has been selected by Miss Sylvia Sidney, Paramount player, for her personal wardrobe. The skirt is a new shade of mauve with a bluish cast. The top of the dress is of the same hue in metal cloth. Epaulets of dyed beaver trim the wool jacket.

He's losing his Grip

He cannot resist X-Ant. No ant can. This powder is not a poison—poisons are dangerous in the home. Just sprinkle X-Ant lightly, or puff with a blower where ants collect—kitchen ledges, edges and shelves, window sills—even the ice-chest. X-Ant won't harm anything or taint the food. Renew X-Ant occasionally.

X-Ant gives positive protection in every domain—the house is made free from invasion—stores can protect their valuable stock—lawns and gardens can be cleared of this nuisance.

Test this Product at our Expense

If you are not entirely satisfied after using, return the tin with purchase slip to your chemist or grocer—your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. What could be fairer than that? You are the sole judge of the efficacy of this marvellous powder. Buy a sprinkler top tin TO-DAY—at your chemist or store.

1/3 tin

All Chemists & Stores.

thanks to X-ANT

HOUGHTON & BYRNE, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.

F.1 Dept. WW, Houghton & Byrne, 2 Bridge St., Sydney.

Please send me a Free Sample of X-Ant

Name _____

Address _____

HE either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

—Marquis of Montrose.

Sent in by P.E., Tamworth, N.S.W.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

—Sir John Suckling.

Sent in by D.T., St. Kilda, Vic.

Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*

She uses cosmetics every day but she guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

HAVE *you* seen warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin — enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes... blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry!

To guard against this modern complexion trouble — keep their complexions exquisite—thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' beauty care.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every *vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle soap.

A LEVER PRODUCT

G.204.19

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607112

•NEW POWDER SHADES•

that ENLIVEN your own skin-tones

—originated by Dr. Pacini, cosmetic expert

HITHERTO, women have had to be content with powder shades that indifferently matched the skin. Now Dr. Pacini has created for Kissproof four NEW powder shades that blend perfectly with the skin; more, he has added a subtle radiance of tone never found in usual powder shades. In each NEW Kissproof shade is included a special ingredient—Dr. Pacini's own discovery — which enlivens natural skin-tones; gives to dull complexions the vivacity of youth.

Dr. Pacini has named these NEW Kissproof shades Flesh, Rachel, Ivory, and Tan. You can obtain them at any perfumery counter.

Make your eyes lovelier with Delica-Brow. Dark, sweeping lashes add beauty to your eyes. Accent your lashes, and brows, too, with Kissproof Delica-Brow. Waterproof. In Black, brown, and blue.

K3-105

The NEW Kissproof POWDER

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Australian Authoress who is Producing Good Work

One of the most significant features of the history of the present century—and more particularly of the post-war period—is the way in which women have made a place for themselves in the Arts.

In literature particularly, each year has seen an increasing number of women authors among them, some whose names rank with the best-known writers of the day.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, Kathleen Susannah Prichard and G. B. Lancaster are names of sufficient importance to show that, in its production of women authors, Australia has not lagged unduly behind Europe and America.

A further sign of continuing vitality has now arrived in the shape of a second book by Winifred Birkett, "Earth's Quality."

Winifred Birkett first came before the novel-reading public with "Three Goats on a Bender," a delightfully-written comedy that more than hinted at the developments to be expected in further work. "Earth's Quality" is much more advanced in theme and conception, but fortunately Miss Birkett, in developing, has not allowed the idea of undertaking a more serious work to rob her entirely of her quiet humor. It is there in her second novel, a pleasing undertone to the general tenor of the book.

In contrast to a large number of novels published both here and abroad, "Earth's Quality" shows no sign of laxity in construction. It is well-balanced, compact, built up carefully to the climax on which the curtain falls. Nothing could be subtracted from or added to it without marring the effect, and the principal figure of the book, old John Weldon, plays, as he should do, the final scene in a manner that is both satisfying and artistically sound.

In John Weldon, old, half-paralysed, nearly blind, the author has drawn her most lifelike character. He dominates the book—one feels him. So true is he, so living, that beside him the others of the cast lose something of their reality.

Charles, Tinones Fraser, Alec, Stella—all these have a fine share of the stage, but they have not the authentic ring of the old man. Nice people, charming people they are. One can imagine how their creator enjoyed writing of them, and enjoying, cast over them an idealised slightly sentimental glow that robs them of the force that makes the master of Laverock such a vital and true figure.

Indeed, this is the main criticism that can be levelled against "Earth's Quality"—the somewhat over-sweet taste it leaves in the mouth. Winifred Birkett has endeavored to offset this by introducing Ray, the unbalanced grandnephew of John Weldon, but Ray is not an entirely convincing figure.

Enjoyable Story

THERE are some excellent examples of descriptive writing in this book. The author has caught splendidly the quality of the Australian countryside in its softer mood. Paddocks heavy with dew in the early morning. River shallows, limpid water sparkling over shingle and brown pebbles. Cloud shadows racing over grass and trees. These things are described in such a way that the reader sees them while at the same time appreciating the quiet skill that has contrived to reduce their essence to the printed word.

Dialogue has been treated well. It is easy, unforced, and always true to character. The people in this novel talk as ordinary people talk. There is nothing "stagy" in their conversation.

To sum up: "Earth's Quality" is a book that will certainly be enjoyed by all those who like a good story told by an author who has, in addition to a natural flair for writing, more than a little understanding of the human animal, male and female. It is not a great novel—there are very few of these in any generation—but it is an honest, sincere, and workmanlike job that will have a deservedly large public. (Our copy from the publisher: Angus and Robertson).

MISS WINIFRED BIRKETT, the Sydney novelist, whose latest book is reviewed on this page.

FRANKAU'S *Marathon* NOVEL

THE author of "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," has succumbed to the current desire on the part of our fictioneers to produce "marathon" novels.

"Three Englishmen," his latest, is a long book, running to six hundred and forty pages, and it says something for Frankau's ability as a story-teller to be able to write that. Despite its length, the novel does not become boring.

The idea behind "Three Englishmen" is good. For his representative types Gilbert Frankau has chosen a professional soldier of an old county family, a business man, and a scientist. The two latter have not the family background which, to a great extent, conditions Andrew Curle, the soldier.

Against scenes of an altering England, an England passing through the radical changes which took place between the years 1899 and 1934, these three men work out their destinies, each developing along the lines indicated by the author when first the three are introduced as boys at Eton.

There is sufficient material in the story of any one of these three characters to make an ordinary novel. The history of Andrew Curle, soldier, a quiet, self-contained gentleman, trained to hide all display of feeling, embodies four major emotional crises. That of Jeremy Wainwright, typical of so many business-men, a record of growth to power and final auto-apotheosis, concludes in a dramatic change to tragedy. Maxwell Bennett's career as a scientist, while dealt with less fully, could be expanded into a book which would not lack grandeur.

Marred by Outbursts

FRANKAU'S main achievement lies in the fact that he has combined these three stories into one in such a way as to make each offset and throw into relief the other two.

One senses in "Three Englishmen" a regret for that England which is now so rapidly passing—the England of the "county" family; of hunting, shooting, and fishing; the England in which "good form" and sportsmanship took precedence over brains and self-aggrandisement. The author realises that the passing is inevitable, but, without saying so, is doubtful whether anything as good will take its place.

It is a pity that, having done such a capable piece of work, and having achieved it, too, in a manner that cannot fail to interest not only his old public but many new readers, Frankau should have marred his novel by his unbalanced and unrestrained outbursts against the Pacifist element in the Empire. Irrespective of whether Britain should or should not spend more money on armaments, it is plainly absurd to label every supporter of disarmament as being a "snivelling degenerate." There are honest men in all parties. (Hutchinson. Our copy, The Royeroft).

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"ON WINGS OF FANCY." **Enid Patricia Aylmer Lloyd.** A slender book of verse, written by the author when still in her teens. Two gems of the collection are "To Hannibal" and "The Rolling Stone," the latter revealing a philosophy that is rather intriguing in a youthful writer. Miss Lloyd, who hails from Adelaide, has a gift for words, and a goodly share of poetic imagination.

* * *

B.P. MAGAZINE. Maintaining its high standard as an artistic literary production, the "B.P.," published this month, gives a wide range of reading matter, and beautiful illustrations. Kurt Offenburg contributes camera studies and an article on China. Tom White's story and pictures of the old missions of California are equally pleasing, and there are scores of other interesting things to read about in the quarterly's hundred pages.

* * *

"HERITAGE." **Charles Chauvel.** The film of this novel, which has been made under the direction of Mr. Chauvel, will be screened throughout Australia and New Zealand shortly. The story deals with the early colonising of Australia, and is one of brave deeds and courage, with most of the unpleasant features so often over-emphasised, [illegible] (Angus and Robertson. 4/6.)

Novel Competition

The attractive prize of £1500 and royalties is being awarded by George G. Harrap and Co., publishers, London, for the best "cracksman" novel. The object is to encourage the creation of a new "cracksman" in fiction of the type of Raffles, Blackshirt, and similar people. The closing date, originally fixed for June 1, has been extended to August 1, 1935.

Another Fashion Leader who endorses the traditional English blend of pure Virginia tobaccos in Ardath De-Luxe.

"I recommend Ardath De-Luxe Cigarettes—they're harmless to my throat and soothing to my nerves"

(100% PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO)

ARDATH DE-LUXE

"Society's Cigarette"

Smart Flat TINS 10-9d. 20-1/6

Also Flat Pocket 50's, Tins of 100, also Round Air-tight 50's.

6837—1.S.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607113

A Varied Batch of New Inventions

SAID TO BE designed specially for an American woman who wanted to "see out," this new car, with the engine at the back, caused a sensation in America.

HERE is a fountain pen reservoir which holds a year's supply of ink. The fountain pen is transparent, and has marks on it which measure how many words have been written by the amount of ink used. It takes 2000 words without being refilled.

A RADIO apparatus which is claimed to cure numerous complaints. A girl is seen here holding special parts of the apparatus to each ear to cure deafness.

AN ANTI-KIDNAPPING device, which is being installed in all the best American homes. Anyone who goes within a few feet of the house enters an invisible radio field, which sets off an alarm and floodlights the whole building. Bad for father coming home late!

ONE HUNDRED dollars is being offered to anyone who can pick this new lock, which was shown at the National Inventors' Congress in Hollywood recently. Perhaps this girl is wondering if love will laugh at this locksmith.

THE VERY latest in electric typewriters. It is designed to relieve fatigue, and to increase speed. The girl merely passes her fingers over the keys, and the machine does the rest. All the typist wants now is a machine which does not even require her to pass her fingers over the keys.

THE VANITY BED has made its appearance overseas. At the foot of the bed, as can be seen, a dressing-table and mirror are built in.

AT LAST someone has invented a piano which won't go out of tune. Instead of piano strings, the instrument has alloy tubes which are claimed by the inventor to be just as beautiful in tone, and not as subject to variations in temperature as the conventional steel wires.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607114

What Women Are Doing

Women Scientists

SCIENTIFIC research seems to be a profitable profession for women judging by the number of women graduates who attended the recent science congress in Melbourne.

Out of a list of thirty graduates, nineteen have science degrees, and all are doing important jobs.

In Melbourne many women graduates are employed in research by big commercial firms, and they find it profitable as well as interesting.

❖ ❖ ❖

Australian Actress Opens Stagecraft Studio

MISS AGNES DOBSON has just opened a studio which she considers to be unique in Australia, although it would not be considered quite so unusual on the Continent or in America. There she will teach stagecraft in all its branches.

Miss Agnes Dobson

She has had so much experience in both stage and film work herself (she played in one of Australia's first silent pictures—"The Face at the Window") that she feels she is competent to teach not only voice production, articulation, and "team work," but also the secrets of make-up, of deportment, gesture, and "types" of characterisation.

Miss Dobson retired from the stage some time ago, and has settled in Adelaide because her mother and father—both of whom were well known on the stage—are living there. Her performances in "Young Woodley," "Abe's Irish Rose," and "Bulldog Drummond" are still fresh in the memory of theatregoers.

❖ ❖ ❖

First Country Delegate To Be President

MRS. M. G. McNAUGHTON, who has been elected on the retirement of Mrs. M. A. McColl, is the first country delegate to be president of the Federation of Mothers' Clubs of Victoria.

She lives at Little River, and every time she goes to the city she has to travel 30 miles. Only her enthusiasm can account for her punctual attendance at all meetings, for most of them take place at 11 a.m. This makes it necessary for her to catch a train at 7.30 a.m.

Mrs. McNaughton is a sister of the late Mrs. Ingram, who, as Miss Florence Johnson, secretary of the Women Teachers' Association, helped to form the federation.

A member of the executive for five years, Mrs. McNaughton was director of the girls' tour arranged by the federation at Christmas time.

❖ ❖ ❖

From 5 to 30,000 In 31 Years

IT is hard to believe that the Australian Women's National League, which celebrated its 31st birthday with an afternoon tea party at The Palms, Melbourne, on March 18, began with a meeting of five women back in 1904.

The women were Mrs. A. E. Clarke, Mrs. F. G. Hughes, now O.B.E.; Mrs. William Kidgell, Mrs. H. P. Douglas, the late Mrs. C. O'Brien, and the late Miss Sara Derham, and they established the foundations of the league so firmly that it now boasts 30,000 members in its hundreds of branches all over Victoria.

With the exception of offshoots in the Riverina and in Tasmania, the league is exclusive to Victoria. The other States have no women's organisation that is quite like it.

❖ ❖ ❖

She is One of the Youngest Wireless Operators

THE honor of being one of the youngest radio operators in the Empire goes to Madelaine McKenzie, of Wynnum, Queensland.

She is only twelve years of age, and can operate her father's short-wave amateur station with confidence and efficiency.

Last January Madelaine passed the amateur operators' proficiency test, gaining 98 per cent. for sending and 96 per cent. for receiving. She also passed a theory test in all phases of short-wave broadcasting and the mechanical handling of a modern instrument board.

Her own private call signal is VK4YL (YL meaning in radio abbreviations "Young Lady.")

Woman Geologist of Note

IN these days, when goldmining is of such vital importance to West Australia, it is significant that the only woman geologist holding a commercial appointment in Australia should be in that State.

She is Miss Florence Armstrong, who was trained at the Perth University, and is now attached to the Western Mining Corporation in Perth. Miss Armstrong assisted in compiling the new geological map of West Australia, published at the end of 1934. Miss Armstrong is president of the Pleiades Club in Perth, also of the West Australian Association of University Women.

Busman's Holiday for Miss Lisette Kohlhagen

MISS LISETTE KOHLHAGEN, the well-known South Australian artist, has left Adelaide en route for Sydney on a six-months' sketching tour. Her work is of a versatile nature, ranging from land and seascapes to architecture, in both oils and water-colors, and she was awarded the Princess Louise gold and bronze medals for some of her sketches in oils a few years ago, when she was abroad.

Miss Kohlhagen has studied with Leslie Wilkie and Gwen Barringer in Adelaide, and Will Ashton has also had a share in developing her art. She has not made any definite programme for this tour except that she will return home via Canberra in November, and hold an exhibition at the Society of Arts Gallery.

❖ ❖ ❖

Russian Has Ambitious Programme for Recital

HAVING mastered the English language in a couple of years, Sonia Revid, the talented young Russian dancer, writer, and dramatic artist, is giving an ambitious programme of extracts from plays by Pirandello, Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, and Ansky, in Melbourne on March 25.

Miss Sonia Revid

Miss Revid, who studied in Germany with Mary Wigman, is an exponent of the modern art dance. She composes her own dances, and designs her own costumes.

Because of the subtle movement and expression of her dances, the pianist who will play for her classes is also a dance pupil so that she will make an understanding accompanist.

Already Attracted Notice in London

CORAL BROWN, who only left Australia a few months ago, has already attracted attention abroad.

Miss Coral Brown —Jack Cato photo.

She took the leading part in Christopher Rushton's "Mated," undergoing trial performances at the Arts Theatre Club, London, and the "powers-that-be" predict a brilliant career for her.

Coral, who is much younger than her exotic and sophisticated appearance would lead one to believe, first took lessons in stage acting in Geelong, Victoria.

Ever since she made an instantaneous success with Theo Shall in "The Command to Love," in Sydney, Coral has been familiar to Australian theatregoers.

Many of her best performances have been given with the Gregan McMahon Players, Melbourne, and her character acting in F. W. Thring's production of "Children in Uniform"—also in Melbourne—brought her more laurels.

❖ ❖ ❖

Queensland Singer Broadcasts from B.B.C.

BRISBANE'S wireless enthusiasts have been enjoying listening to Miss Gertrude Concannon, the Queensland coloratura soprano, who has been on the programmes of the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcasting over the Canadian zone, which was relayed in Brisbane.

Miss Concannon, who is a member of a well-known Maryborough musical family, has been engaged in grand opera in England and the Continent for several years.

Arranges a Social Afternoon Each Week

HAVING lost both her sons at the war, it is not surprising that Mrs. Grierson Brown, of Brisbane, is always anxious to help the wives or women relatives of soldiers and sailors. She really devotes a lot of her time to these women, and every Thursday afternoon goes to the Rifle Association rooms and assists in arranging a social afternoon. Here the women congregate and have a happy reunion.

Mrs. Grierson Brown.

Afternoon tea is served, competitions are held, and there is always an opportunity to take a book home from the library. Ever since a women's committee has been formed, Mrs. Brown has been the president.

She is also president of the Queensland Division of the New Settlers' League, so she certainly is a very busy person.

❖ ❖ ❖

Women Pioneers Are Still In Our Midst

MRS. M. E. HILLIARD has lived in Broome, W.A., for 41 years, during which she has only twice travelled down to the cooler south to visit Perth. The first trip was in 1918, when she left Broome on a hurried visit to meet the troopship bringing back her soldier son from the war.

While in Broome, purely as acts of friendship she has assisted to bring over 500 babies into the world. In many cases where a doctor has not been handy, "Mother" Hilliard (as everybody knows her) has cheerfully sallied out through the night hours to stations up to 100 miles or more to assist.

Per donkey team, on camels, horseback, in spring carts, and in latter days more often a noisy fencing-wire-patched "Lizzie" has she jolted her way to the call of the expectant mother. She is in Perth on her second visit now.

❖ ❖ ❖

New Club Secretary For Adelaide Y.W.C.A.

MISS MEYSIE LAW, of New Zealand, will arrive in Adelaide at the end of the month to take on the role of secretary to the Y.W.C.A. Girls' Department which was formerly filled by Miss Elizabeth Jones, who resigned the position in February to be married.

Miss Law is well versed in all branches of Y.W.C.A. life, and was in charge of the Senior Department of the movement in Auckland for a number of years.

Her work in Adelaide will mainly consist of supervising the club work for girls between the ages of 14 and 16 years.

Unusual Record for Services as Secretary

SURELY Miss Kitty Hillcoat, of Teneriffe, Brisbane, holds the record for secretaryships and for results!

Miss Kitty Hillcoat —Noel Maitland.

Miss Hillcoat, who for the last two years has been secretary of the Creche and Kindergarten Association, held the responsible position of secretary for all the special efforts made during the last few years by the Seamen's Institute, the Social Service League, the Country Women's Association, and the Creche and Kindergarten Association.

For several years she was secretary for the Margaret Marr Boys' Home at Wynnum, and held the same position for the Seamen's Institute Building Fund. With Miss Evelyn Corrigan she was the first joint secretary of the Country Women's Association, and acted as secretary for all their ball and fete committees.

When the Crèche and Kindergarten Association made over £2000 at the Nursery Rhymes Fete, Miss Hillcoat was secretary, and when £600 was raised at Ascot for Furlough, Miss Hillcoat was secretary.

For the Moolian Ball, which realised £600, and for the ship bridge party in aid of the Travellers' Aid Society, and the big party in aid of the Nurses' Rest Home, Miss Hillcoat gave her services as secretary, and there is no one more willing or more cheerful at this difficult and praiseworthy job.

❖ ❖ ❖

Childhood Through Victoria's Hundred Years

DEPICTING Australian childhood of four periods, the frieze that Constance Coleman has just completed for the children's ward at Mosgiel private hospital, Surrey Hills, Melbourne, would delight any small patient.

First, there is the small aboriginal child watching the first ship arrive, then the children of the first settlers in their quaint garb. Later there are the children working on farms, and last of all the modern child, all of them appearing in restful colors against a background of grey gums.

Though Miss Coleman works in many mediums, and has held an exhibition of landscapes in her Hawthorn studio, she is keenest on mural painting.

She probably inherits this inclination from her father, the late W. R. Coleman, who was well known as a scene-painter for J. C. Williamson.

❖ ❖ ❖

Girl Scenario Writer Returns Home

PEGGY GRAHAM, an exceptionally pretty, blue-eyed, dark-haired Sydney girl, returned from London by the Orsova to take up her post as scenario writer for the recently-established National Studios in Sydney, after 12 months with Gaumont-British where as a continuity girl she gained valuable technical experience in the art of film production.

She went to Scotland for the making ing of "The Iron Duke," with George Arliss, and also shared in the filming of Tom Wall's latest release, "Turkey Time."

The lot of a continuity girl is no easy task. Miss Graham confessed, for it means sitting beside the camera and taking note of every action and word spoken on the set, besides accurately describing the costumes. She also worked in the cutting-room which was most interesting, but very tedious.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY --- By WEP.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607115

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by...
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be ever-green."

TOMMY: Where would he the cheapest place to get a chain for Fido?
MOTHER: Any one of the chain stores.

BURGLAR: Come on now, open the window for uncle.
BABY: Don't be a darn fool, I can't walk yet!

"Oh, Liz, what are we having for dinner?"

ARTIST: Shall I paint you in a frock coat?
MR. NEWRICH: Oh, don't make any fuss, just wear your smock.

"You wouldn't catch me out in one of them disgustin' costumes, smoked glasses or no smoked glasses!"

Shampoo Sunshine
into your hair
with

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOOS

There's a Grade for Every Shade

CAMOMILE *for fair hair*

ORDINARY *for dark hair*

Australian Agents, R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

CHILD in Pram: Is that your nurse or your mother pushing you?
Child in Pushcart: Owner-driver.

"IN what condition was Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday school teacher.
"Dead," replied the boy calmly.

"WHAT makes that dog howl?" inquired the city visitor.
"Sheer laziness," answered the cattleman. "He's squatting on a thistle, and is too lazy to get off it."

KEEN but Nervous Amateur: I say, old chap, what shall I do if they ask me to sing?
Candid Friend: Do? Why, sing, of course. It'll be their own fault.

A FESTIVE person was meandering home from an Old Boys' dinner, smiling seraphically to himself. When he saw the constable on duty at the end of the street he approached him gravely and said: "Constable, a great injustish has been done."
"Indeed! And what's that?"
"Offisher, can you tell me why no statue has ever been erected to the man who put the brewery in February?"

A NERVOUS Citizen in Chicago (suddenly to his friend): Gee, Fred, I have been stabbed in the back—or is it an attack of lumbago?

FIRST OUT-OF-WORK: You don't seem like yourself, Bill, what's the matter, feeling ill?
Second Out-of-Work: Got insomnia, keep waking up every few days.

NEW BOARDER: What's the row upstairs?
Landlady: It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

A Gentle Laxative
THAT TONES THE SYSTEM

Constipation makes you dull, listless, sluggish, irritable and produces headaches. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth, produces foul breath, gives you a tired-out feeling, and weakens your resistance to colds and other germ diseases.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are adjudged as the ideal family medicine for Constipation, Indigestion and Biliousness. Being of purely vegetable composition they will be found to work naturally and rationally.

Dr. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

WORMS

Cause endless troubles—Don't neglect—treat, directly detected, with Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets

There are many kinds of worms which attack the human body, but the commonest are Stomach and Thread Worms, and if allowed to remain they lower the system, leaving it an easy prey to all kinds of illnesses.

Amongst the many symptoms are variable appetite, pains in stomach, foetid breath, nausea, headache, irritation about the nose, disturbed sleep, disordered bowels.

To free the system of worms Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets will be found a valuable preparation. Their reputation as a remedy for that purpose has been long established. They contain specific properties for overcoming the worms and being prepared in the form of a sweet, children take them as they would an ordinary lolly.

Obtainable all chemists and leading stores or direct from The W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price 2/- tin, post free.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607116

MRS. NOEL EEDY, of Blackburn Station, chats with Mrs. Keith Younger, of Sydney, in between races.

AFTERNOON TEA TIME. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Milson entertain at a picnic afternoon tea party.

MRS. E. J. MERRIMAN ties the blue ribbon on her husband's horse, Ka Katie, after winning the Picnic Race Cup.

MR. GORDON McKINNON, owner of Elfboy, who won the Waradgery Handicap. Nearby stands Miss Peggy McFarlane and discusses racing form.

PICNIC RACES *at* YASS

The picnic race season opened at Yass last Friday with a social and sporting fixture that augurs well for the success of similar events listed throughout New South Wales for the winter.

Now that Tiranna and Bong Bong meetings have temporarily been abandoned, Yass is the first meeting of the year and the Mecca for country horseowners who have a "likely thing" being trained on their properties, and who have high hopes of commencing the racing season with a win.

SINCE 1902 the Yass Picnic Race Club has kept up a splendid tradition of country hospitality and camaraderie.

The course itself is delightfully rural, with a rise in the middle of the ground that successfully hides the contesting horses from view until they emerge with a rush from a cloud of dust into the straight for a final sprint to the winning-post. This, of course, adds considerable zest to the game of "picking winners."

Mrs. Ernest Merriman, wife of the genial president, personifies the kindliness, chic, and efficiency which characterises our country matrons.

In the amartest of black ensembles, much gathered at the back of the neck, and a closely-tailored skirt, with sables and hunting stick complete, she greeted each member and guest as they made their arrival at the course.

Her position as president's wife is no sinecure, and her many duties included the making and superintending of the decorations for the ball, suitable speech-making for each successful race owner at the presentation of prizes, and meanwhile attending to the wants of a houseful of guests.

THE chill in the air was a blessing to those that had the foresight to have their winter tweeds and furs in readiness for an airing.

Among the country matrons who successfully vied with their city guests were Mrs. Alan Smith, who featured the new cape effect with her rice-drop black cloth frock, and wore a black velour hat becomingly turned up from the forehead. Rose Marie pink angora cloth was the choice of Mrs. Noel Eedy, who added a finger-tip length brown coat and brown toque to her ensemble. A sable cape was worn by Mrs. Peter Milson over her gown of tabac-brown American crepe, and her hat was a smart, high-crowned affair of brown felt.

Mrs. Charlie Maslin, who came with her husband and a string of horses all the way from Bombala, looked smart and sporting in two shades of blue, and was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mac Chirnside.

Mrs. Stewart Hay, in a black suit combined with dusty pink, kept a weather eye on the road for her brother-in-law, Mr. Ken Hay, who motored with his wife from Sydney for the festivities.

After the running of the Yass Picnic Gold Cup race, which was won by Mr. E. J. Merriman's Ka Katie, the concourse wandered to the adjoining paddock, where afternoon tea parties of formidable size, and arranged picnic fashion, took place. Near the rails, Mrs. Charlie Maslin gathered her guests together and, assisted by her daughter Betty, entertained about forty guests.

Country Hospitality .:. At Its Best .:.

NO fewer than four very large cocktail parties were held in Yass township after the final race was run. Winners and losers alike joined in the general merriment, and so much overlapping took place at the parties that it was a clever hostess who knew her own guests.

At the Allambee Club, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alec McNeil, and Mr. and Mrs. Noel Eedy greeted their country neighbors and their house parties.

Charming Gowns

THE dance frocks were exquisite and showed fashion's latest vagaries as to split skirts, bouffant skirts, and sandals. Mrs. Merriman again looked charming in an unusual gown of wallflower-brown satin high to the neck in front and having three-quarter-length sleeves with quilted flares.

MRS. CHARLES MASLIN, popular country hostess from Bombala, and owner of Quidong, who ran well in the Mylora Trial Stakes.

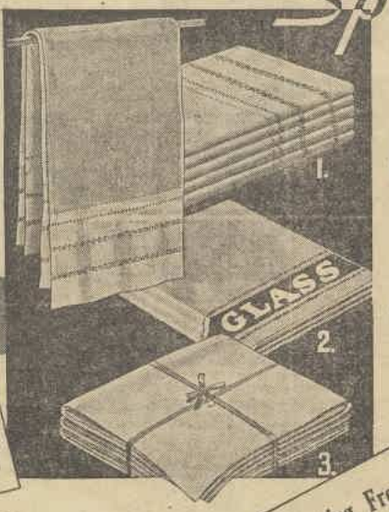
Quite outstanding was a frock worn by an English visitor, Betty Adamson. Her foundation slip was made of gold lame over which black net fell into a bouffant skirt and which showed a high frill of net gathered at the neck.

Anne Triggs looked charming in a chiffon frock of channel-blue with a spray of dark red roses at her shoulder. From Junee came Mildred McKinnon, who looked very smart in a heavy crepe gown of carnation-pink with a gold thread line, and Dora Triggs also wore a similar shade of pink.

Special Offer

Thousands of Amazing Free Gifts!

FOR USERS OF THESE 4 POPULAR DOUGLASS PRODUCTS

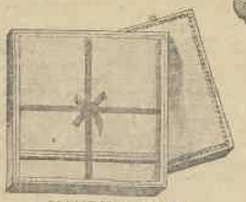


POPULAR FREE GIFTS FOR MOTHER.
1. Thousands of brightly coloured useful gift towels, good quality. Size 40 inches x 20 inches.
2. Lots of strong Pure Linen Glass Cloths. 24in. x 24in.
3. Good Quality Pillow Slips for the housewife. 30 inches x 20 inches.

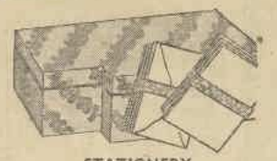
Exciting Free Gifts for the Children

FOUNTAIN PENS
Good quality Fountain Pens for Boys and Girls.

Pocket Knives
Strong Pocket Knives for Boys.



HANDKERCHIEFS
Nice boxes of Pure Irish Lawn Hankies for Girls. So useful!



STATIONERY
Boxes of lovely Stationery. Latest style, shape and colour. Most attractively boxed.

To further popularise the use of the four excellent products illustrated in this advertisement the manufacturers offer you your choice of any free gift illustrated here in exchange for the following coupons:

4 coupons from Fountain Self Raising Flour, 4 lb. size (or 8 coupons from 2 lb. packets)
6 coupons from Fountain Pure Fruit Jellies
2 coupons from Basket Brand Mixed Dried Fruits
2 coupons from Breakfast D-Light

14 only assorted coupons required

NOTE: You must have the correct number from each product.

When you have collected your assorted coupons as shown above, bring them to the Gift Showroom of W. C. Douglass Ltd., Foveaux Street, Sydney (opposite Sydney Railway Station), and select your free gift before the 1st of May next, or call personally at our warehouse, 41 Scott Street, Newcastle.

If you live in the country, write to Miss Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and she will personally send on your free gift, provided you enclose two stamps for postage. Write your name and address clearly on the outside of your coupon parcel.

All Douglass Pure Food Products are sold on the guarantee by your grocer—"Satisfaction or your purchase money refunded." The most liberal coupon offer we have ever made!

This Special Offer Definitely Closes 1st MAY, 1935

Start Saving Coupons To-day!

IMPORTANT.—You must save **14 assorted coupons as** shown above. Every product here is fully guaranteed by **W. C. DOUGLASS LTD., Foveaux Street, Sydney.** Country clients please enclose 2 stamps to cover postage.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607117

Mandrake the Magician

A feature that is different—impossible, perhaps—but... enthralling.

PICK UP THE THREADS BY READING THIS:

INSPECTOR SHELDON: Of the U.S. Secret Service, is on the track of important documents stolen by

THE COBRA: An arch-criminal of magical powers who controls a world-wide organisation. Sheldon is accompanied by

BARBARA: His daughter, and

TOMMY LORD: His assistant, but the party would soon have fallen victims to The Cobra's machinations had it not been for

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, The Cobra's deadly enemy, who allies himself with Sheldon and defeats the many attempts made by the arch-criminal. With Mandrake is

LOTHAR: His powerful Nubian slave. The party traces The Cobra to Kilgan Pass. En route to this wild spot The Cobra attempts to send Barbara mad by a mysterious whispering, but Mandrake acts in time. Now read on:

THIS WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT... THE MEN WITH BLANK FACES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607118

HERE IS THE HOT WATER SYSTEM

You have been waiting for

It is right up to the minute—supplies sink, wash-hand basin, shower and bath, and will be installed complete for £30 cash—or on easy terms. The heater carries a 5 years guarantee and systems installed by us will be inspected and serviced periodically. It is thermostatically controlled; gives a full-bore flow at every tap; costs as little as

20 gallons per day (140°F)				9/6	per month
30	"	"	"	11/6	"
40	"	"	"	13/6	"

Builders and architects—here is the system you have been waiting for . . . . here is a system that operates automatically, has no complicated mechanism and makes hot water a certainty at all hours. Come and see this wonderful hot water service—or 'phone M6503 (Hot Water Section) and our experts will gladly furnish free information and advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

(Hot Water Section)

HAYMARKET, SYDNEY 'Phone M 6503

FAMOUS TRIALS *Attract Nation-wide* INTEREST

2GB Series by George Edwards Players

At the moment, George Edwards and his players are producing nightly from 2GB a series of re-creations of the most outstanding trials in British history, and their popularity is nation-wide.

IF you want to know how popular they are, George Edwards will tell you the story of the farmer and his wife who live at Minanda, N.S.W.

The couple had been lent a wireless set, and they were following with growing interest from night to night the "Trial of George Joseph Smith," who amazed even a war-shocked world of 1915 by a series of murders which took the form of drowning his brides in the bath in such a way that everybody thought it was an accident.

The neighbor who had lent the couple the wireless set returned and bore away the set on the very last night of the "Trial." Bitterly disappointed, the couple retired to bed with the fate of George Joseph Smith unsolved.

After an hour or so they could stand the suspense no longer. It was quarter to ten, and the "Trial" was due to take place at ten. A mile round the road a neighbor had a radio, and would be sure to be listening-in. It was, however, only a half-mile through the paddocks.

Hastily dressing, the farmer and his wife scrambled through barbed-wire fences and across rough paddocks, and arrived with four minutes to spare.

Wide Interest

THEIR interest was shared by many others, for the day after the final session George Edwards' phone never ceased ringing. People who had missed the verdict wanted to know was Smith declared guilty. Although the guilt of Smith was a foregone conclusion, so successfully had George Edwards and his Players re-created the "Trial" that it seemed that people could not quite believe in the guilt of this old reformatory boy and gaolbird, who could not spell the word German correctly, yet won golden opinions from all he came in contact with, even the bishop who confirmed him in Maidstone Gaol, and the chaplain who attended him.

Few of us ever attend a big trial, unless to serve on a jury, so that this series of broadcasts offers the average person a valuable true picture of those things that are done in Court in the name of every citizen.

George Edwards stresses in particular the great legal orations of such men as Marshall Hall, Baron Pollock, and Lord Justice Darling, rather than the more sordid details of a trial.

AS a young man George Edwards spent much time in the Courts studying human nature, and he is finding what he learnt then of wonderful help now in re-creating these strange, twisted characters.

Certainly these are not programmes for children. That is recognised, and the "Trials" are broadcast at a time when the children are in bed. But to the normal healthy man and woman they offer both entertainment and education, and a vivid picture of the working of the legal machine.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, March 23.—7.45, Darby and Joan; 8.5, Lovemaking Inc.; 9.15, An English Musical Travelogue.

SUNDAY, March 24.—3.30, Pages From the Past; 6.30, Symphonic Rhapsodies; 6.45, Jones and Hare; 7.20, Professor Francis Anderson, "My Country Right or Wrong"; 8.45, George Edwards in "We Live Again"; 9.15, Screen Radio Entertainment; 10.0, Evensong.

MONDAY, March 25.—10.45, George Edwards as "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; 2.45, Radio School of Domestic Science; 3.30, Dorothea Vautier, From Far and Near; 7.50, Inspector Scott of Scotland Yard; 9.0, Ellis Price in "It's the Real Things That Matter"; 10.15, The Trial of Thomas Neill Cream.

TUESDAY.—March 26.—6.0, Old Hans; 7.0, Chandu; 8.35, Senia Chostiakoff, tenor; 9.15, George Edwards as "The Hero of Bantry Bay"; 9.45, Gil Dech.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.—11.45, Dorothea Vautier, "What the World Is Reading"; 4.30, Richard Want, "Child Psychology"; 9.0, Happy Harmony; 9.15, Nothing But the Truth.

THURSDAY, March 28.—10.0, C. Z. Dupain, "Diet for the Preschool Child"; 3.45, Homelovers' Session; 6.45, The Voice of the People; 8.40, Jack Lumsdaine; 9.0, Ellis Price presents "Cesare Borgia"; 9.30, Walter Kingsley, Four Songs of Life.

FRIDAY, March 29.—6.35, Once Upon a Time; 9.0, Cyril James, Songs of Devon; 9.30, A. M. Pooley.

"DULCY" *new Savoy* PLAY

No fewer than five shows presented their premieres on Saturday last.

IN spite of big opposition, however, Doris Fitton's first-nighters were loyal to the Independent Theatre production of "Dulcy" at the Savoy Theatre.

George Kaufman and Marc Connelly have satirised modern woman, or, at any rate, modern American woman in this clever farce. Dulcy, in her eagerness to help her husband with his business affairs, nearly ruins him. Had it not been a play, and a farce at that, she would have ruined him completely. This well-meaning interfering chatterbox was played by Molly Brown, who sustained the role almost to a point of overacting.

Dulcy's husband, Gordon Smith (Colin Peebles) is the modern super-husband who, even with his financial hopes torn to ribbons, can still say, "I love you, Dulcy" . . . and Colin Peebles says it very sincerely, too.

E. Clive Hayter, as Mr. Forbes, one of Gordon's "financial hopes," brings to life the part of the rather bewildered business man caught in a nest of social intrigue. Independent Theatre audiences will look forward to seeing E. Clive Hayter again.

John Wyndham can always be counted on to give a clean-cut performance, and as Schuyler Van Duck he is suave and delightful.

The second act of the play is the best. Vincent Leach's description of his film production, "Sin," providing the melodramatic note of the evening. John Alden did full justice to this difficult role.

Others who played well were William Leahy as Tom Serrett, May Baker as Mrs. Forbes, and Jack Needham as Dulcy's brother.—D.V.

RHEUMATISM

PAIN IN THE JOINTS

Decide that you *must* and you *will* get rid of that pain in your joints and you have taken the first big step along the road to recovery.

The remainder of the way is easy. No purgative salts, no harmful drugs, no embrocations or rubbing oils. Just an inexpensive box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills from your chemist. Two pills taken with a drink of water at night, and then, freedom from pain.

When you think of all you have suffered you may find it hard to believe that such a simple method of treatment can accomplish so much in such a short space of time. Here is the reason.

De Witt's Pills Cleanse, Heal and Strengthen your Kidneys

and thus rid your body of the harmful uric acid that has been causing the pain in your joints. You cannot obtain results like this by any other means, and you cannot get rid of the pain in your joints whilst that harmful uric acid remains.

That is why De Witt's Pills are recommended to you. If you will give them a fair trial pain will quickly disappear and your health will improve in many ways.

The most convincing proof of the efficacy of De Witt's Pills is that afforded by the unsolicited testimonials of men and women who have actually used the remedy and by so doing have banished the joint pains which tortured them.

You, too, can be freed from your pain. Your nearest chemist sells and recommends De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and if only you will take them as directed you will quickly get rid of the swelling, the stiffness and the pains that make walking difficult and torture you every time you move. Your health will benefit in many ways when you get rid of the uric acid from your system.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

A few hours after you take the first dose of De Witt's Pills, discolouration of the urine will prove that they have commenced their good work. You will be able to see that the cleansing, healing and strengthening ingredients have passed through your kidneys and bladder. No other medicine furnishes proof like this, and when once you have tried De Witt's Pills, your one regret will be that you did not do so before.

Take them for *Scalding Pains, Gravel, Stone, Painful Joints, Stiffness, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica.* Give them to children subject to Bed-wetting and to aged persons afflicted by Urinary Disorders, and in every case they will give prompt relief and lasting benefit.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes.

Beware of imitations. Be sure you ask for, and see you obtain, the genuine De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Writing from C/o. Birchup P.O., Victoria, Mrs. W. Sinclair says:—

"Owing to a very bad attack of rheumatism I had to stay in bed for over three months. During that time I completely lost the use of my limbs. I tried all sorts of remedies, without result, until I was recommended to try De Witt's Pills. Then to my surprise and joy I found I could move my limbs after taking the first bottle of pills. Continuing with the treatment I completely regained my health."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607119

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

MISSING FRIENDS!

If you haven't written a "So They Say" letter yourself, perhaps some friend of yours has.

Look at this page carefully each week—many readers have told us they have rediscovered lost friends through the "So They Say" page.

NO FLOGGING!

IT came as a relief to read, recently, of a flogging, ordered by a Melbourne judge as part of a sentence on a youth of 19, being remitted by the Victorian State Full Court. Surely, in this "enlightened" age, we can abandon the code of the savage, and dispense with physical torture.

It is shameful to think that judges have power to order a man's flesh to be torn, as is done by flogging. Criminals must be segregated, of course, but let us be merciful!

Many of these youths have drifted into crime because they could find nothing else to do. What a terrifying thing for the youth of 18-20, who has never been able to find work—though at first he may have been ever so willing—to realise that there is no place for him in the world. Is it any wonder if some of these minds become warped? They certainly deserve our sympathy and our help.

£1 for this letter to Miss Peg McCartney, 12 Onyx Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE EVENING OF LIFE

IT is only natural that in a home where two, and sometimes three, generations live together, friction will occur. No one is to blame. It is only natural that individuals whose ages differ by many years cannot understand and sympathise with each other's outlook on life.

I have grandchildren of my own, and often long for peace and quietness. I love my family, but I sometimes think that it is better for people of advanced years to spend the evening of their days in a congenial "home" among people of their own age, quietly occupied during the day and, when night comes, able to rest without disturbance.

With the absence of daily friction between the generations, seeing each other only at their best, surely the young people will love "Gran" more, visit her with love in their hearts, and kindly remembrance of the way she served them when able, knowing that they in their turn must give way to the next generation, already treading on their heels.

Mrs. Les Ducat, 32 Greville St., Randwick, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE ROYAL JUBILEE

SOON we will be reading all about the Royal Jubilee in our Press, and while we are not all fortunate enough to be eye-witnesses, the impression will be very deep, with the help of the wireless and the films.

I wonder if any readers have recollections of former Jubilees?

I can remember seeing Queen Victoria in 1887, when she opened the Jubilee Exhibition in Edge Lane, Liverpool, England.

It was in June, and English summers could be as hot as our maligned Australian February.

I have a small china ornament to this day which was purchased at that Exhibition. All school children had a "treat," and a medal was given to each one.

Again in 1897, at the Diamond Jubilee, I saw the Queen in Liverpool, this time looking rather bent and aged. There was a grace about those old horse-carriages which is lacking in the most luxurious motor of to-day.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 276 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

PRONUNCIATIONS

MUCH is being written at present about "speech polishing," and not before time, but I think it would be a help if some reliable authority made a move to stop this craze for different pronunciations of various words, and the tendency to adopt the American way.

Arguments arise frequently over this, and we rush to the dictionary for aid, only to find there two or three alternatives. Doubtless we all find much of the English language confusing, and would welcome simplicity, but until we get something definite and universal we will have even greater confusion and irregularity, since American films are playing so important a part in our lives.

I. D. Penny, 31 Fyans St., South Geelong, Vic.

Are Modern Girls at Heart Just Prudes?

I DON'T agree with Mrs. Williams. Modern girls are by no mean the prudes they were in our grandmother's day. In everything they do they show a healthier, may I say more masculine, outlook. Their ideas are not so narrow, they are more self-reliant, and they regard their bodies in a perfectly natural way. I do not mean there is no room for improvement, but I can see this growing broad-mindedness.

As for shedding her bathing costume in the shed, and incurring gasps of horror from prudish girls, I am inclined to think that this was not so much horror, as a first startled surprise. And then it is very likely that they suspected the wearer of merely shedding her costume to attract attention by her so-called unconventionality.

Mrs. P. Janes, Prospect, S.A.

Interesting Problem

MRS. WILLIAMS (2/3/'35), brings to light an interesting psychological problem. Quite a number of these girls who go in for daring bathing costumes and evening frocks also revel in "smutty" jokes which would horrify their mothers, and yet I know several who would rather die than be seen naked by other girls.

But I am inclined to believe that a lot of this "modern prudery" is the fault of parents. All too many children (and particularly small girls) are brought up to regard nudity as something mysteriously indecent, instead of as a perfectly natural and beautiful state. Quite recently I saw a kiddie of five punished for running out of the nursery clad only in a sweet smile. It made me furious, but who can blame girls for growing up full of false modesty if such ideas are implanted in them by their parents?

Miss P. V. Mort, 13 Milner St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Taught So From Childhood

YES, after all the modern girl is just what her great-grandmother was—a slave to fashion—and that's why she'll wear the briefest swimming suit if it's fashionable to wear one.

We were taught in childhood that it was very wrong to appear unclothed. We had to be taught, mind you. It was not instinctive, and it is only the resulting inhibition which makes us horrified at the idea of nudism.

Mrs. C. Forster, 64 Primrose St., Essendon, Vic.

Quarrelling as Proof of True Friendship

V. HILLCOAT (2/3/'35). I do not think that quarrels are at all necessary as a proof of true friendship. Nevertheless, during a quarrel, friendship undergoes a severe strain, and it is then the real character shows itself, and one has a splendid opportunity for displaying sincerity and tolerance.

M. Kerr, 121 Tryon Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Teach Children Early

V. HILLCOAT (2/3/'35), brings up a subject to which I think all women should give thought. If parents taught their children to discuss and argue sanely when differences of opinion arose, and made each one give a quiet hearing to the opinions of everyone, there would be less quarrelling. Of course, the parents should set an example as well.

G. M. Scott, S.R. and W.S. Coun., Boort, Vic.

Quarrels Kill Sympathy

V. HILLCOAT (2/3/'35) is wise in her condemnation of foolish quarrelling. True friends should be able to have differences of opinion, even vigorous argument, without the ill-feeling which causes quarrels.

In the same issue is an article by Kathleen Norris, dealing with married life, illustrated by a picture of husband and wife experiencing the joy of "making it up" after a quarrel. Such joy is short-lived. The next quarrel is harder to overcome, and gradually successive fallings-out act like an accumulative poison, killing deep understanding and sympathy.

G. Bate, Bodalla, N.S.W.

Meaningless—"Marvellous"

ARE you a user of that very much overworked word "marvellous"? Does it never bore you to hear the eternal "Oh, isn't it marvellous?" or "It is really too marvellous for words"? Of course, I agree that it is a perfectly good English word, but continual usage robs almost anything of the major portion of its attractiveness. A little variation would make a pleasant change. Originality of expression lends a certain amount of charm and freshness as well as interest to the most trivial conversations.

Miss C. Hocking, 41 Service St., Hampton S7, Vic.

Britain's Ignorance of Our Social Life

K. G. PORTER (2/3/'35) asks why Englishmen are ignorant of Australia. Here is one definite reason, and it probably does more harm to Australia than actual lack of knowledge. I refer to the "attractive" posters that are sent abroad to advertise Australia, portraying the outback life, aborigines, corroborees, etc. Some of these pictures, which I have seen in London, show hideous blackfellows in full warpaint dancing a circle in weird fashion. I have seen many such posters, but never one of the business portion of any of our large cities.

A. E. Jones, 87 Davidson Avenue, North Strathfield, N.S.W.

Leg-Pullers

RE K. G. Porter's par. (2/3/'35), it is more likely a bit of leg-pulling. At school in England over twenty-two years ago I learnt Australian geography, including its cities. My people decided on a small town in preference to the cities, which were rapidly becoming overcrowded. What English people find hard to understand is the vast spaces and days of travelling necessary to get to outback places. In English schools everything about Australia is eagerly learnt, and proud is the child who can take to school pictures and illustrated books or papers that have been sent by friends or relatives.

The Englishwomen were having a joke, I am sure. The Diggers had their joke, so why not they?

E. Owens, Harold St., West Townsville, Qld.

Why Judge from a Few?

RE K. G. Porter's paragraph, "Ignorant of Australia" (2/3/'35). He, no doubt, is referring to the class of English people who have as little knowledge as one of the first amazing Australians I met in this country, who asked me, "Who is the Lord Nelson your mother was speaking of?" and "What was the 'Victory'?"

My knowledge of Australia from a child (and that of all friends in our circle and acquaintances outside) was such as to give me no surprise on arriving at the large towns—the general up-to-dateness of conditions, and the fine shops, etc., etc., were as I had always heard, read, and seen—from pictures.

G. L. Haun, 4th Promenade, State Building, Market St., Sydney.

Ignorant People Everywhere

IGNORANCE of Australia (2/3/'35) is not confined to England. Oceans, ships, sharks, surfing, and skyscrapers are mysteries to the Western child. Even adults refuse to believe in all-day cinemas.

The Eastern youngster seldom hears of kurrajongs or quandongs; never catches "yabbies"; wouldn't recognise an auto-header, and fails to visualise an unending plain.

The cinema seems the only effective means of really telling ourselves about our own country. It doesn't appear remarkable that Englishwomen should be ignorant of Australian details that are unknown to Australians.

Muriel Dessaix, 2 Hedger Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Lack of Interest

THE ignorance mentioned (2/3/'35) is generally due to lack of interest. Those who have no relatives or friends in other lands seldom think seriously about any country outside their own, but what a change when a loved one goes to Australia, shall we say, to live! Then, a link is formed between the two countries, and letters, full of interest, help to dispel ignorance. The letters are often read to other friends, or passed on.

Kathleen E. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Just One of the Colonies

WITH regard to the ignorance of the English. In England, Australia is just another part of the Empire. There is not much news of Australia in the Home papers, and unless one has some friend overseas who will send news, one has very little knowledge of the actual life.

Boys from Home often go on farms miles away from the city, take, for example, the "Mallee." There is nothing to compare with that in England. Hence, anyone at Home knowing those conditions, would be inclined to forget the cities, and the questions would not be so funny after all.

Miss Elizabeth Heron, 77 Kangaroo Rd., Oakleigh SE12, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

DON'T STARE

ALTHOUGH most of us have been schooled in the art of good manners, there are some people among us whose education has apparently been neglected in this respect.

One of the most ignorant offences is the habit of staring. Most of us have had an uncomfortable few minutes whilst riding in trams and trains while some inquisitive person from the moment he or she enters the vehicle continues to look us over from head to foot.

I have noticed that 95 per cent. of these offenders are women, and the best way to check them is to catch their eye and politely stare them out. This invariably causes them to shift their gaze.

Of course I don't mean you to sit like a poker with your eyes closed, but please refrain from getting your eyes riveted on a certain individual. It's embarrassing, to say the least!

Miss I. Backceller, 8 Remuera St., Caulfield SE8, Melbourne.

ETIQUETTE

DON'T BE ostentatious about ordering food. Avoid elaborate dishes unless you are well acquainted with them.

WELL CATERED FOR

THERE'S no mistake about it, city women are well catered for nowadays as regards occupation for their leisure time. There are bowling, croquet, golf, and tennis clubs, not forgetting swimming, riding, cricket, hockey, and basket-ball for the more energetic ones. For indoor recreations, our leading business houses offer free tuition in simple or intricate methods of knitting, crochet, spinning, rug-making, pottery, raffia-work, or various other arts and crafts. Then there are the numerous women's clubs which have sprung into existence and cater for their members with interesting lectures, travel talks, well-stocked libraries, musical evenings, and card parties. Why those women who need not forsake those diversions for business careers always sets me wondering. Surely Cleopatra would not have been so mischievous if she had lived in times like ours!

Ann Ratcliffe, Northam Avenue, Bardon, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

PERFORMING DOGS

GREAT numbers of the musicians and hawkers seen in the city streets are accompanied by dogs, who are kept chained closely to the masters' sides. Through the whole of a hot day they will sit, holding hats, baskets, etc., in their mouths, or dressed up in small, tight-fitting garments, with not even a bowl of water to drink.

Surely this is one of the greatest forms of cruelty, yet no definite move has been made to stop this torture. I feel that it is time that something was done to relieve these unfortunate animals of their plight.

Mabel Peck, 104 Ocean St., Bondi, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE MOVING CITIZEN

THE man who is employed in railway, bank, or school has a great advantage over other workers. In the course of two or three years he has, probably, the advantage of a move. Thus he really never remains in one place sufficiently long to get into a "groove." And what a godsend a move means to his wife! She, in her turn, has the pleasure of taking all her household goods to the new domicile, freshly clean, and the joy of arranging all her furniture in a new way.

Moreover, both bring fresh ideas to the community.

In my opinion, everyone should try for a move as reasonably often as possible.

Mrs. E. D. Hicks, Main North Road, Clare, S.A.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607120

HEILMAN

FURS BY HEILMAN
(late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)
Ladies, you are invited to make an early inspection of the finest quality furs in Sydney.
BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovation a Speciality. 8th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.
TELEPHONE: MA2064.

CATARRH, ANTRUM
and SINUS diseases scientifically treated without operations.
Catarrh Treatment, 20/- (posted); Antrum and Sinus Treatment, 30/- (posted). Results guaranteed.
CHEMIST ROUSH
THE RADIO CHEMIST,
c/o. Crease's Pharmacies, Valley,
BRISBANE.

THEATRE ROYAL
NIGHTLY AT 8.
Mats.: Wed. & Sat. at 2.
MADGE ELLIOTT
CYRIL RITCHARD IN
ROBERTA
J. C. WILLIAMSON'S WONDER STAGE OFFERING!
With Ethel Morrison, Cecil Kellaway, Marie le Varre, Frank Leighton, John Dudley, Les Franklyn, Jean Duncan.
Box Plan at Paling's.

AUSTRALIAN *Girls' Unique* RECORD!

"Air Centre" is the Latest for Travellers

If any of your friends happen to mention at any time that they want to "drop in at the air centre," don't be nonplussed. They will be referring neither to some little-known atmospheric phenomenon nor to a newly-formed debating club. Probably it will be the first hint that they are planning to travel.

MISS EVELYN FOLLETT, the well-known Australian airwoman, and her sister, Beatrice Follett, conceived the idea of establishing an Air Centre, which they have recently opened in Martin Place. The object of the Air Centre is to provide a bureau of information on all subjects connected with aviation, an extensive library, and a booking centre for air flights to and from any part of the world.

Miss Evelyn Follett is the first woman in Australia to have secured a pilot's licence, and for many years she has been closely associated with aviation in Australia, and has an extensive and thorough knowledge of her subject.

For months past the Follett sisters have been collecting information on aviation from every country in the world, ranging from the purely technical side of aircraft construction and designing, to the history of aviation from the earliest days of the balloon to the present time, with records of all important flights, air routes, and cost of travel from point to point in every country.

MISS FOLLETT

An extensive air library is being built up, many of the expensive works already on hand being unprocurable elsewhere in Australia.

A lending library has been established in connection with the Air Centre, which will be available for students, pilots, and members of the public contemplating travel by air.

At the new Air Centre the fullest information may be obtained by young people interested in flying as to how to start their career, and they will have the advantage of the extensive experience and technical skill of Miss Evelyn Follett.

The scheme is an ambitious one, unique not only to Australia, but to the world, and showing the courage and foresight of two young Australian women, who realise that aviation is only in its infancy, and have set out to establish a public service the full value of which will be amply proved in the future.

Don't develop that WASHING-DAY DROOP

AGED THIRTY—
LOOKS FORTY—
FEELS FIFTY—

—BECAUSE OF OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAYS

The strain of the old-fashioned rubbing-scrubbing-washing-day usually results in bent shoulders and dragging steps. When a woman is too tired to hold herself erect she is well on the way to the middle-aged figure. Protect your figure—use Rinso for *easy* washing-days.

With *Rinso* in the tubs and copper you haven't a chance to get fagged-out. No need to spend hours rubbing garments—dirt soaks out of the clothes. And there's no fear of dingy linen after Rinso—instead there's that *extra*-special whiteness.

CHANGE WASHING-DAY TO RINSO-DAY

RADIO LISTENERS!
RINSO brings you that riot of laughs, fun and melody
"COMEDY CAPERS"
TUNE IN TO 2 GB every Mon., Tues. and Wed. at 9.30 p.m. 4.111.838

Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

See It... and You'll Love It!

THE lovely and exclusive green jumper featured in color on page 41 of this issue is now on display in the Wool Department, ground floor, at David Jones'.

Spectacular!

Autumn Fashion Parades at Grace Bros.

THE influences which enliven the new season's fashions can be directly traced to many interesting sources. . . From Russia, for instance, comes the inspiration for those swagger, belted tunics; from Tyrol comes the suggestion for the line of our new millinery. . . .

Just how much the new influences affect this year's fashions is being shown by Grace Bros. in a special display at their Broadway store. The parades are being held each afternoon until Friday next, from 2.30 to 4.30. These spectacular and revealing interpretations of autumn and winter modes are being supervised by Mrs. Brunton Gibb.

A small subscription fee of 1/6 includes afternoon tea and an interesting musical programme; the proceeds in aid of well-known charities. As only three more days remain in which to see this interesting parade, it would be advisable to book your table without delay—by simply phoning Grace Bros. (M6506) Millinery Dept.

RHEUMATISM and KIDNEY TROUBLES
DEFINITELY OVERCOME BY "UREX"
the new scientific remedy which relieves by removing the cause.
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Pains in Back, Joints and Limbs, Kidney and Bladder Troubles and all kindred complaints will vanish like magic before this wonderful remedy.
Neglect is dangerous and will result in a premature decline of your powers, breakdown, and a shortening of life. No matter what other remedies you have tried, whether you are seven years of age or seventy, man or woman, "UREX" will relieve you. It "gets right to the spot" and stops that pain. Money back if no relief. Obtainable only from the manufacturer. Price, 5/6; postage free.
RICHARDS' RELIABLE REMEDIES,
17 Bond Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607121

Try the Daggett & Ramsdell Creams as I did-

and you will see your skin become softer and lovelier every day

See for yourself the difference that these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper . . . . cleanses more thoroughly. . . . softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin . . . . as no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using . . . . won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today?

Daggett & Ramsdell

SUDDEN DEATH
CAN BE AVOIDED.
If You Suffer From Blood Pressure and Take
ARTERIOL TABLETS
(Dr Neuhaus's German Remedy)
You Need Not Worry

ARTERIOL TABLETS dissolve the Lime Salts which clog the arteries and stimulate in Sudden Death. Why wait until it is too late? Mrs Martin, Mont Albert, Victoria, says:—"My husband had a stroke and could not walk or use his arm. He took Arteriol Tablets and now he is back at work again."

If you suffer from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, etc., etc., that's BLOOD PRESSURE. Be on the safe side with the only safe remedy—ARTERIOL TABLETS. Price: 12/-, 3 weeks; 22/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/6. Obtainable all leading chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 68 Wellington St. Kew E3, Vic.

6 pairs for 10/-
3 pairs for 5/-

TO advertise these new stockings, the manufacturers of "Shalimar" Hosiery offer this new doll silk with special suspender top and panel heel stocking at the manufacturer's price of 6 pairs for 10/- or 3 pairs for 5/-. All the newest shades. Fully guaranteed. Mail orders postage free.

State size and color when ordering. Keep number of postal note till you hear from us

Shalimar Manufacturing Co.
C/o Box 20, Haymarket P.O.,
Sydney, N.S.W.

ONE WOMAN
TELLS ANOTHER

Some secrets all women keep. One they pass on because there is a bond of sympathy between all women on one point—that of never wanting to be "caught" by the world with a "toast and water" face or a shiny nose. So, one woman tells another that "Australian Rice" Face Powder WILL stay on; will prevent shiny noses; will last well for hours, in any kind of light and any kind of weather. So the sales of "Australian Rice" Face Powder remain at high-water mark. Popularity, to be maintained, must be deserved. And "Australian Rice" Face Powder needs no expert eye to detect that it is as good a face powder as one could find, is a box as smart as one could wish, of a size larger than the usual 2/6d. box of powder, yet selling at only 1/3d. If you've got money to burn, buy dresses and hats—more money won't buy you a better beauty powder than "Australian Rice" Face Powder. But be sure it is

"AUSTRALIAN RICE" FACE POWDER

TRIUMPH *for* "ROBERTA" *at the* ROYAL

Like Caesar's Gaul, all frocking can be divided into three parts—the useful, the ornamental, and the Creation. Unlike the other two, the Creation doesn't have to explain or apologise for its existence, or its expensiveness. There it is—a lovely accessory to life, with a real kick of its own. And that's that.

This is the intriguing philosophy of clothes which "Roberta" expounds so gaily that Theatre Royal audiences are only too happy to agree with it.

AS Huckleberry Haines (Cyril Ritchard) expresses it, in language so much more poetical than his name.

"A gown has a personality, like a perfume or a flower. . . . It should be set to music. . . . You know the gown that cries out for a waltz . . . Under it runs a counter-melody of half-breathed sighs. . . ." And there's more like that.

This promising beginning is elaborated very charmingly for the sumptuous mannequin parade which is one of the many glories of "Roberta."

The thistledown plot of the piece hands over the running of the successful Paris frock salon, "Roberta," to a Russian refugee princess, Stephanie (Madge Elliott), and its ownership to the American full-back, John Kent (Frank Leighton). A forthright fellow this John, and seemingly wood from the neck Unpolished, but at heart a diamond of purest ray serene. So, believe it or not, Stephanie falls in love with him at first grips. John's handshake is no ordinary affair!

There's another love (Sophie) cluttering up John's life, however, so the course doesn't run smoothly for Stephanie till Sophie is proved to be the underweight little twiser everyone bar John sees her to be.

MISS MADGE ELLIOTT as Stephanie in "Roberta."

Art-Moderne Dialogue!

JUST to show how purblind John is, and how very art-moderne is the dialogue:—

Huck, exasperated with John's resolute refusal to see Sophie's feet of clay, exclaims:

"But she has no charm! No chic!"

To which John replies:

"Gosh, she's lousy with both!"

Such quirks of fancy startle the ear, but the audience makes a welter of its appreciation, and shouts of laughter imperil the safety of the welkin.

Another insouciant wisecrack which arouses a roar of laughter is Huck's "Love is like a stew. You have to have faith in it to enjoy it."

Such scintillating bits and pieces keep the show fizzing, and the charm of the music and intoxicating beauty of the gowns did the rest.

In short, "Roberta" went to everybody's head, and Cyril Ritchard scored a triumph as producer, which augurs well for his future in this new role.

NEVER before has Sydney seen such a glamorous mannequin parade before the footlights as is staged in this show. Madge Elliott has achieved such a reputation for smart frocking that one expects every play in which she appears to be well dressed, but in sartorial excitements "Roberta" easily outdoes any other show of its type seen in Sydney.

At the mannequin parade, stage-managed by Cyril Ritchard, the frocks shown embody all the most artistic and dramatic qualities of the mode of today. Each was an individual success of its kind, and the ensemble catered for every aspect of joyous modern life.

The whole cast entered into the spirit of the performance, and, as well as being wonderfully well dressed, the play was exceptionally well acted. Madge Elliott was at the top of her form—which is very high up, indeed.

The show made many demands on Cyril Ritchard, but he filled them all with outstanding success.

Mr. Frank Leighton's impersonation of John Kent was most admirable. Leo Franklyn gave a restrained and delightful performance as Billy Boydon (the hoofer.)

In the role of Clementina Sharwenka, the temperamental star customer of "Roberta," Marie La Varre is a riot. Jean Duncan fills to perfection the role of Sophie Teale. Ethel Morrison is an excellent "Roberta." Leslie Crane's delightful dancing was much enjoyed, and the rest of the cast acquitted themselves very capably.—A.J.

"The Cedar Tree" at the Criterion

The Australian musical play, "The Cedar Tree," which opened at the Criterion on Saturday night, should definitely establish Varney Monk, of Mosman, wife of Cyril Monk, the noted violinist, as the talented composer of some of the most charming music ever written in Australia.

MRS. MONK composed the music for "Collits' Inn," and that was very good; but there were people who thought that she may have put "her all" into that first effort, and that she has no reserves. "The Cedar Tree" is the only reply she needs. It is packed with new numbers, rich in melody and variegated in form, numbers which will live and travel, and, if marketed properly, bring fame to Varney Monk and a reputation to Australia.

PERHAPS the only serious fault with "The Cedar Tree" is that it is too rich. There are too many excellent songs for one to appreciate them all. The first act has four scenes which are all too long. The plot of the story, which is by another Australian, Edmund Barclay, is good in itself but appears to have been padded out. Mrs. Helene Barclay, the author's wife, wrote the lyrics, and has set a new standard for local efforts at this kind.

But, apart from the length of the first act, "The Cedar Tree" is an excellent show. Produced by that master of musical comedy production, Claude Flemming, who plays the part of Roger Carstairs; vitalised by the strong personality and magnificent voice of Gladys Moncrieff, who, as Dianella Weston, is at her best and plays opposite Russell Scott as Peter Verners; the show could hardly fail to go down well.

Alfred Frith is very funny as the Flying Pieman. Phyllis Baker, who gets better and better with every show, plays the part of Dianella's maid. It is a pity we do not see Miss Baker dancing more, because she excels in this direction. Somebody should do her a good turn and tell her not to "squeak" so much.

The ballet work was not as attractive as one has come to expect of Thring shows, but perhaps the play did not lend itself to ballet. The dance of the bush birds in the second act appealed to the audience, but it is a pity that Patricia Edie's lyre bird dance, which attracted such attention in the Melbourne production of "The Cedar Tree," was omitted.

AMONG the musical numbers which stand out from the rest are "The Cedar Tree" duet, "Following the Sun Around," and "It Had to Be."

"I'd Like to be a Statue in the Park," a funny song by Alfred Frith and Phyllis Baker, is really outstanding in its own class. If that was locally written, somebody is a genius.

Gladys Moncrieff singing the "Coo-ee" song in the second act was encored many times. One of the most beautiful numbers of all was "We Never Really Meant Good-bye," sung by Byrl Walkley and a quartet of girls.

"The March of the Pioneers," sung by Russell Scott and male chorus, is good enough to become a national air.

The action takes place on the Hawkesbury River in 1840. The Cedar Tree Shipyard scene is a credit to W. R. Coleman, the designer.—F. W. I. Esch.

FOOD KILLS MOST OF US

Discoveries which may end ¾ of all sickness

DID YOU KNOW THAT:—

1. Three-fourths of the people of Australia die of Cancer, Blood Pressure, Gastric Ulcers and other "Diseases of Civilisation."
2. These diseases, which cause three-fourths of the deaths here, are unknown except among people who eat white man's meals. Native races are immune until they adopt white man's food.
3. That the Plunket Society, by rigid attention to food, has been able to reduce deaths among children to one-fifth of their previous number.
4. On a large scale experiment the Government of Denmark has been able to show that properly balanced meals will reduce the death-rate among adults by 34 per cent. (equivalent to 20 more years of life for everyone), and that when such meals are taken the incidence of Cancer just falls away.
5. That healthy animals fed on the same meals as the average Australian family eats will develop white man's diseases from which animals are ordinarily immune.
6. That in the great hospitals of the old world the use of medicine is rapidly yielding to the use of proper food, which is achieving more brilliant results than medicine ever did.
7. That to achieve these brilliant results no unusual or exotic foods are used. It is just a matter of using ordinary foods in proper combinations.

These are the weapons with which food kills:—

B ASTHMA
B BLOOD PRESSURE
CANCER
A CONSTIPATION
A CATARRH
A DENTAL DECAY
A FLATULENCE
B GASTRIC ULCERS
A INDIGESTION
A INSOMNIA
B KIDNEY TROUBLE
B LIVER TROUBLE
A "NERVES"
A OBESITY
A "RUN DOWN"
A RHEUMATISM
B RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS
B PILES

In the light of the new knowledge concerning food, the complaints marked "A" (no matter how chronic they may be) can usually be cured in a very short space of time. The troubles marked "B" can without exception be considerably relieved, and can usually be cured completely after a period.

WHAT THE CLUB DOES

The club retains for the use of its members a staff of qualified dietitians. These people hold high degrees from British Universities, and have brought to Australia the very latest knowledge on the subject of healing with food.

CERTAIN SERVICES FREE

As well as the services for its members, the club retains certain services for the public. Any person who so desires may call and discuss his or her complaints with one of the dietitians of the club. All the useful information that can possibly be given in the course of the interview will be given, and no charge whatever will be made. People who cannot call may write to us concerning their complaints.

THE GOOD HEALTH CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

156 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY

We have published a Booklet, "Healing with Food," which gives a great deal of information on this subject, and which also gives full particulars of our method of working and our fees. A copy of this book will be given to you if you call, or sent to you if you clip the coupon. There is no need to send any money, the book will be sent in any case, but if you care to make a donation of 6d to cover printing, packing and postage, we shall be very grateful.

Call, 'Phone, or Write (Telephone MJ(205).

Without obligation please send me a copy of "Healing with Food."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TREATMENT CAN BE GIVEN BY MAIL

A.W.W.2.

Still BETTER BATH TOWELS for SIREN SOAP Crosses

FREE Classcloths too!

BATH TOWEL, extra large size, 46 x 23 ins.; beautiful heavy quality. FREE FOR 48 CROSSES (12 bars).

GLASSCLOTH, pure Irish linen, very long wearing; 32 x 23 inches. FREE FOR 24 CROSSES (6 bars).

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: GIFT SHOWROOM, 365 KENT STREET (near King Street), or PARKES HOUSE, 9 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with crosses addressed to:

"GIFT DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., BOX 1590B, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

FROM .....

.....

ENCLOSED ..... CROSSES, SIREN SOAP

GIFT REQUIRED: ..... BATH TOWEL ..... GLASSCLOTH
(Cross out gift not required) 22.29.27

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607122

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON is here seen with Dick Powell, whom she plays opposite in "Happiness Ahead," a romantic comedy with some musical numbers, to be released shortly.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON

Comes from BROADWAY *to* HOLLYWOOD

SHORTLY to be seen in "Happiness Ahead," Josephine Hutchinson is setting out on her career as a film star under the happiest auspices. She comes to the screen with a reputation already made in "little girl" parts, the most recent of which was "Alice in Wonderland," produced by Miss Eva Le Gallienne in New York. She means to make the best of most theatrical worlds, and in future to divide her time between them.

SHE looks forward eagerly to appearing in films before a world-wide audience. But at the same time she does not intend to forgo that contact with acting tradition, and that discipline in her chosen art, which the stage still offers.

She is a child of the theatre. Her mother, Leona Roberts, is a character actress, from whom she has inherited her determination to absorb herself in her profession. As a small girl Josephine once appeared in a silent film, "The Little Princess," with Mary Pickford.

Her stage career began in Washington, where she played for three years in stock companies. New York audiences first saw her in "A Man's Man." In this she showed so much promise that Miss Le Gallienne offered her a part at the Civic Repertory Theatre. Now she has a long-term contract to star in films, and the outlook for her future is dazzling.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON, though fragile in appearance, is keen on outdoor sports and is an enthusiastic horsewoman.

Vivid Personality

THIS young actress loves color. She has a series of scrapbooks, crammed with pictures of unusual rooms, fantastic costumes, and quaint pieces of furniture. She does not much care for precious stones. Her choice is for antique jewellery, and the glittering trinkets which, though their intrinsic value is small, are so effective across the footlights.

She has received so many presents of dolls from little girls in her audiences that she has made a hobby of collecting them, and now has over a hundred.

Her other hobby is flower-growing. She enjoys decorating Christmas trees and coloring Easter eggs. She can cook, and likes doing it—so long as it is not a daily chore. In fact, she can bring zest to the most humdrum occupations—knitting, for instance. "A bad habit," she says, "because it wastes time doing something a machine can do much better." But her needles click merrily all the same.

She is an excellent fencer and swimmer, but she has never learnt to dive. With her slight physique, she naturally concentrates for exercise on those sports which demand dexterity and poise rather than strength. Her height is five feet four and a half. Her hair is a flaming red. Her eyes are golden-brown, and she has a small, tiptilted nose and the fine white skin that often goes with such coloring.

It seems incredible that she has already been married and divorced. In fact, that was an episode of her Washington days. More recently she was seriously burned in a fire at a farmhouse where she was living, but she has made a complete recovery from this disaster.

IN her private life she tends to be rather casual. Missing trains is a regular practice with her. In fact, she missed the train that was to take her to Hollywood. In money matters she admits to improvidence; on occasion has had recourse to the pawnshop, and never knows how her bank balance stands. She is an easy mark for agents selling things at stage doors.

Her method with correspondence is to write a letter, put it away for 24 hours, then reread it, and usually rewrite it or else not send it at all.

Great statesmen have followed this system, which has the advantage of doing away with much unnecessary toil and trouble, since letters tackled on this plan frequently answer themselves. But she probably evolved the idea on her own account, for she has no interest in politics and public affairs.

On the stage, and before the screen, Josephine Hutchinson reveals herself as an artist, with a manner of exceptional charm and distinction. As one critic put it, "She always gives a well-bred performance." Her candor and lack of affectation help her to achieve an impression of sincerity in her work. She uses her own name for stage and screen purposes instead of romanticising it into something nearer what the public might think a film star should be called.

Forges Ahead

HER intense vitality makes for forthrightness. "I would rather climb over a fence than crawl under it," she declares. One has only to look at her portrait to feel that she will always take her hurdles gallantly.

And now her great chance has come in her first film, "Happiness Ahead." If she were superstitious, she might take comfort from the omen in its title. Hanging from a chain round her neck is a locket, which contains her "good luck charm." But this is rather a symbol than a talisman. For the locket encloses a tiny compass that once belonged to the great tragedienne, Eleanora Duse, and she cherishes it as a tenuous link with that incomparable actress.—E.M.T.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray. (R.K.O.)

THE super-luxury of this film, with its opulent backgrounds and elaborate frocking, is entirely appropriate to the circumstances of its heroine. And when, craving to be loved for herself alone, Dorothy Hunter (Miriam Hopkins) changes places with her secretary, this time-honored device seems natural enough. In her efforts to pass incognito in New York she is luckier than was her real-life prototype, Barbara Hutton, when she visited Australia. But if Dorothy's millions frightened love away, they at least purchased her most efficient service.

The story provides an ideal vehicle for Miriam Hopkins. Joel McCrea, as the lover who finally proves beyond doubt that he prefers the girl to her fortune, gives a sterling performance. His display of naïve egoism, and of denseness in situations that call for sensibility, is prescribed by his part. Fay Wray is adequate and appealing as the secretary.

If one must criticise, there is a thought too much gusto for food, and rhapsody over "hot punch." The scene where the two young people in the throes of falling in love get agreeably tipsy might have been cut. As a whole this romantic comedy is signalised by smooth and subtle direction.—Plaza; com. Mar. 15.

★★ EVELYN PRENTICE

Myrna Loy, William Powell. (M.-G.-M.)

HAVING admired the go-as-you-please matrimonial partnership of William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man," we are glad to see them here in a similar combination. But this is a more serious affair. In fact, danger signals are soon discerned on the horizon because Powell, now a successful barrister (or its American equivalent), is so strenuously occupied that his wife barely gets a glimpse of him. Being Powell, he is compromised by a too grateful and attractive female client, while his wife, being Myrna Loy, is the object of an especially determined pursuit by a specious ne'er-do-well (but that is far too kind a name for him), who is already living on a poor little underworld victim.

The upshot, as you will readily imagine, is lots of trouble for the game and fairly straight-going Miss Loy. She is cleared on a capital charge after her courageous avowal as to her movements, only by the shrewd advocacy of the husband who trusts her. A somewhat unconvincing story, most convincingly acted and very well produced. Miss Loy, who is aided by a flighty, good-natured friend (Una Merkel), gives the effect of an honest struggle in the whole miserable business, and the tension of the drama mounts high several times. The little daughter is also a naturally touching feature of the situation. We enjoyed the scene of before breakfast physical jerks between her and her mother, in which papa presently joins.—St. James; com. Mar. 15.

★★ OUTCAST LADY

Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall. (M.-G.-M.)

MICHAEL ARLEN'S novel and play, "The Green Hat," from which this film is adapted, was cleverly designed to tickle the fancy of a public suffering from post-war neurosis. Such people as Iris March (Constance Bennett) and her brother (Hugh Williams), heirs to a long and decadent line of English landed gentry, are but figments of the imagination, surrounded by false glamor. Their feverish lives, the brother drowning his disillusionment in drink, and the sister parading her person and her caprices at cosmopolitan resorts of fashion by way of forgetting the sorrows of her heart, are merely a society gossip-writer's dream. But so well has the whole synthetic tale been rendered that we get a special pleasure from its presentation.

Barring a very occasional wrong vowel sound, Miss Bennett is perfect as the parcel of languor, misunderstood loyalty and vain longing, done up in rich raiment and heavy perfume, that composes Iris March. And we do not wish to see anyone go through a gentlemanly attack of d.t.'s in better style than Hugh Williams, while Herbert Marshall makes Napier, the lover who changes his mind, almost real and always sympathetic. Minor characters—the whited sepulchre, Boy (Ralph Forbes), Napier's father, and the girl (Elizabeth Allan), whose innocence is contrasted with Iris' unhappy experience, are all admirable. On its own plane of hectic fiction this is a consistently successful production.—St. James; com. Mar. 15.

★★ THIS IS THE LIFE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Gordon Harker, Binnie Hale. (British Lion.)

BINNIE HALE, an established favorite of the London stage, has at last been lured into the films. Her gift for comedy makes her a real acquisition. Gordon Harker, whose performance in "Rome Express" is still pleasurably remembered, here has his first starring role.

As Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, who inherited a fortune and lost no time in essaying a steep social climb from the wayside teahouse which they ran with indifferent success to the upper ranks of society, they give rich and mellow portraits in the round. Theirs is real life, set against a background of lords and ladies who are merely stage properties, like the collapsible furniture and angelic ingenues of farce. Their house-warming feast is none the less enjoyable because it includes some features such as the toastmaster, which really belong only to Guildhall banquets.

One amusing sequence shows them, when they first reach the West End, suffering transformation at the hands of masseurs and beauty specialists, tailors and dressmakers. Their Paradise is soon invaded by a pair of thugs from Chicago, bent on blackmail; their determination to entertain their guests at the ball with an impassioned rendering of the Miserere duet from "Il Trovatore" rouses inextinguishable laughter; and the fairy gold of their inheritance vanishes. But splendors had begun to pall; they go back thankfully to their teahouse.

The transformation of this rustic bower into a sort of country club with a swimming-pool and a dance hall is rather overdoing the happy ending. But when Binnie of the india-rubber face and the accent wherein a slight hint of commoness comes and goes at will, sings, "I'm Happy to be Back Home," we, too, rejoice.—Mayfair; com. Mar. 13.

★ KENTUCKY KERNELS

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Wheeler and Woolsey. (R.K.O.)

SOUTHERN gentlemen, a trifle decayed, but still ready with their six-shooters, provide an agreeable milieu for the comedy pair, for the nonce professional magicians out of a job. What with mint juleps, bevies of Southern belles, and hairbreadth escapes, life is sufficiently fast and furious for their especial brand of humor at the old Kentucky home, where they arrive in charge of that redoubtable child, Spanky McFarland, to find themselves embroiled in long-standing local feuds.

Woolsey, discovered hidden beneath the blankets, still decked out with horn-rimmed glasses and cigar at a jaunty angle, reveals himself once more unbowed by the bludgeonings of Fate. Wheeler scores at the forced wedding in a bedroom when, disguised as a clergyman, he gathers up all guns present in his hat, covers them with a handkerchief, and conjures them into white rabbits. Another high spot is achieved by the old buggy-horse, which gets its nose into a bucket of moonshine whisky.

Spanky, a four-square infant with an affectionate disposition and a serene delight in noise, at intervals supplies an obbligato of crashing glass; and the catchy theme-song, "One Little Kiss," is rendered with varieties of expression, as solo, duet, and chorus, by most of the cast.—Plaza; com. Mar. 15.

★ DEATH ON THE DIAMOND

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)
Robert Young, Madge Evans (M.-G.-M.)

BASEBALL fans would probably hail this thriller with whoops of joy; but there aren't any to speak of in Australia. What interest the film has for us, apart from its mysterious murders, lies in its exposition of alien manners and customs. We are introduced to the game being played, before an authentic crowd of some 15,000 spectators, on the St. Louis field, and to the daily routine of a team in hotels, training quarters, lockers and "dugouts." Robert Young, as the star pitcher, presents a fine, athletic figure, and with Madge Evans, in the part of the manager's daughter who pioneers a new profession for women by acting as secretary to the team, supplies a modicum of romantic interest.

Apparently baseball is as much infested by crooks and racketeers as are most other activities in the States. And even when three players in succession are shot, garrotted or poisoned the game must still go on. As the authorities decide, "You can't deprive the American people of their baseball!" But surely it would be a good thing to make them keep it to themselves!

However, the thrills are there all right for those who like them.—Civic; com Mar. 15.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607123

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Herbert Ross's pet Persian cat is no longer satisfied with his own backyard and spends hours wandering in the garden at Bishopscourt?

Guests of Maharajah

PHILIP GAME sends news of exciting doings to friends in Sydney from Mysore. . . With his parents, Philip is guest of Maharajah of Mysore in palace specially built for European visitors. . . Never has Philip seen such splendour. . . Nearby garage holding just 60 cars, and enough polo ponies for whole army are stabled not far off. . . . Big game shooting full of thrills. . . . Crocs. and panthers in abundance. . . . Joys of surf at Bondi not forgotten among new scenes.

New Consul-General

INTERESTING bachelor from abroad is John Corotakes, Consul-General for Greece, just arrived in Sydney. . . Distinguished career includes term as Acting-Minister of Embassay at The Hague, also experiences to relate of Moscow, Mount Athos, and Skppia (Jugoslavia). . . No doubt new arrival will vie with Dr. Zeelos, of German Consulate, for social popularity.

❖ ❖ ❖

Adrian designed frocks for Constance Bennett in "Outcast Lady" at St. James. Yoke in V shape of white lace makes lovely finish to black toilette worn in first scene. Cream satin featuring stitched fluted collar another vision in later appearance.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Theodore's Farewell

MRS. E. G. THEODORE is herself member of Arts Club where farewell party was given in her honor before she voyages to Fiji. . . Also member of Benevolent Society which benefited from party. . . Mollie de Gunst and Vinia de Loitte shared in party honors. . . Lovely flowers presented to Mrs. Theodore.

Home Once More

SIR PHILIP and Lady Goldfinch, accompanied by their daughter, due after holiday trip in Europe. . . Also on same ship, Mooltan, was Gwynneth Henchman, daughter of Mr. Justice Henchman, of Brisbane. . . Globe-trotting has kept her occupied for some months past. . . Mrs. F. J. Sibbald, an Australian, who has made Colombo her home, also arriving for holiday.

Something for Mother

VIV McGRATH was farewelled by members of the Maroubra Surf Club at their dance at Mark Foy's ballroom on Saturday. . . When asked what he would like for parting gift, Viv, when pressed, said, "Something for mother." . . . Final choice was present of afternoon teacups. . Ivory with attractive silver stripes.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Lord Camber's Ladies" proved popular at Kursaal Theatre on Saturday. Scott Alexander responsible for production and Brian Abbot portrayed Lord Camber and his domestic difficulties with aplomb.

❖ ❖ ❖

Varied Accomplishments

EXTRAORDINARILY versatile is our Percy Grainger. . . At his chamber music concerts displayed prowess with pianoforte playing, singing Javanese music, dancing to illustrate rhythms, and did not stop at piano-moving. . . Madame Dussap, most interested in lecture concert, wore a becoming floral chiffon frock with blue background. . . Black taffeta was used for smart evening coat. . . Miss Ethel Ranken, Mrs. Bernard Muscio, and Mr. Cleary among audience.

Surprise Country Wedding

SURPRISE wedding of much interest celebrated at Cathedral at Wagga last Thursday... Mary O'Keefe, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stan O'Keefe, from Yamma station, Morindah, the bride... Lachlan Horsley, much sought-after bachelor host of Yabtree, Gundagai, the groom... Rev. Father Hartigan officiated... Ceremony family affair and happy couple at present in Sydney.

Julian Family Entertain

FIRST dance of Picnic Race season at Yass given by Philo Julian at Waradgery, Galong. . . Guests motored for miles and miles. . . Mildred McKinnon, of Junee, among guests. . . She seldom misses Picnic meetings in southern districts. . . Cousins Pat and Nanno Julian helped keep ball rolling.

En Route to Sydney

MELBOURNE'S excitement of the week. . . the marriage of Noel Clapp and Geoffrey Smith, arranged for March 20. . . Sydney will greet them shortly, for they plan to motor across for honeymoon. Noel's great flair for dress demonstrated in gowns she designed for self and bridesmaids. . . taking their pattern from her favorite arum lilies. Bride's gown of white dusted with gold, and the eight bridesmaids dressed similarly in gold lame.

Those Golden Chairs

PHYL SKENE, while in India recently with her parents, occupied seats of the mighty. . . in this case a gold chair. There are eight of them in throne room at the palace of the Maharajah of Dahbanga. . . all studded with gems.

Skene family entertained at palace . . . thought they were viewing scene from Arabian nights.

THE CENTRE of interest this week—Miss Noel Clapp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clapp, whose marriage to Dr. Geoffrey Smith was arranged in Melbourne for March 20. —Athol Smith.

All In a Name

HORRIFIED looks at premiere of 'Cedar Tree," when Lord Mayor (Ald. Parker) referred to play as "Melodrama". . . On looking up dictionary found Lord Mayor quite correct, as melodrama is described as "A dramatic performance in which songs are intermixed". . . Quite apt description of play which achieved success at Criterion Theatre last Saturday.

❖ ❖ ❖

En route for their home in Somerset via the East, Lady Hambro with Susan, Patsy, and Evy Hambro, sailed last week by Nellore.

❖ ❖ ❖

Red Riding Hood

THE new Red Riding Hood cloak made its initial bow to Sydney on Saturday night at Romano's. . . Mrs. Bill Crossing, in beige organza, its sponsor. . . Pin tucks added to charm, and the hood proved great success as protection from errant winds. . . Beryl Berkman charming in the deepest of blue velvet frocks with diamond brooch at high neckline.

Easy Fishing

NOT many girls have the easy fishing procured by Mrs. Bob Shuttleworth. . . From her new home on Brisbane River she just throws a line over the garden wall, and, hey, presto! a fish or so falls for it. . . Mrs. Shuttleworth was formerly Thalia Milson, of Sydney. . . Loves her stay in north, which may not be of long duration.

"Dulcy" at Savoy

LOVELY clothes worn by Molly Brown in "Dulcy," latest Independent Theatre show. . . Red and white jumper suit, with cherry ribbon threaded through hair very coy and becoming. . . New poke bonnet effect in brown worn by Meg Fowler Smith as ingenue. . . In audience, Shelagh Parry in leaf-green draperies sold programme to her mother, who wore charming accessory in way of tiny watch in guise of dress clip.

❖ ❖ ❖

Gladys Fellows is now on her way to Port Moresby, where her future home will be made. Fiance William Nicholas will wave a welcome from wharf on her arrival in New Guinea.

❖ ❖ ❖

Latest in Handbags

MRS. A. G. HORDERN . . . returning to Australia as passenger on the Mooltan. . . only able to hunt up her friends in each capital while ship is in port. . . Even this short time long enough to rouse envy for her great collection of handbags. . . Mostly commodious affairs of cloth or felt with vast handles. . . Gladys Cooper started craze for this type of bag.

Scotch Bride Recovers

MRS. LACHLAN HARLOCK recuperating at Sutton Farm, Sutton Forest, from recent illness. . . On her way to Australia immediately after her romantic marriage in Scotland, Mrs. Harlock became ill at Colombo. . . Bride's parents (who were visiting Australia) travelled from Sydney to England with Dr. Harlock, who met their daughter on visit to Scotland. . . Mrs. C. G. Lambie, wife of Professor Lambie, is a sister of the recent arrival.

❖ ❖ ❖

Another Sydney bride for the north. Judge Coyle's attractive daughter Moya has announced engagement to Keith Travis, well-known man about town in Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

Palm Beach Doings

MRS. LAURIE INGRAM making preparations for end-of-season party at Palm Beach. . . . Lots of people will make for her bungalow on Saturday for dinner party, and lots more guests for dance to follow. . . Mr. and Mrs. John Collins much in evidence at P.B.'. . Margaret manages to keep complexion very fair in spite of Queensland sun and Palm Beach surf.

Antique Lace Veil

BETTY RICHARDSON made the 36th bride to wear a certain Honiton lace wedding veil. . . Her wedding to Lindsay North took place at Shore Chapel, and was very picturesque affair. . . Long tight sleeves and closely-tailored corsage of satin trimmed with innumerable tiny buttons featured by bride. . . Reception held at Yacht Squadron, where bunting and multi-colored flowers made great showing.

Have You Noticed—

The very chic evening frock of deep purple and white stripes worn by Mrs. John Charley? Forest-green lines the sash and gives clever color note.

Jane Anne

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607124

THE HUB
—in step with the Knitting Craze
-with a Sensational Price Appeal!

FREE INSTRUCTIONS

The Hub has secured the services of Mrs. Dixon, one of Sydney's leading knitting instructors, to give advice and free knitting lessons to any of The Hub's customers who desire her services. Mrs. Dixon is available in The Hub's new enlarged Wool Basement. Come often and stay all day if you wish. It's a FREE service.

Sunbeam 4-ply Wool

Sunbeam 4-ply Australian Knitting Wool, showing a wonderful colour range, also Heather mixtures.
HUB PRICE Skein 4½d
5/6 lb.

Silk and Wool

2-ply Silk & Wool Special. Just the thing for dressing jackets, vest, etc. Obtainable in all Pastel shades.
HUB PRICE, Skein 4¾d

Rose Fingering

Paton's Rose Fingering 4-ply Wool. 1oz. Skeins. Full colour range.
HUB PRICE Skein 7½d
9/11 lb.

Golden Wattle

Golden Wattle Fingering, made by Lincoln Mills. Just see our colour range.
HUB PRICE, Skein 6d
7/6 lb.

Random 2-ply

Random 2-ply Crochet Wool. There are plain and variegated shades to choose from.
HUB PRICE Skein 8d
10/6 lb.

Knop Wool

New shipment opened of the Fashionable Knop Wool. Splendid variety.
HUB PRICE, Skein 9½d
12/6 lb.

Kanastra

Kanastra, a delightfully smart idea for scarves, caps, etc.
HUB PRICE, Skein 1/4

Sports Wool

Perhaps the most popular of all Wool is Sports Wool. Colours include Red and White, Blue and White, Brown and White, Green and White, etc., also White.
HUB PRICE 2oz. Skeins 1/6

Sea Urchin

Paton & Baldwin's Sea-Urchin. A new yarn. Very effective when knitted.
HUB PRICE, 1oz. skein 1/2

Crepe Wool

Sunbeam 4-ply Crepe Wool, ideal for Jumpers. Reds, Green, Blues, Grey, White, and many other shades.
HUB PRICE Skein 7½d
9/11 lb.

Accessories

Knitting Needles Erinoid
Sizes 7 to 12.
HUB PRICE, Pair 2½d

Inspect our stand of latest Knitting Books. You'll find just what you require for your Winter woollies.
HUB PRICE, each 6d
7½d, 10½d, 1/-

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

GIVE *Yourself* a GOOD TALKING-TO

... Louise Mack Advises

People who get into grooves have only themselves to blame for not watching their step and not seeing where they are eventually going to find themselves.

YES, we get into these nasty, hard, tight, spiritual enclosures simply because we are careless.

Just as nature gives us little physical warnings about our state of health, so does the spirit endeavor to restrain us when we show a marked tendency to get into a groove and stay there.

But sometimes Fate kindly lifts us out of our grooves.

Don't Be a "Nark"

YOU never know, do you, what might happen to you if you could only get out of your groove. You do know, though, what is likely to happen if you don't get out of it.

You will become queer, nervy, unpopular, eccentric, overbearing, tedious—in fact—a regular "nark," to use a quaint old bush expression that's almost onomatopoeic, which means expressing its sense in its sound.

"I've got into a groove. How can I get out?" writes Alma. "It seems easier not to go to anything, so I don't go. Yet, I feel somehow that it's a mistake to get into a groove and stick at home always, the way I'm doing."

It's easier.

There is your warning, Alma.

There's something wrong with us when we find it easier to drop out of all the bright, amusing, sociable things life offers us and, getting into a groove, plod and crawl along it, hemmed in on both sides.

Warnings Within

THAT'S when we need to say to ourselves, "Hullo you! What's wrong with you?"

Perhaps it's the body that worries us; or maybe it is entirely the spirit.

A pain in the toe warns us of gout. A sore eye warns us of our nerves. Bursts of bad temper warn us of blood-pressure. And a woman who refuses to be taken to a lovely matinee because it's the day she washes her hair is offering up her own warning to herself to beware of her grooves.

Travel, more effectively than anything else, forces us out of our grooves and rubs off the moss.

In different countries things are done differently.

For instance, the Belgians serve the bacon on top of the eggs. The Italians pour the cheese into the soup. The Tuscans never say the word "pig" without bowing and murmuring, "con rispettio parlando" (with respect to whom I am speaking.) The French never throw away the water the corned beef is boiled in. They make the best soup from it—croute au pot—Louis XIV's favorite soup, and he a very great gourmet!

The Englishman says "my wife," and the American says "Mrs. Paul P. Pienhop." The Spaniards offer you a glass of wine as a courtesy gesture only and stab you if you take it; the Germans are indignant if you sit on the sofa unless you're a matron.

The Californians call biscuits "crackers," and pens "nibs," and milk "cream," and blouses "shirt-waists."

Some nations go to the left. Some go to the right. Some eat soup with a loud noise. Some people never introduce. Some introduce everyone.

So when you travel you are forced out of your groove, being obliged to follow the customs and manners of other countries to a certain extent unless you want to be labelled M.A.D.

So let us be warned in time and see what we can do towards being quite different every now and then for the sake of our health, our looks, our outlooks, our husbands, our children, our homes, and our happiness—and theirs!

The housewife is perhaps more than any other woman to be forgiven for her groovy ways, as method in housekeeping is really indispensable.

But, even though necessary, it can be disguised. Fuss can be eliminated. That awful look can be driven off mother's face when father knocks his ashes on the carpet unthinkingly, or the maid hands the vegetables round the right side instead of the left.

Groovy women should recall the famous saying of a famous man, "My mother was a wonderful housekeeper, we had a most unhappy home!"

DON'T... FORGET

The "Be Kind to Animals" Week, under the auspices of the R.S.P.C.A., commencing March 31.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual meeting of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales at the Blaxland Galleries, March 27, at 3 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card evening organised by Miss Doris Raven at the Carlton Hotel, March 30, in aid of the Kensington Centre of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

☆ ☆ ☆

The special match between 22 first-class players arranged by the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, April 6, in aid of the R.S.P.C.A.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual Far West Ball to be held at the Blaxland Galleries, April 30, at which Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven will be present.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card party to be held at Mrs. Mackay Smith's home in Shell Cove Rd., Neutral Bay, for the Royal North Shore Hospital, March 28.

☆ ☆ ☆

That the season of "Gardenias" presented by the Studio Theatre Club, Emerson Hall, Liverpool St., is being extended, and "Woolgathering" will be performed on March 30.

☆ ☆ ☆

The card party for the Nellie Stewart Memorial Fund at the Hotel Carlton will take place on April 3 instead of March 27. Bookings may be made by ringing FW3586.

☆ ☆ ☆

The public meeting to be held in St. James Hall, Phillip St., April 15, under auspices of Writers' League.

☆ ☆ ☆

The musicale at the Arts Club, April 1, at which Miss Gladys Moncrieff will be the guest of honor. The Women's Hospital will benefit.

☆ ☆ ☆

The exhibition of watercolors by R. Malcolm Warner, at present on view at the Grosvenor Galleries, 219 George St.

MILK will give you the ENERGY you need

Energy and vitality are simply the outcome of good health. Every indoor worker—in office, shop, and factory—will find in Milk a store of energy and vitality, for Milk is the supreme health builder.

Milk contains in balanced proportion food for brain, nerves, and body—almost every element the system needs—*in greater abundance than any other single food or drink!* It is easily digested, quickly assimilated. It is a delicious, satisfying drink, either plain or flavoured.

Drink at least a pint of Milk a day, every day, for a few weeks. You'll feel stronger, more vital, better in every way.

Rigidly tested for quality and purity.
Milk, the perfect food. Nature's own tonic!

WHAT MILK CONTAINS

Milk contains the essential elements for building and repairing tissue, enriching the blood, building strong bones and teeth, and giving energy and stamina.

There's nothing to equal

MILK FOR INDOOR WORKERS

INSERTED BY THE MILK BOARD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607125

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

March 23, 1935. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. 27

BERTHA MAXWELL Takes a little Blue Wren, a handful of Pink Blossoms, some Linen . . . and creates the sweetest

GOOD-MORNING SET

To Greet the New Day with You or Your Guest . . . and for Use at any Other Hour!

WHETHER it be in cream, or white, or lovely colored linen, you must have one! Sufficient thread for working is included in the cellophane-wrapped packet for 3/9. Please add 2d. for postage.

THERE is fashion in embroidered table linens just as there is in our frocks. To-day, these small early morning sets of traycloth and napkin are highly popular as presents, trousseau treasures or additions to the linen-chest. You may use them for the guest who breakfasts in her room, for the friend who drops in to share a cup of tea, or, with additional napkins, for the tennis party or bridge afternoon.

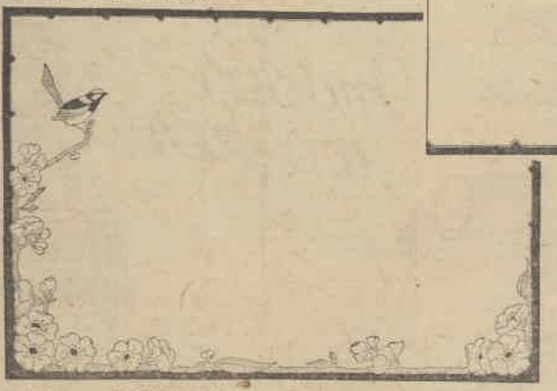
The traycloth measures 13 inches by 17 inches; the napkin is 11 inches square. They are supplied ready to work, traced on white or cream linen, and also on rose-pink, pastel green, daffodil-yellow, or blue linen. The set costs 3/9, plus 2d. postage, and extra napkins, 1/3, plus 1d. each for postage. You may buy as many of each as you need. If you intend to use several napkins to make up a small set, it is wise to buy them all at once, to ensure their being exactly alike in the weaving. These linens are always the same from their makers in Ireland, but different lengths occasionally have an almost indefinite difference which is not discernible to the eye, but is noticed by the needleworker. This design is procurable only from The Australian Women's Weekly, at the prices mentioned above; you may call or order your linens to be sent to your address by post without extra charge.

of his body. You will need probably a touch of yellow for the flower centres or deep rose-red if you prefer the effect of peach blossom, also a thread or two of grey for the lower part of the bird, but your work-box is sure to contain these little extra pieces of cotton if you decide to use them.

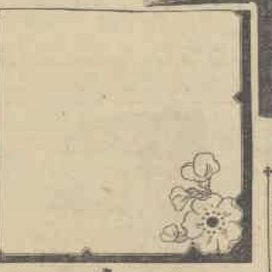
This type of embroidery is quick modern work, and it is as well not to use too many different colors; simplicity is the keynote of the design, and only the principal colors need be employed for effect.

YOU remember when, a few weeks ago, Bertha Maxwell featured a flowered bedspread? Here you see one of our enthusiastic readers working one of the two secured for her "box." She wrote in to say how beautiful it was growing, and so we secured this home picture of our young friend at work.

THESE EXCLUSIVE 68 x 90 bedspreads, traced ready for lovely quick stitchery, at 12/6 (postage 1/- extra), can still be had on application.



THE 13 x 17 TRAYCLOTH carrying Bertha Maxwell's lovely design for modern rapid embroidery. You see how cleverly the design is arranged. Nothing is lost of its simple beauty.



VERY little work is necessary on the 11 x 11 napkin, but it carries its message of good cheer in pink blossoms and soft green stems. You can secure any quantity of these exclusive items. Note: Additional traced napkins cost 1/3 each. Postage 1d. each extra.

WHAT a greeting—a blue wren and a handful of pink blossoms on the breakfast tray! You can buy it in cream or white linen, or else in blue, rose-pink, pastel green, or yellow linen, with sufficient thread for working, for 3/9, plus 2d. for postage.

Special Notice

FOUR skeins of cotton are supplied with each order for one cloth and napkin; a sweet pink for the blossoms, a delicate spring green for the few leaves and the slender scallops, bright blue for the shining blue parts of the wren, and black for the rest

The Stitches

LIGHT buttonholing over one thread of thick cotton or two threads of stranded cotton will carry out the work very handsomely and strongly. If you examine the design you will notice that the flowers have all the irregularities of newly-opened blooms, and the connecting stem pieces along the edges are a little wavy in the most realistic manner. These unconventional lines are so easy to embroider that they will almost work themselves, and are a boon to the novice who is not very sure of her stitches. Lay the running thread for supporting the buttonholing just inside the outline of the flower petals, then work over it: run a thread round the centre eyelet, cut it across twice, turn in the small bits and whip round; or satin-stitch the centre. Then stitch in the stamen dots with two little back stitches to each, or make a French knot each time. Tiny lines on the petals should be just run lightly like a darning stitch, and left; if they are overworked, they are too heavy.

Leaves are treated like the petals, except where they turn inwards and lie well into the linen, when they may be satin-stitched or outlined. This applies also to some of the buds.

The stem pieces which form the edges between the little groups of flowers are buttonholed on each side; place a running thread inside both lines, then lightly but firmly buttonhole to form an edge on the outer part, with the inner line matching the stitching, but not cut.

The little bird offers scope for a variety of stitching if liked, but can be beautifully expressed with satin-stitching on the blue parts, long and short on the black parts, and light outlining for the remainder.

The Scallops

THESE flat little scallops are immensely popular at present and are seen on many small sets and informal pieces of linen. They "travel" quickly and are very easy to manage, enabling the cloth and napkin to be finished off rapidly when the simple embroidery has been completed. They require a good running thread just inside their outline, then the buttonholing need only be very shallow to be quite strong; take up just enough linen on the needle to enclose the running thread firmly. When the turns and corners are reached between the scallops, do not slope the stitches, keep them vertical all the time and pass along evenly and smoothly; the result is a delightfully crisp edging which will withstand a great deal of wear.

Press the work well from the back when completed, and clip very carefully all round the edge.

CLEVER IDEAS

Clever Ideas are worth money—send us yours! A first prize of 10/- is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 1/6 is paid. No nom-de-plumes accepted.

SAVE four empty aspirin or pill bottles with screw tops and you will have a pair of handy little salt and pepper shakers. These can be used for picnicking or office lunches that require salt and pepper. In two of the tops (discarding the bottles) punch a few holes. Then, when you want to use the shakers just substitute these for the plain tops, which prevent the salt and pepper from spilling in the case.—**First Prize of 10/- to Miss A. Pitcher, 18 Victoria St., Mile End, S.A.**

WHEN ON your holidays have small envelopes (about 6 or 9 inches) made from odd pretty pieces of material and into each slip your set of scanties, vest, and brassiere, or whatever is needed for each change. Much time will be saved from searching for matching articles, and your trunk will keep much tidier.—**Helen Gray, 54 Park Rd., Glebe, Sydney.**

TO SAVE the hair from the ravages of sea water is always a problem to the bathing girl. The following hint will be found very useful. Take an old piece of silk, soak it in olive oil, then hang out in the sun to dry. Tie this over the hair to form a cap, and then put on the bathing cap. It will prevent the water penetrating to the hair and will not injure the hair.—**Mrs. R. E. Coulthard, 31 Gladstone St., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.**

THIS IS a simple method of cooking rice, gleaned from my Chinese cook while resident in the South Seas. Wash the rice thoroughly until the water covering it is quite clear. Drain the water off, and then add a cup of water to a cup of rice; place on an asbestos mat on low, simmering jet, and simmer until soft. You will have every grain separate, and cooked rice that is a pleasure to eat.—**Mrs. T. Goldie, Wickham Rd., Moorabbin S20, Vic.**

TO KEEP fried or poached eggs in a dainty shape place a small scone-cutter in the fat or water. Then break the egg and pour into the cutter. When cooked the egg is round and compact, and two fit nicely on a slice of toast. To poach the egg, the cutter should be greased with butter.—**C/o A. Ross, 45 Denman Avenue, Glen Iris, Vic.**

SAVE THE celery leaves, dry them (in the oven or sun) until crisp, then crush into a powder, and mix with an equal amount of salt. Good for soups and stews. Save stalks of cauliflowers, and next day cut them lengthwise into two or three pieces, according to the thickness. Tie in bundles and cook as asparagus. Drain, and mask with a white sauce.—**Jo. M. Standish, 72 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607126

A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 HUNTER STREET (3 Doors from George St.) SYDNEY, and at Newcastle

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (Opp. Anthony Hordern's)

THE only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Teacher: Try this sentence: "Take the cow out of the lot." What mood?
Pupil: The cow.

HEAVEN is the place for all those who feel that they are not good. The others, who thank God that they are not as other men are, will have an unpleasant surprise.—E. W. Savi in "Sinners All."

Sent in by B.J., Middle Park, Vic.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Cause of Toothache

A COUSIN of mine was working for my father, and one day he was complaining about toothache, then mother said: "Perhaps you have a hollow tooth?" Cousin answered, "Yes, I think there is something in it to cause the ache." So he got a toothpick to work, and brought out a tomato seed which had germinated about one-eighth of an inch. Imagine the surprise he got, and the amusement it caused us. Strange place for tomatoes to have grown, I guess.—F.H.

A Queer Notice

INTENDING to purchase some fruit in a shop here recently, I was much amused by a notice displayed therein: "Please do not squeeze the fruit. Try the pumpkins or the proprietor."

The proprietor, a swarthy southern European, looked harder than any of the pumpkins, so I moved on.—L.H.K.

With a Difference

ATTENTION on the beach was focused on the two shark patrol planes flying side by side, and releasing green streamers. A small boy rescued a tangled mass from the waves, and gave it to a little girl of about four. With a lively anticipation of favors to come she gazed up at the pilots and softly murmured, "Come down and see me some time."—M.D.

Unusual Pulpit

A RELIGIOUS body were holding meetings in a large tent on a vacant allotment.

During the night a great storm arose and blew the tent to ribbons. Owing to the near approach of the Sabbath, repairs were out of the question. The missioners were bemoaning their fate when the chairman of the local racing club came along. He sympathised with them, and offered the use of the grandstand on the racecourse nearby for their meetings.

The minister thanked him, and preached in the grandstand for some time.—T.B.

Returned to Sender

A NORTH QUEENSLAND friend of mine was travelling to the Great Barrier Reef on a motor launch when, just for fun, she threw a sealed pickle bottle overboard containing a written note asking the finder of the bottle to let her know where it was picked up. Exactly two weeks later she received a huge parcel containing the cleaned jaws of a man-eating shark! With this "relic" was her bottle and note, also a letter from a fisherman, who stated that the bottle had been found inside a 14ft. tiger shark! He sent the jaws as a souvenir.—V.

Their Opportunity

I NEVER cross our Harbor without gazing at that marvel of engineering skill, "Our Bridge," and looking at it always recalls to my mind an incident I witnessed every morning during construction, while travelling on the 8.30 ferry from Lavender Bay. A sweet young thing would trip on to the boat and there meet the boy friend. It seemed to be the usual thing at that time for all the passengers when passing the bridge to look up, evidently noting progress. The young couple would wait until the boat reached the bridge, then, while everyone looked upwards, snatch their good-morning kiss.—I.S.

Misunderstood

THE other day I was sewing on the machine and my sister came out and asked me if I had seen the skirt of her costume. I had the machine running at the time, and I thought she said the belt of her costume. My answer was: "I suppose you dropped it coming home from the dance last night." Naturally she got annoyed, and said: "Don't be so stupid, as though I wouldn't miss it." Then I got heated and replied: "Of course you wouldn't miss it, look at the hundreds that are picked up in trams and trains every year." It was then that she realised I misunderstood her, and said: "I mean the skirt of my costume."—N.B.

Ironing Under Difficulties

SAW a bushman iron a shirt, collar, tie, and handkerchief in a manner which would do credit to a modern housewife with the latest electric iron. His "iron" was a beer bottle filled with hot water.—"Bunyip."

A Sagacious Dog

WE have a black kelpie sheep dog just about ten months old, that has shown a lot of canine cleverness since quite a little puppy. The other day my brother took a load of cornsacks on a small trolly out to the harvester he was working, about a mile from the house. He also had his water-bag on the trolly, and the dog accompanied him.

During the afternoon, which was very hot, the dog became thirsty; he climbed up on the trolly, took the water-bag between his front paws, and removed the cork with his teeth, then tipped up the water-bag and quenched his thirst.—M.E.O.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.

HEALTH IS IMPORTANT

ELIMINATION OF BODY WASTES Gains and Maintains HEALTH

OUR ELECTRICAL AND MASSAGE Treatment Achieves Excellent RESULTS

10 years' continual service at one address speaks for itself.

Mrs. J. BENNET

Masseuse,
Station House,
RAWSON PLACE.
Phone: MA4108.

Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch", they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Her friends do not know that freedom from constipation has made the difference. Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. To clear impurities from her system she took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. FIGSEN does not purge or gripe . . . it has no unpleasant after-effects. It assists Nature and does not form a habit. NYAL FIGSEN is equally good for children as well as adults. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 651F, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
(W.W. 22/3/35)

Outline of Autumn

CREATED BY BERLEI

Sleek Unbroken Flowing

How completely the fit of your frock depends on the fit of the Foundation beneath! Achieve Autumn smartness by having a "true-to-type" Berlei expertly fitted by MRS. ALYCE M. REID, Berlei Fitting Specialist, NOW IN ATTENDANCE IN OUR CORSET DEPT. It will make a world of difference to your figure . . . and your frocks!

6605 . . . perfectly fascinating BERLEI CORSELETTE of tea-rose Batiste, cleverly woven with elastic threads . . . a miracle in beauty and fit. A boned lining and smart "uplift" bust gives the new silhouette! Busts: 30-35in. Price: 35/9.

7208 . . . splendid Berlei Wrapon to control short, Abdomen figures. Tea-rose broche and the new Gripknit elastic. Partly lined; well boned. Waists: 29-34in. Price: 21/-.

6909 . . . a serviceable type of suspender Brassiere for heavy figures. Tea-rose broche and soft swami silk; back-fastening. Busts: 38-44in. Price: 9/6. O.S. 46in. 10/6.

Your Foundation and figure problems are the particular interest of Mrs. Alyce M. Reid. Explain to her your special corset difficulties . . . let her advise and fit you with the correct Berlei. It's so important . . . to those in search of Beauty!

HORDERN BROS. 203-207 Pitt St., Sydney.

Date Squares Take the Lead!

Most recipes one cuts out of the paper, refers to once—and forgets. But not Copha recipes! One cuts them out and uses them over and over again. They have that refreshing novelty, that extra-deliciousness which lingers in the memory. This one for instance.

COPHA DATE SQUARES

6 ozs. Plain Flour
2 ozs. Cornflour
1 lb. Pure Copha (softened)
2 ozs. Sugar
1 Egg
1 teaspoon Baking Powder
Pinch of Salt

Cream the Copha and sugar, add egg. Sift in dry ingredients, and mix into a stiff dough. Roll out three-quarters of the mixture and line a scone tray with it. Spread with Date Filling. Roll out remainder of pastry and cover date filling. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Ice the top with thin boiled icing, well-flavoured with lemon juice. When cold, cut into squares.

Date Filling: Place 1lb. seeded dates in saucepan with a little Copha, lemon juice and water. Cook until soft.

How light! How richly flavoured! But Copha makes all cakes and puddings lighter and far more digestible, too. Here's another big advantage that Copha has over all other shortenings—you can keep it in stock as long as you like, it will never go rancid, but stays as fresh as when it was made.

Naturally you can use Copha in all your own recipes, but there's a simply splendid Copha Recipe Book which you really should have—it contains such a wide variety of interesting dishes. Write for your copy to:

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd., Dept. WW, Box 2635EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

Have you tasted vegetables cooked the Copha way? They have ever so much more flavour, and they retain all their nutritive juices. Write to the above address for the special folder on Copha Vegetable Cookery.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607127

WHAT'S *Sauce* for the GOOSE

"I THINK," remarked Sir Thomas, "that we have made a splendid beginning."

On the following morning the baronet, coming down from his room to the hallway, paused as he usually did to exchange a few words with Mrs. Franks, the hotel proprietor's wife, who as a rule spent an hour or so outside the front office to chat with her guests.

"Good morning, Mrs. Franks. I think we shall have another pleasant day, what?"

Mrs. Franks nodded, smiled, and retired into the office.

Sir Thomas stared at the closed door. He was unused to nods from Mrs. Franks. He was unused to cheerless smiles from her. He was unused to being cut by her.

Profoundly disturbed, he proceeded out of doors and was met by Mrs. Langreyre. As they strolled away, he was aware that several of the guests idling about the porch had suddenly lowered their voices, and this whispering somehow annoyed him.

Strolling through the town the old couple passed Mrs. Tredding, a Seaport guest with whom they had enjoyed many an hour. That good lady failed to see them, albeit they slowed their steps and Sir Thomas lifted his hat. Later they encountered Mr. Ferdand, and from him they received a nod, a wink, and a knowing kind of grin, which pantomimic expressions so astonished them both that they turned to stand and stare after him as he continued on his way.

"Whatever did he mean?" inquired Mrs. Langreyre.

"Damme, I don't know" declared Sir Thomas explosively. "But I soon will."

ON their return to the hotel at lunch they marked further strange behaviour on the part of their fellow-guests. Mr. Jones addressed Mrs. Langreyre with undue familiarity. Mrs. Hagstock passed the cruet at Mrs. Langreyre's request, but only after the third time of requesting,

Continued from Page 6

and then with evident boredom.

Mr. Hagstock asked Sir Thomas if he had read May Hukin's book on companionate marriage. Mr. Tonikon, who had leanings towards religion, suggested that the book was not worth reading—and there followed a general discussion on a number of topics interrelated with the theme of the book mentioned.

After lunch Sir Thomas issued several invitations for a run to Yallingup. Every person invited made some excuse to decline. And when after that Sir Thomas stood alone on the hotel porch, he felt peculiarly reluctant to take the trip with only Mrs. Langreyre for company.

"We'll see if Vonn and Beverley will join us," he decided when Mrs. Langreyre appeared. "Come along."

The young people were found near the tennis courts. "No, thanks!" said Beverley decisively, and at his austere expression Sir Thomas raised his eyebrows.

"We've arranged to play tennis, thanks all the same," explained Vonn—and at the carefully polite way in which she spoke Mrs. Langreyre raised her eyebrows.

"Elisabeth, I think we'll go fishing," Sir Thomas announced abruptly.

Two days passed, and it was observed on all sides that Sir Thomas carried himself as might a haunted man, and that Mrs. Langreyre behaved as though she were beset by strange fears.

Sir Thomas decided to leave the hotel. He drew Vonn into his room one evening. "I am going away from Seaport," he told her. "To-morrow. The people here do not please me. Prepare to accompany me. Mrs. Langreyre and Beverley will leave, too, I doubt not."

Vonn tried to look dutiful. "I'm glad uncle," she observed seriously, even gravely. "There is a lot of talk going on, and I shall be glad to hear no more of it."

"Talk? Now what do you mean? What sort of talk?"

Vonn looked surprised. "Why, about you and Mrs. Langreyre, of course. Everybody's saying how scandalous it is that you go about together year after year like this. Didn't you know uncle?"

Sir Thomas appeared to have collapsed in his chair. "Why, what—that is," he mumbled, and for the horror in his soul he could not speak coherently for a few moments. But at last he sat up with a jerk and barked: "Damnemall for a lot of gossips t——"

"I think I'll start packing." Vonn fled. But not to her room.

HER uncle rose to his feet when he felt that he had his emotions under control. He marched out of his room intending to seek Mrs. Langreyre. He met the good lady hurrying along the corridor.

"Oh, there you are," she exclaimed. "I was seeking you. Please take me out somewhere. I hate this place, and there is something that I must tell you privately."

At sight of her harrowed expression the man was struck to the heart. He felt then that Vonn's revelation had conveyed truth. The breath of scandal had touched Mrs. Langreyre, and it was his fault.

Please turn to Page 33

Asking Father

"PA, what is a token of remembrance?"

"It is a gift you can't use from someone you want to forget."

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks Anchovy Paste 3d. 4d.

Let Ethel C. Sharp Correct Your Figure Faults . . . . . .

Nine out of 10 women have figure faults . . . New Age Creations correct them . . . they slenderise your curves . . . and cure all figure troubles.

Ready-made Corsets cannot possibly give you the symmetrical body lines you desire, as no two women have exactly the same proportions and figure measurements. A New Age Creation Corset is always designed to your individual measurements to meet your special requirements.

They are strictly tailor made to order by expert corsetieres, and no matter how serious your figure problem may be, Ethel C. Sharp, with her personal supervision, will solve it for you at very moderate cost.

If out of town, write for copy of New Age Creations' Illustrated Booklet—FREE.

Corselettes from 22/-
Corsets " 15/-
Including Service after delivery.

Phone MA 4874

The NEW AGE CREATIONS (ETHEL C. SHARP)

4th FLOOR, FRONT, DYMOCK'S BUILDINGS, 428 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY and throughout Queensland.

NIGHT AND DAY—

Inspector Scott of Scotland Yard

Who does not recall this most famous of all detectives ever created by an Australian? And now he's back again!

GEORGE EDWARDS in THE RETURN OF INSPECTOR SCOTT

Five Nights a Week at 7.50 o'clock

The Scarlet Pimpernel

Every woman loves this gay adventurer who rescues the French aristocrats from the shadow of the guillotine. So fantastic were his adventures that even his own wife did not believe in his existence.

A George Edwards Production

Daily at 10.45 a.m.

2GB FOR ENTERTAINMENT

when you cook by electricity!

IF YOU WANT
A COOL KITCHEN
To Enjoy More Leisure
Bright, Clean Pots & Pans
Perfect Cooking

YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY

LISTEN IN
"BEAU GESTE"—Station 2CH Mondays, Tuesdays & Wednesdays at 7.35 p.m.
"CITIES OF PERHAPS"—Station 2SM—Every Thursday at 7.15 p.m.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

20% deposit.
2 years' terms.
Free installation
(up to a cost of £6)

Users of approved Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Department
The Municipal Council of Sydney - - - - Town Hall, Sydney EP-15

See! COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS
At the Basement, Sydney Town Hall
A Feature of the Electrical and Radio Exhibition — 22nd March to 6th April, 1935

A USEFUL HINT

When purchasing Hair Wavers, Wave Setters or Curlers, refuse such articles if made of Iron or Steel, as they are subject to rust, which may be injurious to hair and scalp. For safety, always insist on Wavers and Curlers made of Pure ALUMINIUM, as they are guaranteed harmless and last longer.

ADVT.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure

LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon Steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbor Trip in the World.

ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains Slippery Slips, Diving Towers, Floating Pontoons, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and Open-air Kiosk, is situated at the end of the Pool, and provides the acme of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for suppers, brides, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

'PHONE YU2188 AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S, 4/-; LADIES', 3/-.

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S, 3½d.; LADIES', 3¼d.; CHILD'S, 1½d.

DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d.; CHILDREN, 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE).

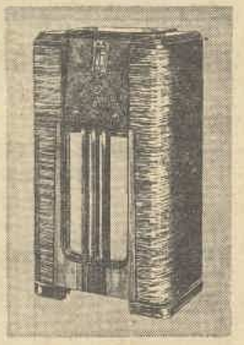
THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.
No. 2 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONES: BO221, BO783.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607128

Her clothes come from Paris

...her Radio is a **Stromberg-Carlson**

CLOTHES from Paris — so you may be sure that all her possessions are the finest money can buy. *Her* choice in radio must be worth following—and follow it you can. Stromberg-Carlson, who made her receiver, make a model to suit YOUR income—a model designed and constructed in the meticulous manner that satisfies *her* insistence on the best.



THE MODEL ILLUSTRATED

Shown on the right is Stromberg-Carlson's Model 635 — a 6-valve Dual-Wave Receiver that brings you foreign programmes (London, Paris, New York, Berlin, etc.), on the same dial as local and interstate Australian stations. Ask your local dealer to show you its many modern features.

Price: £39/19/6

Other Models from £17.19.6

Stromberg-Carlson

AUTHORISED DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH

SEND THIS COUPON - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

To Stromberg-Carlson (A/sia) Ltd., 72 William Street, Sydney.
Please send me, FREE, full details of your new sets—specially those that bring in foreign stations.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

A Trim House-Frock and Pyjama Suit

Obtain Patterns for These Two Attractive and Quickly-made Styles at Our Offices, 1/1 each

THE other day an Australian woman, just returned from America, remarked on the trim neatness of American housewives. "They teach us a lesson," she said, "and from now on I am never going to wear my last season's best dress to work in in the house. I'm making up simple house-frocks."

AND the little house-frock sketched at right by artist Petrov is ideal for a housewife starting her tidiness campaign.

The frock is overall style, and can be slipped over a good frock to cover it completely when you rush home late to get your man's dinner! And you'll feel so fresh and well in it when you're working in the house.

You can make it in a strong, washable figured print—the prints that can be bought so cheaply. Sleeves are short and brisk, pockets very useful, and the belt at the back clips in to a neat waist.

Material Required: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Ask for WW204. Sizes obtainable, 32 to 40 inches. When ordering, be careful to specify which one you want.

Snappy Pyjamas

AND now for these pyjamas! Petrov has chosen all-over, figured material in a large flower, and he achieves quite an Oriental effect. They will look equally well in some pretty plain or small-flowered, all-over pattern.

The suit is very comfortable—the sleeves are short, the trousers fitting but roomy, and there's a tie at the waist.

Material Required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Sizes obtainable, 32 to 40 inches.

PATTERNS for these two designs are obtainable at our office. The first, WW204, is every woman's conception of an ideal house-frock—comfortable, neat, and attractive; and the second, WW210, is a pretty pyjama suit. When ordering, be careful to specify the number and the size required.

With Half a Yard of Material

You can give a New Charming Touch to Your Frock...

There are many ways of renovating a frock, but none so pretty, successful, or cheap as this.

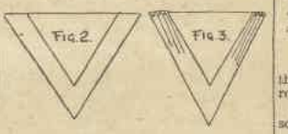
With a cowl and a belt of some contrasting material, you can alter the whole frock, make it different, and charm yourself anew into wearing it—well, almost seven days of the week!

FROM the one half-yard of material you can make two charming cowls—the extra one may act as a change, or be a very delightful gift for a friend.

Here's the quick, easy way to make the cowl:

Buy half a yard of material, cut it in half, across, not lengthwise. See Fig. 1.

Slipstitch the square all the way round.



DIAGRAMS illustrating method of turning a square piece of material into the pretty cowl collar you see in the sketch above.

Fold almost three-cornered, leaving five inches each side. See Fig. 2.

Make three small pleats each side of turnover. This should measure length of shoulder seam. See Fig. 3.

Now fasten on to frock by means of press studs, sewn on each pleat and shoulder seam of frock, as shown in sketch (Fig. 4.)

You'll notice that two cowls can be made with a half-yard of material, so that when one is soiled the other can replace it.

Fig. 4.

HALF A YARD of material makes two of these charming cowls. It's a lovely idea for freshening up one's dress, and you could have a collar and cuffs set of the same material as the cowl—if you are really enterprising.

And here are some suggested color schemes:

With a navy-blue frock, have a blue and white spotted cowl. With a black frock I suggest a white-striped cowl. Have hat and bag to harmonise in keeping with the color of the stripe.

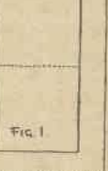


Fig. 1

BUY half a yard of material and cut it across as shown by dotted line in this diagram. Two cowls can be made by cutting this way. See story.

With French-grey, I would like a cowl of navy and white, or dark red and white, with suede belt.

What Causes Constipation?

THE commonest cause of constipation is the lack of roughage in the modern diet. How can this be remedied? Very simply. It is only necessary to add Sanitarium San-Bran to your usual breakfast cereal. Just two tablespoonsful of the tempting golden flakes added every morning to the breakfast cereal are quite sufficient to ensure regularity in the average person. San-Bran stimulates **natural** bowel action. It is the ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. Order San-Bran from your grocer to-day. Sufferers from chronic constipation may find it necessary to eat San-Bran at other meals as well as at breakfast. They will benefit greatly by eating San-Bran as an ingredient in bread, cakes, rissoles, etc. Excellent recipes are given with every packet.***

EVEN FROM BIRTH

Baby will thrive "on the bottle" provided that the danger of cow's milk causing an indigestible clot in the infant's stomach is avoided by modifying the milk with

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

● "My Book" — a complete guide to infant feeding — will be sent to you post free if you write to Colman-Keen (A/sia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W.

BF. 35/3.

Try this **BEAUTY SHAMPOO**

Make a thick lather with the New Rexona Soap and massage it briskly into the scalp. The fragrant medicated lather sends new life to the very roots of your hair.

THE NEW *Rexona* MEDICATED SOAP *Containing* CADYL

As good for your hair as it is for your skin

6.141.32

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

EVERY critic in the town
Runs the minor poet down;
Every critic—don't you know it?—
Is himself a minor poet.
—R. F. Murray.

Sent in by M.T., Chatswood, N.S.W.

SAY not the good are dead,
It is a mystic sleep
That now they keep
The grave is but their bed.
—Callimachus of Cyrene.

Sent in by W.S., Sandringham, Vic.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. To many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607129

Do You Love Making Things for Your Home?

Here are two dual-purpose articles you can make for your home—be it bed-sitting-room, or spacious bungalow!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

IT is nice to have things around you just to look at and admire, but it is far nicer to have them as useful as they are decorative. Now here are two simple articles carrying both qualifications. And perhaps one of the greatest points in their favor is that you can make both yourself.

THE other day I was talking to a young bride about her home. In the course of our conversation the subject of walls came up. She said that the wallpaper behind her divan was already ruined by a thoughtless soul who, despite heaps of cushions at hand, had leaned his well-oiled head against the wall.

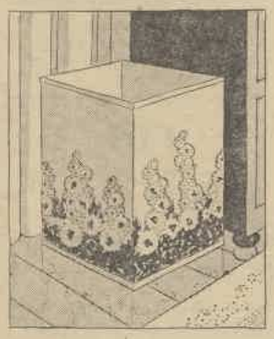
What could be done? I gave her two possible remedies for removing the oily patch, and then, thinking over her trouble, I hit upon this idea: Why not save your precious off-white distemper or wallpaper from smudgy marks by a decorative head-rest?

The one illustrated, carried out in soft blue linen with white swans and cygnets "silhouetted" on it, would solve the problem, and also make a delightful frieze behind a blue-covered divan.

Of course, any other color to match your scheme could be utilised.

For the one shown here, 2½ yards of good quality crash was used, allowing for head and down one side of divan; about ½ yard of white linen and six skeins of stranded white cotton and one in black; two of our exclusive swan transfers, costing 9d. each; paste or glue.

All you have to do is to lay out the material full-length and pin on swan transfers at selected spots, or follow the arrangement as suggested in Petrov's sketch above.



YOU CAN make an attractive wastepaper basket, that will give you years of useful service, if you follow the simple directions set out in this article.

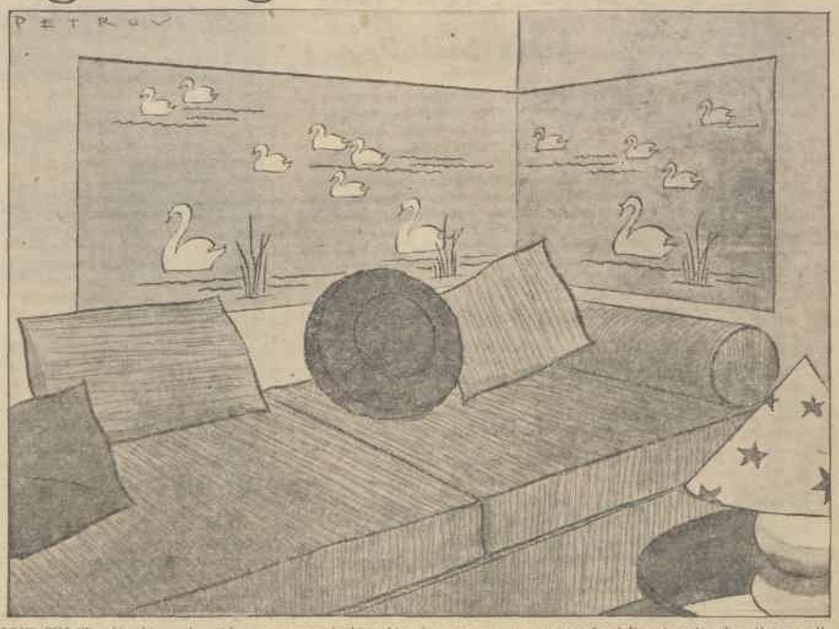
Iron off transfers and draw "waves" with a pencil.

Now, cut the swans and cygnets from used transfers and place over white linen and cut to shape. Smear backs with paste and stick over the transfer design. Buttonhole around, use outline stitch for waves, and work eyes in black thread.

Hem both ends of the material, press, and hang on wall with glass, brass, or colored drawing-pins to match.

By the way, if your divan happens to be in a position where it does not require the piece along the top (or head) get sufficient material to back the length of the divan. One strip of the swan transfer will then be necessary.

WHEN COVERING the basket with wallpaper and decorative motifs, cut pieces of wallpaper a little larger than are required. The edges are then neatly trimmed. But before you apply it, place wallpaper on table, brush over with paste, and allow to soak in for a little while. Cut motifs out carefully, let them soak a few minutes with paste, and then apply in selected positions. Press on well with a clean cloth as shown.



NOW THAT off-white color schemes are so fashionable, here is a way to protect the delicately-colored walls or wallpapers behind the divan: A strip of linen, crash, oatmeal cloth, or prettily-dyed hessian, will serve as a decorative head-rest. The one you see above carries our exclusive "Swan" transfer. See story.

Wastepaper Basket

AND now I am going to pass on to you directions for making a most decorative wastepaper basket.

The handy girl or woman who loves making things for her home—be it a bed-sitting-room or bungalow—will appreciate this basket, which is such a useful affair and can be made to match any room.

You will need this: Four pieces of three-ply wood, 13 x 9 inches; 1 piece three-ply, 9¾ inches square; four half-inch strips of wood, 13 inches long by ¼ inch thick; beading for finishing the edges; tiny brads to tack on the beading; paste (flour paste will do); and wallpaper, carrying large floral or geometrical motifs, according to your taste.

The first thing to do is to tack two of the half-inch strips on to the edges of two sides of the box. Then tack the remaining two sides to the strips.

You now tack the square piece of ply-wood to the bottom, and it is ready for the wallpaper.

First of all, cut the wallpaper large enough to cover two sides, lay this down on newspapers, and brush on the paste.

Let it soak for a little while before you smooth it on the wood. Now carefully lay it over two sides of the basket, press down, and smooth out with a clean cloth. Avoid creases. If they do occur, lift the paper up and smooth it on again. Be careful to cut the corners neatly.

Before applying the decorative motifs, try them first on basket and pencil around in desired places. Then apply paste to the motifs, allowing it to soak in, and smooth on most carefully.

The beading is tacked on after the paste has dried.

Use a bradawl to make holes, so that the beading will not split when the tiny brads are driven in.

GREEN... BEDROOM

IF you want to renovate your daughter's bedroom charmingly do try this color plan.

Have the walls in plain leaf-green, and the furniture stained to match. Paint the ceiling cream, lino green. Have touches of soft orange in curtains, bed-spread, eiderdown, rugs and linen basket. The whole unusualness of the scheme lies in the green furniture, and contrary to belief, and especially if the room is light, the green will not be overpowering.

Tolerate *'Nerves'* no longer!

Middle-aged women, particularly, are the unhappy victims of "nerves"—a complaint which robs life of all pleasure, the future of promise, and frequently inculcates in sufferers such terrible emotions as self-hate, intolerance of others and blank despair.

To combat an illness it is first necessary clearly to understand its *cause*. In the case of "nerves" the causes are over-work and inadequate blood-and-tissue-building nourishment—disabilities which yield readily to commonsense treatment . . . *WINCARNIS!* This fine old tonic-wine contains those things necessary to bring a calm serenity to jangled nerves . . . happy, carefree smiles to weary eyes!

Get a bottle of Wincarnis from your chemist today. Pints 4/3d. Quarts 7/3d.

WINCARNIS must do you good

"The pipes and the heater were rusty and dingy—the place looked dirty! But, I've painted them with Silvafros—*now, the bathroom's bright and clean!*"

Your bathroom, and your kitchen, too, will *stay* bright and clean, if every metal surface is painted with Silvafros. It's rustless, stainless, resists heat and water—and it's lastingly brilliant!

Metal gates and fences, wire mattresses and screens, car engines and wheel rims, gas coppers—all suggest uses for Silvafros, the brilliant aluminium finish for all metal surfaces. It's easily applied, dries in half an hour—and it's cleaned with soap and water, in a few minutes!

Silvafros is sold at all stores, in household sizes.

TAUBMANS SILVAFROS

THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607130

Don't feel old too soon!

The kidneys, if properly cared for, should perform their function until ripe old age.

DON'T REGARD BACKACHE, urinary disorders, getting up at night, dizzy attacks and rheumatic pains as necessary discomforts of advancing years. These symptoms of kidney weakness can be overcome by strengthening the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. When the kidneys are actively at work filtering away excess uric acid and other poisons, that feeling of premature old age will quickly disappear.

CONVINCING PROOF

Mrs. Murrill, 162 Barcom Avenue, Darlinghurst, Sydney, says: "For some time my health was far from good, due to the fact that my kidneys were very disordered. When I first began to feel off colour I did not bother about it, but that is where I made a mistake, the pains in my back got worse and worse and by the time Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended to me I was suffering terribly. After taking this remedy for a few days my health began to improve and up the time I had used five boxes I was completely cured."

Eight years later, Mrs. Murrill, says: "I am still well and have had no return of backache since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

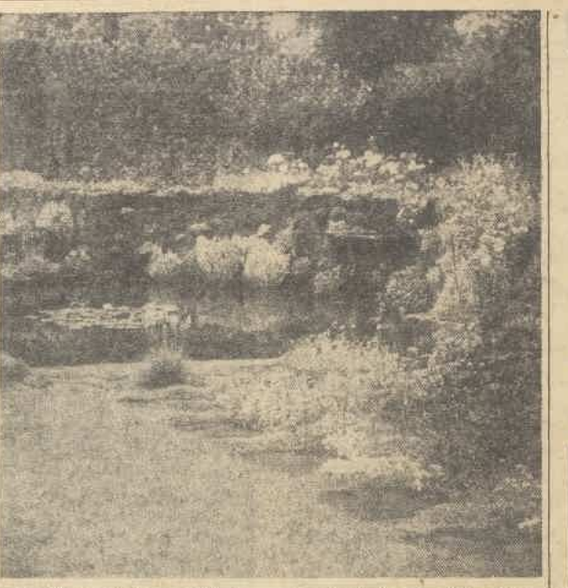
DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

The most *comfortable* corset I've ever worn

. . . that is what women invariably say about this Lady Ruth Back Lace Corset, No. 2020. It has the happy knack of taking inches off the hips, while it gives that supreme comfort for which Lady Ruth Corsets are famed. Sold by leading drapers everywhere. Sizes 24-36.

LADY RUTH CORSETS



A LOVELY SPOT—and full of suggestions for the home-gardener—more especially to the gardener, whose site, by its irregular formation, presents difficulties in arrangement. A pond or bog garden is always in happy contrast to lawns, flower beds, shrubs, and climbers.

Why Not Form a Garden Club?

The Old Gardener Offers a Suggestion . . . and Then Chats on Carnations

THERE are all sorts of clubs for all sorts of enthusiasts—bird-lovers, hikers, readers, dramatic enthusiasts, and so on—and yet we have no garden club! And how many genuine garden-lovers are there—people seeking for more knowledge, willing to exchange ideas and plants, and yet with so few opportunities to do so. The Old Gardener, therefore, from the bottom of his heart, makes a plea: Won't someone take this matter up?

GOOD MORNING, Miss! I am going to have a talk with you to-day on something new. And something which should interest all gardeners.

Did you ever think of trying to form a Garden Club? There are many methods evolved to assist the amateur gardener, but a Garden Club should not only be interesting, but also entertaining.

Practical as well as theoretical methods could be studied, experiences of various members benefit one another, and opportunities would occur for debates on various sections of the garden. Lovers of the garden would become known to one another, seeds and cuttings would be exchanged, and a real friendship would naturally be maintained.

At various times of the year small exhibitions could be held among yourselves, and a person who is a good judge of flowers could be secured to explain the good points or defects in such exhibitions. Such garden clubs and exhibitions would then make gardeners more enthusiastic to join horticulture societies and stage their exhibits more publicly.

Too much cannot be learned on the subject of gardening, and once you become a student you are never satisfied until you delve further into the science of gardening. The more one learns the further one wants to go.

Now all that is necessary to form such a club is someone at the head to do the secretarial work. Then induce as many as possible to join.

Meet at one another's homes throughout the year, meeting, say, once a month. This does away with hiring a hall or room.

Enjoyable and Instructive

JUST think what enjoyable and instructive evenings could be had! At these meetings someone who is an authority on gardening could be invited to give a gardening talk. Questions could be asked, and methods of scientific culture would be explained.

A syllabus of the year's operations would be drawn up. Such talk could be given on landscape work, soil conditions, treatment, manures and fertilisers, digging, draining, how to detect insects and fungus diseases, and the formulae used to combat them. Trees, shrubs, roses—how to plant, how to do the work, care in pruning, etc.

These clubs should be in every district and suburb, and in a very short time gardening would be at a very high standard, every garden would have the scientific gardener, and one would know immediately when engaging help whether they thoroughly understood the work. . . . There's my suggestion—what do you think of it?

And So To Carnations!

OH, before I go I'll have a look over your carnation bed. From March onward the weather becomes much cooler and more suitable for planting out young stock, so all these plants can now be put in their permanent positions, and there is no risk of losing any of them.

In small gardens, use method in selection, and grow only the very choice varieties. Yes, you have this bed in very good condition—it has plenty of well-decayed manure worked into the soil.

A few weeks after transplanting, give a good dressing of lime and fork in lightly. Carnations are great lime lovers. Several times during the year a good dressing of lime is most beneficial. Old plants that have been in the garden bed for some time—and were systematically cut back in February—will be greatly assisted and hurried along with a liquid manure.

One of the best mixtures—and one that has proved successful—is composed of 1 part of sulphate of ammonia, 2 parts of sulphate of potash, and 2 parts of superphosphate. Those three should be mixed thoroughly together. Stir an ordinary handful into one gallon of water, use this gallon on about six plants. On no account use lime at the same time as this liquid stimulant.

Good drainage is most essential to ensure success in carnation culture. And when planting they must be planted firm. See that the soil is well firmed round the roots. Also give them plenty of room.

RUST and spot are the two fungus enemies of the carnation, so keep them well dusted with lime at intervals. Collar rot is another complaint, but bad drainage or too much water causes this trouble.

All young plants must be nipped back to make good, sturdy plants, and must not be allowed to flower for at least twelve months. By that time, with constant nipping of the main and side shoots, you will have good, sturdy plants, ready to give a prolific show of flowers.

Dis-budding is another most essential operation. Always leave the main bud, removing all side ones. This will give a large, perfectly-formed flower.

Any good toothbrush . . .

● including Tek, of course, can clean the outside surfaces of your teeth.

But *inside* is where you need

Tek

● *Inside* . . . back of your front teeth, is where *tartar* forms, to destroy teeth and gums. *Inside*, where old brushes fail to get. But not Tek. Inside, is where Tek fits and cleans with outside ease. Change to Tek.

Tek is better value, too; economical at 2/-, because of its longer-lasting water-resisting bristles. In six colours, bristles hard or medium, price 2/-. Tek Junior, same quality, only smaller, 1/3.

Tek

the modern toothbrush

● A product of Johnson and Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Modess, etc.

82-15

BRASSO

makes light work

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607131

GIFTS *of* PEARLS

Continued from Page 13

FLEURETTE did not approve of the banner, or of the looks one or two of the audience gave her when the car halted. She was very slim and vital and to be envied, sitting in the car. And because she was happy, the new pearls were happy, too. For, just if you don't know it, jewels share the feelings of their wearer, can be glad or moody—have you ever seen a necklace of amber beads on a red-haired woman who has gay laughter in her heart? They shine with her kindness and her pleasure.

She was happy. But Valentine got down from the car. It was as though he had suddenly walked into a desert; the Bentley was such a comfortable world. She was still happy. But she was a little afraid.

"Val!"

"Get out," said Valentine.

"Val, don't be ridiculous! Do come back!"

"Get out!" Valentine repeated, holding the door open. "Do what I want you to do, for once. You're one of the lucky ones, and you ought to know it properly. I expect you do, but you will pretend that you don't. These people here aren't a bit lucky. Really you must listen to this chap—it's time you learnt something, Fleurette!"

Fleurette had never obeyed him before, I suppose. But she was out of that so-satisfying Bentley, and she was standing by Valentine's side, and it was gravelly and her little feet hated it, and the orator pulled himself up in his shouting and glared at her for a second, and his face and his voice were the most unattractive things in sight and sound Fleurette had ever known.

She glanced at Valentine, who had also received a glare of hostility from the loud speaker, and had instantly returned good for evil by presenting his most charming smile. The orator, discomfited, made a noise like a mixture of an angry dog's bark and "Bah!" Valentine continued to smile. A few brown leaves dropped about them, and autumn continued as usual in the park.

BUT the programme of the orator's speech, although from the same spot he had made exactly the same lamentations and threats a hundred times that year, had been ruthlessly checked by Valentine's faint and persisting smile. The orator felt himself getting out of his stride. In extenuation of the orator's failure, perhaps none of his fellow-creatures had smiled upon him since he was a tiny baby. The whole business was unusual . . . By now he had generally, keeping strictly to unwavering schedule, started on his last thundering denunciation of everybody and everything.

He was behind with his timetable. He found himself in a genuine and unprofessional fury.

He pointed at the smiling Valentine, and the members of his little audience — the accredited members — among whom were two or three women, turned. They beheld with feeble scorn, but with strong envy, Valentine and Valentine's smile, Fleurette and Fleurette's flower-like face and Fleurette's lovely clothes, against a perfectly suitable background of a Bentley car and the every-bit-as-Bentleyish chauffeur, who happened (Fate supplies these artistic touches) to be examining his fingernails in a very superior way.

And they beheld—especially the women—Fleurette's shining pearls.

Strike a match, and you can light a fire; show a woman pearls, and the same thing happens. But it was a little rat-like man, conspicuous for a brief clay pipe and a huge check cap, who cried out in a venomous voice, "Look at her ruddy pearls, mates! Gor! They're worth thousands!"

Fleurette supposed they were, or very nearly; but now she fervently wished that the pretty things were back in Christopher's silken box, in Christopher's lovely shop on the little hill in Bond Street, and that she could call for them comfortably in the morning. And how she hated Valentine for getting her into this mess!

HE was still smiling, although the orator had jumped down from his box, and one of the women was staring angrily into her face, and calling her names. And in another minute, check cap and all of them were pressing closely round her in a most unfriendly way. Another woman made mocking noises, and put a hand up to the pearls. Fleurette shrank away. She was very frightened now.

"Look at 'em!" the women cried. "You heard! Thousands—in them few pearls! It ain't right. Coming 'ere to make a show!"

Please turn to Page 37

WHAT'S SAUCE *for the* GOOSE

Continued from Page 29

"THE women are all saying," she explained when they had found a seat in a secluded part of the garden, "that—that you and I are—that we—that you—that——"

He drew her head down upon his shoulder and patted her cheek. "I know," he said sadly. "Never mind, dear girl. We can get married and stop their talking and——"

"Oh, Thomas, if only we could!"

She looked up hopefully, to see him staring away as though shocked by some inward discovery.

"Well, damme!" he breathed. "Why didn't we think of it before? Why haven't we married, Elizabeth?"

"I don't know," sighed Elizabeth happily.

A slight rustle in the bushes behind them passed unheard.

"Now, listen, dear," said Sir Thomas. "We——"

Only Mrs. Langreyre heard the rest. The eavesdroppers had retired to another secluded part of the garden, and stood on a gravel path lit by a moonbeam.

"So that's that," said Beverley Langreyre in a satisfied voice. "They are matched. You are a clever gossip, Vonn Palamour."

"What about yourself?" retorted Vonn, admiring the moonlights on the glossy leaves about her. "Anyway, I'm glad. It puts finis to our alliance. You can get back on the high wall. I no longer need you, Bev."

"No?" How charmingly innocent his voice sounded. "But," he added with a change of tone, "I think differently."

"Indeed. Pray, what do you think?"

"That you do need me. That you need me now, and will for evermore."

"Evermore is a long time. You would think so. You have cheek enough for anything. Well, I hate overbearing, dominating men, and I'm going to laugh at you."

So she did. Laughed breathlessly as she was drawn swiftly and suddenly close against him. And she was still laughing, with her head thrown back invitingly, as his lips closed down to hers.

(Copyright)

WOMEN

For all HEADACHES & PAINS take DASH'S "ROSINA" *Pain* POWDERS

Made from Prescription of a Macquarie St. Specialist. Instant relief for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza.

1/6 per packet of 16. Post Free.
A. C. DASH, M.P.S., Chemist,
CANTERBURY, N.S.W.

Permanently Wave Your Own Hair

ANYONE CAN DO IT. NO ELECTRICITY. Complete outfits for home use, or for the Trade, 15/- and 21/-. Postage, 1/6. Simple instructions. WAVES LAST 6 to 9 MONTHS. GUARANTEED. A lifetime's use.
SPAR TRADING CO. (Dept. 6), 10 Raven Place, Sydney.

GRACE BROS

EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

BLANKETS & DOWN QUILTS

"SWEET SLUMBER" BLANKETS

Many years' warmth in every pair!

Keen buying has again enabled us to offer these soft, warm, woolly goods at money-saving prices. Chilly nights are on the way, demanding warm, cosy Blankets & Quilts. Buy now and secure these warm friends for chilly nights.

WHITE "SWEET SLUMBER" BLANKETS

Attractive coloured borders. Soft, warm, fleecy finish. Singly whipped.

Single Beds—54 x 72 ins. Regularly 21/11
Price, pair 18/11
Three-quarter Beds—63 x 81. Regularly 28/11
Price, pair 25/11
Double Beds—72 x 90 ins. Regularly 35/11
Price, pair 29/11
Large Double Beds—81 x 99. Regularly 49/11
Price, pair 37/11

White all wool "SWEET SLUMBER" BLANKETS

Soft, warm, fleecy qualities. Singly whipped. Woven from all pure wool. Neat coloured borders.

Single Beds—54 x 72 inches. Regularly 25/11 pr. *Price* 22/11
Single Beds—54 x 78 inches. Regularly 27/6 pr. *Price* 23/11
Three-quarter Beds—63 x 81. Regularly 33/6 pr. *Price* 29/6
Double Beds—72 x 90 inches. Regularly 42/6 pr. *Price* 36/11
Large Double Beds—81 x 99. Regularly 51/6 pr. *Price* 45/6

Special Offer 200 Prs. WHITE AUSTRALIAN BLANKETS

Soft, warm, fleecy finish, with pretty coloured borders. Singly whipped.

Single Beds—54 x 72 inches. Regularly 19/11 pair *Price* . . . . . 15/11 PR
Double Beds—72 x 90 inches. Regularly 31/6 pair *Price* . . . . . 26/6 PR

RAYON SATIN QUILTS

PLAIN ALLOVER RAYON SATIN

With wide Plain Rayon Goffered Panel. Nicely filled with Java Kapok. In colours of Rose, Blue, Gold or Green.
For Double Beds.
Regular Value, each 21/6
Special Price . . . . . 18/6 EA

CUDDLESOME DOWN QUILTS

Pretty floral Cambrics with one Plain Sateen panel, in Rose or Blue effects; nicely filled with sterilised Feather Down.
For Single Beds. Regularly 18/11
Price, each . . . . . 16/11 EA
For Double Beds. Regularly 21/6
Price, each . . . . . 18/11 EA

CUDDLESOME DOWN QUILTS

Attractive Plain Rayon, Satin Panel and Centre Design on Pretty Floral Cambrics. Filled with sterilised Feather Down. Colours of Rose, Blue or Gold. For Double Beds.
Price, each . . . . . 24/6 EA

CUDDLESOME DOWN QUILTS

Very attractive. Wide Art. Satin Panels & Centre, with pretty Floral Cambric design. Colours of Rose, Blue, Gold, and Green. Filled with sterilised Feather Down. For Double Beds.
Price, each . . . . . 30/11 EA

GRACE BROS., LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607132

Quality always tells
That is why
'OVALTINE'
is the most widely used Food Beverage in the World
PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 3/-. At all Chemists and Stores.
A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.
G5.12.34

FOR *Young* WIVES ... and MOTHERS

Make Your Child Independent

By MARY TRUBY KING

One often hears it said, "Oh, I couldn't leave my child to do that—she's so helpless."

The person who says it more often speaks with pride than shame. She looks upon it as a personal triumph that "Mummy can't be done without"—even for an hour.

Such a woman is tied hand and foot to her children. She is their slave.

THE completely helpless stage should wane with the passage of babyhood. A child of three is no longer a baby. Do mothers realise that in doing everything for their toddlers they are denying them the natural right to explore into the expansion and development of their physical and mental attributes?

The child of nine months should be allowed to hold a crust of twice-baked bread in its fist and learn to guide it to its own mouth. A little later on, when raw apple is given, the apple may be peeled and cored and threaded through with ribbon, which may then be tied round baby's neck. Baby may take the apple in his hands, and if he does drop it, it won't drop far, and will remain clean for further eating.

At eighteen months the toddler should be able to hold a spoon and manage to feed himself with it without too many spillings. Let the child use either hand for his spoon, just as it comes most naturally to him. It tires a little one too much to use the same hand right throughout the meal. In any case, later on, when he comes to the use of a "baby" knife and fork, he will have to use his left hand for conveying the food to his mouth. The plated knife and fork may be introduced when the child is about three years. (Of course, NOT an adult's knife and fork!)

At this age, or even before this, the additional square of cloth under the toddler's plate should be removed. If you leave it there indefinitely he will feel that he is EXPECTED to be messy, and will just go on being so.

A few accidents are to be preferred to giving the child the impression that he may go on being untidy for the rest of his life.

He should know how to place his knife and fork together when the plate is empty, and the wiping of his mouth and hands should be automatic by this time.

Encourage the Child

"A CHILD of three doing all this!" I can hear someone say. Why not?

If your child did not do those things at that age, was it not because he was not encouraged or taught? Did you ever give him the chance? I know a child of nine who cannot cut up her meat yet, nor can she cut a soft scone in half. All these years her mother has been doing this service for her. What if the mother were ill? The child would then be quite lost.

Naturally the child of three is not expected to cut up its meat. This the mother does, and the child merely uses the knife for loading up the fork; but by the time the child is five or six he should be able to cut up his dinner, with occasional help.

One has only to visit a nursery school or kindergarten to know what the little child is capable of doing in the direction of looking after himself and his neighbor.

At three the "feeder" should be done away with, as the child should know by this time how to handle a cup so that none of the contents will spill. At this age, too, the child may be allowed to help herself to jam and butter, and make an attempt to spread her bread. Mummy can do the finishing touches for a little while. Do not expect the child to spread on butter which is hard from being in the ice-chest. Take it out of the chest a little while before the meal so that it may become semi-soft.

When a child of this age wants a drink of water he should be able to go to a jug placed at a convenient height and pour out as much as he requires into a thickish tumbler or cup. Cardboard containers may be provided, and the child instructed to place the used one in the waste-paper basket. This is more hygienic than permitting the use of the same cup throughout the day. If containers cannot be had, the mother should substitute a clean tumbler or cup twice daily. Both jug and cup should be kept covered, and the child taught to replace the covers.

With regard to the daily functions, encourage the child to attend to himself. A small light enamel chamber may be placed in the bathroom, and the child's clothing so made that he or she can easily manipulate it. The chamber may be placed on an upturned three-legged stool, at a convenient height. Do not let the child get into the habit of expecting you to be present on these occasions. When the job has been done he can come and tell you so. Make sure that a roll of soft toilet paper is kept where it can be easily reached.

Washing his hands should be automatic after these visits, and a stool placed so that the child can easily reach the wash-basin.

Bathing a Delight

AT an early age the child should be washed in the household bath, providing one has a good water supply. Fill the bath nearly up to the brim. The baby will have heaps of room in which to kick and "swim," and will learn to love the freedom from such restrictions as, "Don't splash too much," or "Don't throw the soap on Mummy's carpet."

A few corks in the bath will give a baby of eight or nine months endless joy as he tries to catch them, and incidentally this reaching out is excellent exercise for his muscles.

A child who has been used to the deep bath will not, as a rule, have any fear of the sea, and will quickly learn to swim.

It should be emphasised, however, that the inexperienced or nervous mother should not use the big bath for baby until she feels quite confident that she can manage him in it.

The best way to hold a baby in a bath is to pass your left arm under his head and with your left hand grasp his upper left arm firmly from beneath. Your right hand is then free to do the washing.

You will find that the water supports baby's body so that he is not at all heavy on your arm. When you feel expert, you can turn baby over on to his face and gently pull him from one end of the bath to the other by your hands. He will love this.

Very little soap is necessary on baby's body. It is best to soap baby on a towel on your knee before putting him into the big bath.

A little child of three years is quite capable of picking up her toys and putting them away after use. Of course, there should be some definite place for them, such as a large cupboard or toy box. The mother who continually does these little jobs for her children will find her whole day taken up in "tidying up after them"—even when the children are eleven or twelve years old.

Though the mother may not mind doing this, the loss of training in tidiness is definitely bad for her children, and will make life unbearable for them if they ever go to boarding school, not to mention the loss of positions in later life through carelessness and untidiness and losing things.

The first signs of this untidy habit should be squashed. When the child of about a year starts wilfully throwing its toys out of the cot for you to pick up, don't let him indulge in this pastime. He is quite old enough for his first lesson in tidiness.

Any toy deliberately dropped should be picked up and put away for the rest of the day. If you are firm and consistent on this point the child will learn his lesson surprisingly quickly.

Our Diet Hint

Vitamin C

By R. E. FIGGIS.
Hon. Dietitian the New Health Society.

THIS is the vitamin that makes its home in the fruits and the vegetables; most of them have some, the orange and the lemon and the tomato are rich sources of it, and also the lettuce and cabbage leaves. It is easily destroyed by heat, so don't depend upon cooked foods for this invisible friend to mankind. Some fresh fruit or a salad per day will ensure a good supply. The citrus fruits store this vitamin in their juices, the apples hide it away in their skins mostly. A shortage of this vitamin in our food means trouble of various kinds, particularly of the gums and teeth, an absence of it means scurvy, so pass the salads along the table, please!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607133

Simple HEALTH *Story* of ENGLAND'S *Most Beautiful* GIRL

The 20-year-old leader of the League of Health and Beauty with a membership of over 60,000 working women.

THIS story I am about to give you will gain added interest in your eyes, since a branch of this tremendous British organisation is soon to be opened in Australia. In fact, one of our own girls, Thea Hughes, prominent among the League teachers, is about to sail from England for Australia. This news, with the accompanying photograph, has just arrived by air mail from our overseas representative.

A STUDY of Prunella Stack. She is only twenty, and is said to be the most beautiful girl in England. Read her health story on this page.

BEFORE I tell the story I will give you a resume of this organisation which has only been in existence for five years.

MRS. BAGOT-STACK, the founder, who has just died, gave her life to the work of bringing health and beauty to the working-women of England. She was chiefly concerned with the shop-girls and typists and waitresses and lift-girls of London and the other big cities who never get a chance to dance and exercise and develop their bodies and grow beautiful. She organised classes, where, for sixpence, women can get all this.

The method is based on the "Stretch and Swing" System, and the chief aim of the league is the development of racial health. This is the goal which Mrs. Bagot-Stack never let out of her mind. To her, racial health symbolised the saving of mankind—and ultimate peace.

She strove for world peace by promoting racial health. The method of dancing is very scientific and teachers have to be specially and carefully trained. Foremost among the teachers is Thea Hughes of Sydney. This young Australian trains the teachers, and when Mrs. Bagot-Stack became too ill to carry on she passed over the most important duties to Thea.

Thea Hughes leaves in a few weeks for Australia, where she plans to introduce the Bagot-Stack system of dancing and physical culture.

This young Australian girl is certainly a credit to her country as, during the few years she ha spent on this side, she has become a qualified linguist, expert in all kinds of dancing, and a couple of months ago was actually invited to Athens to take part in a display of Greek dancing. She has done much scientific investigation on the subject and is fast becoming noted as an expert on the Greek dance. She has been asked to produce the chorus of the Greek plays given in the various colleges. And yet Dorothea, still in her early twenties, preserves all that is feminine and sweet as she goes about her several activities. Australians, who are so advanced in all physical sciences, will surely be most interested in this newest branch.

And now for Prunella Stack's health and beauty story.

MODERATION is my secret of health and successful living.

From babyhood I was brought up in a perfectly natural way.

My mother did not believe in fads or fancies.

I do not believe in them, either.

I have invariably eaten what I liked.

True health does not exist on finicking foods. The physically fit do not need to play about with the menu. At the age of five I was a member of my mother's first juvenile physical training class.

Yet I believe good health can be the heritage of all—if they will only grasp it.

My mother knew this. Before I was six I had been hardened to the idea of fresh air and cold water.

Cold baths were such fun that they had to be rationed. That was after we had nearly flooded out the home in our youthful enthusiasm.

Ever since I can remember I have eaten fruit at nearly every meal. I believe in lots and lots of fruit.

But I do not believe in heavy meals.

Meat Once a Day

MY menu has always been a light one—with no other restrictions.

Breakfast has nearly always consisted of fruit, fish, tea and toast.

A light lunch of fish or eggs with an equally light tea allow me to carry on with the work of the day.

My big meal is dinner. Then, in the early evening, I am able to relax and my digestion has an opportunity of doing full justice to the food.

This is my one meat meal.

Remember, too, I have a wholehearted faith in fruit and salads.

I swim and ride and play squash. For those who cannot do these things there are other methods of keeping the body supple and healthy.

Everyone should go for walks. It is grand exercise. Sedentary workers, especially, should try to do two or three miles daily. It is a great tonic to the system.

I love climbing, and have done ever since I could toddle.

Another great secret of true health is sun and fresh air.

Many people do not attach sufficient importance to these factors.

They shut themselves up in stuffy rooms when they could be outside reaping benefit from the breeze and the sunshine.

Clothing, too, is of great importance. Fresh air is necessary to the well-being of the body. This does not mean that people should be insufficiently clad. Warmth is necessary, but not at the expense of the circulation.

Good health, as the result of moderate living and sufficient exercising means a good circulation. Clothing should be of the type affording plenty of ventilation. Since babyhood I have worn such clothes.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

She Smokes!

I SMOKE, and see no harm in having a drink.

From my earliest days I have tried to treat my body as a true friend.

It has never let me down. I have never had recourse to fads and fancies.

I have eaten what I liked and felt no ill effects.

I have drunk what I chose and enjoyed my cigarettes.

But I have always gone away from the table feeling I could have managed to take a little more.

It is all a question of self-discipline and self-control. It is so easy to lie in bed instead of taking that early walk. It is so easy to overeat until the digestive organs fail to do their work satisfactorily.

Luckily my mother brought me up to a sense of self-discipline. Self-control has become part and parcel of me. I find it easy to regulate my living.

That I suppose is why I enjoy such good health and its attendant feelings of happiness and well-being.

COMPACTS

SINCE eyebrows plucked to a thread are out of date, the natural brow may be trained by using a tiny brush, specially sold for the purpose. Apply a spot of vaseline to the brush first.

☆ ☆ ☆

HAVE you ever tried the "Q.X." exercise for doing away with a double chin? Hold your head normally, keep chin firm and erect. Now purse your lips slightly, and say "Q," then say "X," widening your mouth, and tightening your jaw as you do so. Put your hand on your throat and under your chin while you are doing this, and you'll feel how all the muscles spring into action.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: As the result of a minor accident I am told that I have suffered injury to the cartilage of my arm. What is cartilage, and how does it differ from bone?

* * *

BEFORE a bone becomes hard—ossifies—it is in a state known as "cartilage."

This is the familiar "gristle" which we often see in the butcher's shop. It is very firm and yet, at the same time, elastic. It can be stretched as well as compressed.

Under the microscope, cartilage is seen to be made up of small cells arranged in groups, and surrounded by an inter-cellular substance which is composed of white and yellow fibres.

Cartilage covers the ends of the bones at the joints. It is also found in the formation of the ribs, in the nose, ears, larynx, and in the windpipe.

Cartilage has no nerves and very rarely contains blood-vessels. It regenerates itself very slowly after injury.

* * *

BONE, also spoken of as "osseous tissue," is a kind of connective, supporting tissue which is made hard by plenty of mineral salts. About two-thirds of the weight of bone is due to such mineral salts as phosphate and carbonate of calcium.

About one-third of the weight of bone is made up of connective tissue and blood-vessels. When a bone is boiled these substances form a kind of gelatine.

If a bone be cut in two, it will be seen to consist of two separate parts, a hard, dense part and a softer, spongy part. However, careful examination will reveal that there are pores or holes everywhere in the bone. There are less of these in the outer, dense parts of the bone.

Through the middle of a large bone is a very distinct canal. This contains a substance known as marrow.

There are two kinds of marrow, red and yellow. In yellow marrow there is about ninety-six per cent. fat.

* * *

ALL bones, no matter what shape or kind, are covered by a membrane known as the "periosteum." It is made up of an outer fibrous layer and an inner vascular one.

The periosteum contains nerves and is very sensitive. Bone has many blood-vessels. These enter and leave bone tissue through various holes, or openings, in the bone surface.

Rickets, a disease not uncommon in children, is caused by a deficiency of fats and protein in the diet. This brings about changes in the bones.

Rickety children have square heads, bowed legs and arms, narrow chests, enlarged wrists, and are stunted in stature.

When a bone is fractured, new bone tissue grows around the broken ends cementing them together again firmly.

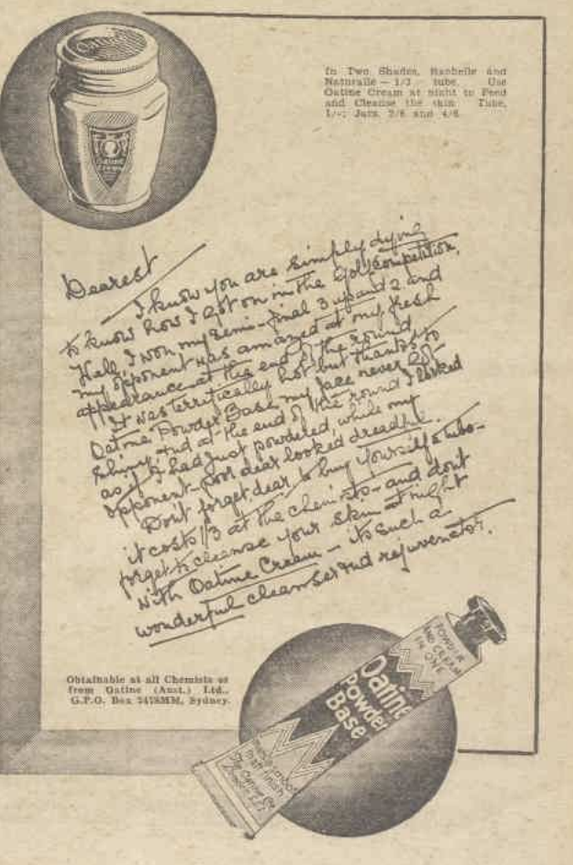
How To Guard Against Flat Feet

TENNIS, walking, running, etc., is the best preventive for flat feet, provided, of course, that your shoes are comfortable, and that you do not persist in the exercise when your feet begin to tire and ache.

You must remember that an aching or a tired foot is the first sign that the ligaments and tendons will begin to stretch if they are not rested. And, if you are wise, you will not take too much exercise at first, but gradually accustom yourself to it. In everything this is the essence of training.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

STAND ERECT, arms straight sideways, then bend forward, raise the head up and backward, and turn the palms forward and upward. Repeat the head and arm movement while holding the forward position. Good for posture.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607134

FASTEST Safe Remedy for RHEUMATISM JOINT PAINS & SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, etc.

Prompt Ease & Lasting Improvement in HEALTH and COMFORT

Grateful Relief from Body Pains, Arthritis, Scalding, Irritating Urinary Disorders, Stone, Gravel, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Acidity, etc., in Men and Women, regardless of Age.

For real quickness, safety, reliability and economy, Harrison's Pills are unequalled as a Remedy for Kidney, Bladder and Genito-Urinary Disorders. Don't wonder which is the best remedy. Examine these facts, and you will know that Harrison's Pills are what you need. This perfect combination of the most effective agents known to medicine for the treatment of Rheumatic, Uric Acid, and allied ailments; is an approved remedy of a leading London Doctor. Without dangerous drugs, dyes or irritating agents, Harrison's Pills get to the CAUSE of the trouble, rapidly clearing up the effects. Users say: "They made me better when all else failed!" You cannot take Harrison's Pills without obtaining benefit. Relief comes gratefully, with no unpleasant, dangerous "after-effects." Why suffer? Why waste time with old-fashioned pills, experimental remedies, or harsh salts? Harrison's Pills have been thoroughly tested and proven over many years. Moreover, any new sufferer may obtain the first bottle under the famous Harrison's protective Guarantee of Satisfactory Results. All Chemists sell Harrison's Pills. 3 sizes—18 Pills, 2/-; 32 Pills, 3/-; or 68 Pills, 5/-. If you suffer from Rheumatic Pains, Swellings or Stiffness in Groins, Joints, Hands, Muscles, or Limbs; from Difficult, Excessive, Cloudy or Sedimented Urination, from Inflamed, Burning or Itching Sensation, Night Worries, Dizzy Spells, etc., save yourself time, trouble and money by taking only Harrison's Pills.

Relief from the first bottle, or money back!

HARRISON'S PILLS

THEY went back to the mess-hut, where Warwick still struggled with nimble fingers. As Merchison had said, there was nothing more to do. So each drove away haunting thoughts and began the hardest test of all—waiting.

Midnight came, and with it the sudden chill that brushes the flesh with damp fingers. The moon was high, a great silver globe. It revealed the colorless desert, gave a sense of hushed endless space. The Kurds had stopped talking, but now and again one whispered, as if afraid of disturbing the silence.

In the mess-hut Warwick tackled the transmitter with a sort of savage patience. The damage had been thorough. Spare parts were missing, tools put out of action. With a hammer and his bare hands he was twisting and tapping, trying to create makeshift apparatus to send that vital message. The receiver, fortunately, had been scarcely touched. Once or twice he heard Ahwaz, and wondered whether they would suspect trouble when they received no message from him. Hardly likely. They would say: "Oh, his transmitter's out of order. Suppose he'll put it right to-morrow."

As he worked he kept glancing back at Anne. Though they said nothing their eyes told many things, and each felt strangely comforted.

"What about some coffee?" said Merchison presently. "Getting chilly, isn't it?"

"I'll make some." Anne went out and came back later with a steaming pot. This and a cigarette apiece loosened their tongues. They discussed the relief column, and how long it would take.

Heppel drew a vivid picture of a R.A.F. squadron swooping down and machine-gunning the Bakhtiari.

"I can just imagine it," he said. "The whole lot bolting helter-skelter, and Ibn Said galloping for his life. Rather fat, isn't he? He'll lose a few dozen pounds before he's much older."

OUT *of the* DAWN

Continued from Page 7

CAME Ahmed's voice from outside. A tribesman had ridden in under a flag of truce. He had a message for Merchison effendi.

"Is he armed?"

"With a rifle and knife, Effendi."

"Take them off him and we'll see him outside. Stop here, please, Anne," he added. He must keep this ruffian from seeing a white girl, and taking the news back to his chief. If Ibn Said heard—Merchison checked the thought and shivered. Not for him to know that Ibn Said had heard, and awaited dawn with a feverish lust.

The tribesman was tall and spare. Despite red-rimmed eyes and skin marked with smallpox, he had a certain dignity. As they came out he drew the heavy abba closer round his shoulders and gave a mock salute.

"Effendi, my leader, Ibn Said, means you no harm. Only leave Sinaidil now, with your Kurds and servants, and not one shall be touched. This is his message, and he swears by the Koran to keep faith."

The trap was so obvious they laughed aloud.

"Swearing by the Koran is about as reliable as the word of a politician," said Heppel. "By Jove, sir!" There was an almost wistful plea in his voice. "I'd dearly love to help this fellow away with my boot."

Merchison grinned.

"H'm. You'll never be a diplomat." He turned haughtily to the tribesman. "Tell your leader that a great army is coming, and machines that shoot death from the air. He has seen them and knows. Tell him to lead away his tribe while safety yet remains. Let one hair of my people be touched and they will surely ravage the Bakhtiari as a lion among sheep."

The tribesman lifted a hand to his mask-like face and turned away.

"Ahmed," called Merchison, "give him his arms when he's mounted and send him off." He looked at Heppel. "The bluff may go down, but—I'm not hoping."

ANOTHER hour dragged by, and yet another. It was nearly half-past three when Warwick gave a sudden wild shout of joy.

"I've done it! I've done it! Got in touch at last and told Ahwaz to move like greased lightning. Here, listen for yourselves."

Anne and Merchison put on the spare headphones.

"A column is being formed immediately," came the cheering voice. "It will leave within the hour. We have wirelessed R.A.F. at Basra, and three bombing planes have already left. Keep up your spirits. We shall be with you soon. . ."

Merchison repeated the news to Heppel.

"It's encouraging," he said quietly, "but——"

Anne pressed her lips together and nodded.

"You mean——"

"Exactly, my dear. Now the crisis is near we've got to face facts. Those planes can't possibly get here before half-past five. It's now half-past three—and dawn in an hour."

"Then we've got to last out for an hour," said Warwick. "After all, we three know how to shoot, and those Kurds blazing away should have some effect."

Anne slipped her hand to her waist and showed a holster.

"I make a fourth," she said. "No, don't argue. I'm coming."

Merchison looked at her with a proud light in his eyes.

"I'm a fool to let you, my dear. But as I can't stop you, you'd better join Heppel." He turned to Warwick. "You must stay by the instrument, whatever happens. That's flat and final."

Warwick shook his head angrily and opened his mouth to protest. But common sense overruled pride. He gritted his teeth and nodded.

"Very well, sir."

"I'll take the east side," said Merchison. "Get the men spread out, and don't fire until I give the signal. The closer we let them come, the more chance we shall have of doing some damage. An unexpected volley at short range takes a lot of facing."

They went out into the cold silence and took up their stations. The moon had vanished, and the misty darkness that precedes false dawn was cloaking the world. Anne and Heppel peered over the mud wall and talked quietly. It helped to steady them, helped to relieve the tension of waiting. The Kurds, in their flat skull caps and skin jerkins, loomed grotesque among the shadows.

"Do you think they'll fight?" asked Anne.

"It's in the lap of the gods. Men who've done nothing but carry burdens all their lives aren't likely to be very spirited. On the other hand, they've no imagination, so they can't be nervy. Your dullard often proves the bravest sticker."

The creeping minutes seemed eternity. The raw chill increased, gripping their bones. Gradually a haze stole through the darkness, waving as a ghostly banner. False dawn was on them, with its fantastic legions. Forms and shapes loomed everywhere, swaying and melting. The fading night was a sea that flowed past, each wave rising and vanishing as it glided by.

Anne clenched her hands, steeling herself against fear. This uncanny half-hour of phantoms was hardest to bear. The silence held a life of its own.

SLOWLY the grey light came. Like the merging change of a dream, the near desert crept into being. Dark blurs expanded from nowhere, one after another, in magic array. They were Ibn Said's men two hundred yards away. In the deceptive half-light there was no telling if they moved. For a minute Anne could have sworn her eyes were true. The blurs were motionless. Yet, as she looked steadily the blurs were bigger, closing, closing.

Heppel's fingers kept tapping jerkily on his revolver barrel.

"We ought to fire," he whispered. "They're near enough, quite near enough. Your father can't have seen." He was used to danger, but this waiting and uncertainty had fretted his nerves

Please turn to Page 40

Trained Nurse Loses Ugly Fat

40 Pounds Go in 6 Weeks

With New Quick, Easy Reducing Treatment

Now Her Fat Patients Reduce This Safe, Pleasant Way

"Other remedies had failed to reduce me, but BonKora took off 40 lbs. in 6 weeks. I am now the correct weight for my height. BonKora made me stronger too; ended digestive troubles. I look years younger. I am a Registered Nurse and always recommend BonKora to my patients if they are stout."—Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Registered Nurse. (full address on request).

Eat Big Meals Fat Goes Quick—or No Cost

BonKora takes off fat new 3 stage way. Triple action; triple speed. • *Nothing is so attractive as a slender figure and dainty curves. Take BonKora.* • *Don't be fat any longer. Start BonKora safe, quick Reducing Treatment today.*

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?

How many pounds would you like to lose altogether? 10 lbs.? 30 lbs.? 50 lbs.? 100 lbs.?

Then take BonKora, the new safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment as Mrs. Rudolph, the trained nurse did. It has taken fat off people who had tried other methods in vain. It has reduced heavy waists, hips, shoulders, chins and bust and given bodies, once fat, the daintiest, feminine curves.

It has enabled these delighted women to wear dresses several sizes smaller, and to look well in chic, youthful styles. It has made them *feel* and *look* years younger.

BonKora reduces new "3 stage" way. Triple action; triple speed. Just take a little BonKora daily to help body function properly; to remove heavy wastes, and moisture from fatty tissues. EAT BIG MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package. Stop reducing when you reach normal, healthy weight. Then *hold* your new slender figure.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact, BonKora Treatment *builds health* while reducing fat the *quickest* way.

MAIL THIS COUPON — W.W. 23/3/35

SCHAFFER AND COMPANY, Box 2482L, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me your FREE BOOKLET giving full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse

Remember—BonKora reduced fat without starvation diet or strenuous exercise. It is harmless. It is pleasant tasting. Results are GUARANTEED or your money back.

Try it on Money-Back Offer

You don't want to be fat any longer. So get a bottle of BonKora from any chemist to-day. If not delighted with improved health, new vigor, and younger looks, the manufacturers refund the money you paid for this bottle. You don't risk a penny.

BonKora is safe—No thyroid

BonKora contains NATURAL ingredients only. No thyroid or other gland elements are used in its preparation. BonKora functions in a perfectly natural way, therefore, and is so SAFE that even a child can take it without harm.

OBTAINABLE ALL CHEMISTS

BonKora is obtainable at all chemists

at 6/6 per bottle

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607135

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.

ACTUAL PHOTO. (Untouched). Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road. Age 57. Taken on July 13th, 1934.

ACTUAL PHOTO. (Untouched). Mrs. Helen Sagemore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

A Gentle but Powerful Corrective of All Facial Imperfections and Blemishes.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for ten treatments posted free to any address for 3/-. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT LTD., Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

When a MAN tells you:

that he is thankful to Calvert's Tooth Powder for a life-time free from dental trouble and for white teeth in his old age—

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for *your* teeth!

Your Hair

Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair roots. Silkiness and gloss, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tricopherous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

GIFTS *of* PEARLS

Continued from Page 33

SHE made a snatch at them. Fleurette's growing fear made her audience gleeful, and emboldened a thin man who was the speaker's husband. He shouted, "That's the stuff. You take 'em off her, Liz."

His wife crooked her arm, and threatened with a shut fist.

"Val!" cried Fleurette. For now Valentine was afraid. He had lost his smile, and Fleurette knew it. And where would be Fleurette's famous smile, for her adoring public at the theatre, if this raging woman smashed at Fleurette's face?

"Give them to her," whispered Valentine, urgently. "Don't look like that. Give them to her this minute, you little fool!"

But in spite of all her fear, Fleurette hesitated. Pearls were pearls.

"I'll get you some more." Val's whisper was compelling. "And smile when you give them to her—do you hear!"

The crooked arm fell as Fleurette, magically achieving the most wonderful smile in her career, unfastene the pearls and gave them to the virago. The habit of the recipient's life asserted itself, and in a dazed manner she dropped them into her husband's outstretched hand. Instantly the orator was on him with a snarl, and scrambling wildly for the treasure.

"Give 'em here!" he demanded. "They're for all of us, aren't they, lady?"

The present holder of the treasure invited him to ask his—the holder's—foot, and added cordially that the orator hadn't a ruddy hope. As though a curtain had been raised on an exciting second act, the orator swiftly punched the other on his nose, which was already a little flat. The possessor of the pearls immediately kicked the orator on the shin, extracting a yelp that shamed the park. Women reinforced the combatants. The battle was on. The policeman, whom Valentine, now again smiling, had observed to be marching in a business-like manner towards the noise, said, "What's all this here?" collared the orator, assigned the man with the re-flattened nose to a colleague's care, and collected explanations. They came, chiefly, from Valentine. More brown leaves, fluttering delightfully, continued the pageant of autumn, which stops not a second for any screechings of angry women, or passionate brawlings of men.

"You'll get your pearls back now," said Valentine cheerfully to Fleurette. They were in the car, the chauffeur's patrician face turned homeward. "The police are sticking to them for the moment. Of course, you'll go into court and speak nicely about those people. It'll only be a fine for disorderly conduct—and I'll pay that. Didn't you hear me?"

"I don't want ever to speak to you again!" said Fleurette, very crossly.

"As you like." His voice was cold, and she hated his smile. "I know you don't mind my smoking." He lit a cigar, and Fleurette, without delay, spoke to him with fury and with fervor.

"I HATE you! I wouldn't touch those pearls now if they were here this minute—they're spoilt for me. Besides, you made me give them to that woman, and I did give them—so how can you get them back? You've been—abominable, Val. You must be mad. Fancy your saying you would get me some more pearls—I suppose you'll be telling me you've come into a million or something."

They passed by a giant poster which announced Fleurette's forthcoming appearance in a new piece. He called her attention to it, and she shook off his hand.

"I'll get them for you this minute," Valentine promised her. He stopped the car and got down. Her anger constant, Fleurette watched him against her will. The car kept slow pace with Valentine's stride.

AT intervals of thirty yards, in Baker Street, six men in overalls busied themselves, each with a tray before him, a tray lined with black velvet from which pearl necklets shone. There's nothing like pearls. But some pearls are different from others. The overalled merchants denied that this was so. They cried:—

"Pearls from the Glittering East. Worn by all the aristocracy—the same Shine and Splendor! Can't be told from Real. These Beautiful and Astounding Duchess Necklaces—only eighteenpence a time! And Wear for Ever! Beautiful Duchess Pearls!"

Valentine was back by the car. The afternoon light played glittering miracles with the offerings in his hand, the offering of veritable pearls from the East, from Hounsditch East, excursions every five minutes by District Railway caravans.

"Just the same as yours, Fleurette. But they're not in a Christopher box," he admitted. "That was my very own idea. You can't have everything. Here's nine bob's worth for you. I'm rich to-day."

"You can't make me believe——" Then Fleurette stopped. She knew. She had worshipped those pearls—the whole eighteen-pennyworth of them. Did I tell you that Fleurette could laugh if she wanted to? A lovely laugh she had. It warmed the heart of that scoundrel Valentine. But he only looked at her (yet happily hearing that lovely laughter) with intent and serious eyes, and for Valentine this was strange.

"Don't say any more. I know now!" laughed Fleurette.

"You don't know the half of it," he informed her, reprovingly. "I've told you for months that your press agent didn't know his business. Here's your new show almost on—and not a good story about you to be found anywhere. Wait till you see to-morrow's papers—and the Sunday's — FLEURETTE GIVES HER PEARLS AWAY. You didn't know—you thought they were the real Mackay!"

Valentine saw, with delight, her quick eyes, laughter in them still.

"The whole show was mine—except the orator and the audience, kindly provided by the park. I'd got it all staged. The man in the check cap got them all staring at your pearls at a nod from me. And took all the photographs—the papers'll splash them big! He's down in Fleet Street now with them. And my story will be there in half an hour from now—a peach of a story. Is that the goods, or isn't it, Fleurette?"

Many Beautiful and Astounding Pearls dropped, and she clapped her hands.

"I'm rich to-day," Valentine boasted again. "I've made them give me a jump in salary at the office—and Levy of the Duchess Bazaar is dropping me a packet for boosting his Eighteen-penny Pearls. You'd better marry me, Fleurette. It'll save you the fifteen pounds a week you're wasting on that fool press agent of yours. And did you say 'Thank you'?"

"It isn't likely I'm going to thank you for these pearls," said Fleurette, and ungratefully kicked them about the floor of the borrowed Bentley. "But I haven't thanked you properly for those lovely flowers you brought me, Valentine."

She leaned over the side of the car. She did not have to lean very far. Her face was of the rare kind that puts the thought of a flower in the minds of men.

"I'm richer than anybody in London," said Valentine.

(Copyright)

Modern, Easy Way of Washing Saves Clothes

By "ANNE"

WITHOUT question, the hardest work in the home is the weekly wash. Clothes will get dirty, and day after day they pile up. What a nightmare wash-day is to some!—the drudgery, the sore back, the red hands, and wet floor—and only too often the heavy cold following a big wash day.

No woman, least of all the mother of the home, should be asked to slave her life out, and the housewife of to-day should refuse to do so. There is therefore, a growing tendency to send the daily washing out to public laundries.

But now there's an electric washing machine that will interest women—for it has made it possible for the washing to be done in the home with ease.

The machine washes the clothes by carrying them backwards and forwards through the water, so there is no rubbing or wear on the clothes at all.

There are many advantages attached, which the housewife will do well to consider. It is not only more economical to have the washing done in the home than to send it out, but in addition the clothes are washed under your own supervision, so that you know that strong chemicals or powerful soaps are not used.

Nothing need be used in an electric washing machine but the mildest of soaps and hot water, so that delicate fabrics may be washed this way, too. When the washing is done at home, you are spared the worry of counting and checking the laundry bundle, of tracing missing garments, and no treasured piece of lingerie or linen will be lost. . .

You would think that all of these advantages would be costly, but such is not the case, and a good electric washer will pay for itself in a few years, while the cost of operating is so low that the average family's weekly washing can be done for one penny.

Its loveliness was loved then as it is today

For generation after generation, Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet has delighted women with its rare fragrance. To-day it comes to you in three beautiful complexion creams of exquisite texture. First, there is the Cleansing Cream to keep skin soft and free from blemishes . . . next, the Tissue Cream to soothe away the lines that tiredness brings . . . and then—the Foundation Cream—so fine—so perfect as a powder base. Yet these Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Creams—with their famous quality and fragrance, and their jade-capped opal jars—are surprisingly reasonable in price.

Colgate's

Cashmere Bouquet

Cleansing Cream Tissue Cream Foundation Cream

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are Toilet Soap, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Creme or Compact), Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid), Perfume and Eau-de-Cologne.

C.B. 35/5

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT

VINEGAR

bought everywhere by everybody

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607136

"Oooh...going up!"

● *"Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"*

● *"Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids — but it's easy for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder — Johnson's.*

● *"Wheee—right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me — I've got a tip for all you Mothers . . ."*

● *"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. Some of 'em feel gritty — but Johnson's is soft as silk!*

● That is why Johnson's Baby Powder is the best your baby can have; it is softly soothing. For complete protection use Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream also.

Johnson's BABY powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. X3-35

SOMETHING *Worth Trying* FOR ...

Prizes in Our Big Recipe Competition

Realising how important cooking is to every woman—who does not know the old adage, "The way to a man's heart..."?—The Australian Women's Weekly is offering very substantial prizes for recipes sent in by readers.

Each week we give a first prize of £2/10/- for the best, a second prize of £1 for the next, and six consolation prizes at 5/- each.

Remember this: The recipe need not be original, but try it out before sending it in. Mark the envelope "Best Recipes," and send it to our office—then watch the paper!

The prize-winners for this week:

ASPARAGUS RINGS

Brown bread, small tin of asparagus tips, butter, 1 gill good white sauce, 2 tablespoons cream, salt, and pepper.

Cut bread in thin slices and butter. Cut into rounds with a cutter about 2½ inches to 3 inches in diameter. From half of the rounds cut the centre, with another cutter about 1½ inches in diameter. This will leave you with an equal number of rounds and rings. Cut the tips from the asparagus about 1½ inch long. Rub the remainder through sieve, or mince finely. Add this to the sauce and cream and flavor. Spread thickly on the round of bread. Place the ring on top with the buttered side up. Stand the tips upright in the rings, and sprinkle the edges with chopped hard-boiled egg, or chopped parsley. Arrange on flat dish and garnish with watercress or parsley.

First Prize of £2/10/- to Mrs. M. A. Correll, 175 8th Street, Mildura, Vic.

OYSTER RISSOLES

One bottle oysters, 4 potatoes (medium), 1 egg, flour, salt, pepper.

Boil the potatoes and mash them with a little butter and pepper. Allow to cool. Drain oysters thoroughly. Then add them whole, or chopped finely, to the potatoes. Beat in the egg and bind together with a little flour. Fry in deep fat for seven to ten minutes.

Second Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Bruel, 107 Haldon Street, Lakemba, N.S.W.

STUFFED APPLES

Three large apples, 15 dates, desiccated coconut, water, jam or jelly.

Peel the apples and remove the cores. Put them into a fireproof dish with a little water. Stone the dates, keeping six of them whole; put these aside, then cut up the remaining nine and stuff them inside the apples. Bake the apples until almost tender, brush them with melted jam or jelly, and sprinkle them with desiccated coconut. Return to the oven to finish cooking and brown the coconut lightly. Serve stuffed apples hot or cold, decorated with the whole dates. Sufficient for three persons.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss Effie Sicer, Bonnie Doon, Whereuly South, Vic.

Yesterday we received a surprise—a little girl's favorite party cake. This is the story: Mrs. A. Keech, of Bass Hill, Bankstown, saw the recipe on our Best Recipe page, read it out to her little daughter, Doreen, aged six years, who demanded it at once for her party. You'll find the recipe in our issue, dated February 23.

RABBIT A LA MARENGO

Soak one young rabbit in salted water for 2 hours, then cut up into small joints; melt a little butter or dripping in a saucepan, add rabbit, and brown nicely. Cover with boiling water, add ½ tablespoon of tomato sauce, a little salt, paprika, and mustard. Simmer slowly until tender, then add 2/3rds glass of dry sherry, take up rabbit, thicken sauce with plain flour. Serve rabbit in centre of dish, pour sauce over, and arrange hot pastry around.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Clarke, 60 March St., Orange, N.S.W.

CRACKNELS

Put 1 quart of flour into a bowl. Beat 4 egg-yolks well with 1 cup of fine sugar, add a grain of nutmeg and ½ gill rosewater. Make into a stiff paste; roll out, and gradually work in 1 lb. of butter. Roll out until butter is thoroughly worked in, then roll out to 1/3rd inch thickness. Cut into ovals and throw into boiling water. Keep cracknels boiling until they come to the top, then carefully take out and place in cold water to harden. Dry slowly in a cool oven. Brush over with beaten egg-white and bake slowly until a very pale biscuit color.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. G. W. Philpot, 28 Stephen St., Hamilton, Vic.

GENUINE SWISS EARS

One egg, 2 oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat all together, then stir in gradually 1 cup of flour. Work it smooth, let stand for ½ hour in cool place; take out on a board, divide dough in quarters, roll out in as thin sheets as possible, cut in fancy shapes. Put each one on a clean cloth in a draught. Make butter or clear dripping hot in a flat iron pan, put in as many pieces as will go without touching one another. They will float and puff up a delicate color. Drain and sprinkle with sugar. They'll keep crisp in a cool, dry place.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to E. Kindervater, Maryborough, Qld.

SWEET FILLINGS FOR SANDWICHES

(1) Chop some figs finely, add lemon juice and sugar, and spread not too thinly.

(2) Cut apple and cucumber into thin slices, sprinkle the former with sugar and the latter with salt, place one on top of another between slices of bread and butter.

(3) Beat up a cream cheese and add 1 dessertspoon golden syrup and squeeze of lemon.

(4) Beat up bananas, add sugar and squeeze of lemon, and spread between bread and butter.

VEGETABLE FILLINGS FOR SANDWICHES

(1) Fried mushrooms chopped up, salt, and pepper.

(2) Mashed potatoes, grated onion (raw), salt, and pepper, mixed with butter.

(3) Mashed swedes, parsnips, chopped watercress.

(4) Asparagus tips mashed with a little vinegar, salt, butter, or cream.

(5) Brussels sprouts and tomato sauce.

(6) Fried onion, thin sliced boiled carrots, sprinkled with chopped parsley, with brown bread and butter.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to A. Walker, 7 Regan St., Adamstown, N.S.W.

BANANA FINGERS

Cut a number of small slices of bread about 1/3rd in. thick, 1 in. wide, and 3 in. long. Fry them in a little butter, remove when golden brown, and drain. Cut some bananas into neat slices the size of the bread fingers and place in a baking-tin, sprinkle with sugar, and bake for about 3 minutes. Spread each bread finger with strawberry jam, arrange a banana slice over it, and then decorate with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. Leslie Wright, No. 1 Flying Training School, Royal Australian Air Force, Point Cook, Vic.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For picking or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality. ★★★

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"From sunny Australian orchards are gathered the Seville oranges for my new Marmalade, which I make from an old English recipe.

Ah! it is delicious."

HOLBROOKS MARMALADE

M. 6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607137

SEVENTEEN *Delicious* WAYS *with* CHEESE

● Weight for weight, cheese has a greater nourishing value than meat . . . and is so much cheaper!

By RUTH FURST

Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

NOT so long ago there was a very general impression abroad that cheese was indigestible. The dyspeptic and the individual whose digestion was not of the most robust description often avoided cheese, considering it a rough-and-ready foodstuff—suitable for the fortunate possessors of cast-iron digestions! The modern notion on the subject, however, is entirely different. Dietitians are constantly stressing its value as one of the most nourishing and economical foods we have.

THE tiniest morsels of cheese should not be wasted, as there are so many delectable dishes that can be made with grated cheese as an adjunct. Most nutritious and palatable are the following dishes:

NEVER FEAR that anybody will get tired of cheese, there are so many kinds and so many ways of serving them. Cheese condoles, sticks and straws—the latter in novel holders—are shown above. See recipes.

A LOT can be done with a little grated cheese and other simple ingredients. An omelette, for instance, makes a good substitute for meat. Add grilled tomatoes to the dish as an extra if you wish.

CHEESE AND BACON

Quarter-pound cheese, cayenne, mustard, squares of buttered toast, thin rashers of bacon.

Put the squares of buttered toast into a buttered, fireproof baking dish. Cover with the rashers of bacon that have been fried for a few minutes. Sprinkle with cayenne and mustard. Then cover completely with thin slices of cheese and toast under a griller until melted. Serve very hot.

CHEESE AND BACON TART

Short crust, slices of cheese, thin rashers of bacon, cayenne, mustard.

Make the short crust in the usual way. Cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece and line a deep plate with it. Lay in carefully half the rashers of bacon, then the thin slices of cheese. Sprinkle with cayenne and mustard. Cover with bacon, then roll out the smaller piece of pastry and cover the top. Pinch the edge to form a frill. Glaze with egg or milk. Bake in a hot oven till pastry is brown. Lessen the heat and cook slowly till centre is cooked.

CHEESE FONDU

One cup hot milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 3 eggs, salt, cayenne.

Put the crumbs into a basin with salt, cayenne, and cheese. Dissolve the butter in the boiling milk, pour over the crumbs, etc., mixing all well. Stir in the beaten yolks. Beat the whites stiffly. Stir into the mixture. Pour into a well-greased piedish. Bake in a hot oven till set, well-risen, and brown. Serve immediately.

BAKED CHEESE ROLLS

One cup self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, cayenne.

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter. Make into a dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead and roll out to a thin sheet. Cut in six. Mix the cheese, egg, butter, salt, and cayenne. Spread each square with the mixture and roll up. Cut each roll in half. Glaze. Bake on greased tin in hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve hot.

CHEESE ROLLS No. 2.

Thin slices of bread, butter, luncheon cheese, frying fat, parsley, salt.

Remove the crusts from the bread. Spread with butter, then cheese. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Roll up and fasten with a small wooden skewer. Fry in deep boiling fat till crisp and a golden brown. Drain on paper. Remove the skewers. Serve very hot on paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

CHEESE OMELETTE

Two eggs, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, chopped parsley.

Beat the whites of eggs stiffly. Add the yolks, cheese, salt, and cayenne. Melt the butter in a frying pan. Pour in the mixture and cook over a low flame until set. Then place under a griller or in the oven till the top is set and brown. Lift out carefully on to a hot dish. Fold over, sprinkle with parsley, and serve at once.

CHEESE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, salt, cayenne, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Sift the flour, salt and cayenne. Rub in the butter, add grated cheese. Mix into a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a board. Knead slightly. Place in a greased loaf tin. Glaze the top with egg and sprinkle thickly with cheese. Bake in a hot oven till brown. Lessen heat and cook slowly about three-quarter hour, according to the thickness. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, cut into slices and butter.

CHEESE OEUF

Four eggs, 1 cup white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Butter 4 small fireproof dishes, or one larger one may be used for the 4 eggs. Break in the eggs carefully. Add three-quarters of the cheese to the sauce, and pour this gently over the eggs. Sprinkle with remainder of the cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set. Serve at once.

CHEESE TOAST

Squares of buttered toast, 6 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add milk and cheese, and stir over hot water until the cheese is melted. Add beaten eggs, salt, cayenne, and continue stirring over the boiling water till the mixture thickens. Cover each square of hot toast with the sauce and serve immediately.

CHEESE STICKS

Half pound flour, pinch baking powder, 6oz. margarine or butter, water or milk, 3 oz. grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

To make the pastry: Divide fat in half. Sift the flour and baking powder. Rub in half the fat. Mix to stiff paste with water. Roll out fairly thinly and to a squarish shape. Spread the portion of fat all over it. Then fold the sides to the centre both ways. Then fold in half. Roll out. Sprinkle with 3 oz. grated cheese; then fold into three. Roll out the pastry to a bare ¼-inch thickness and cut into strips half-inch wide and 4 inches long. Glaze with egg. Bake on greased tin in hot oven for 10 minutes.

CHEESE CONDOLES

Good short crust, white sauce, grated cheese, salt, cayenne, mustard, parsley.

Roll the pastry out into a thin sheet. Stamp into rounds and line deep patty tins. Prick the centre to prevent rising. Bake in moderate oven till pale straw color. Add cheese and seasoning to the sauce and while hot fill the cases. Sprinkle with finely-grated cheese and chopped parsley. Return to the oven for a few minutes to reheat thoroughly. Serve at once.

CHEESE CREAMS

Three eggs, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne, pinch mustard, ½ pint milk, breadcrumbs, egg glazing, frying fat.

Beat the egg very well, add cheese, milk, salt, cayenne, mustard. Have ready some small, well-greased dariol moulds, and fill them with the mixture. Place in steamer. Cover with greased paper. Steam till set and turn out. Allow to become quite cold. Coat the creams with egg glazing and roll in crumbs. Wet fry. Drain on paper. Serve very hot, sprinkled with grated cheese.

SAVORY CHEESE MIXTURE

One and a half cups dry, grated cheese, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, salt, cayenne.

Place the butter, cheese, and milk into a saucepan and stir over the fire till the cheese is all melted. Add the beaten egg and cook slowly for a few minutes, but on no account allow the mixture to boil; otherwise it will curdle. Pour into jars and seal down. This mixture is used for sandwiches.

CHEESE RUSKS

Bread, butter, luncheon cheese, salt, cayenne.

Cut the bread into very thin slices, spread with butter and cheese, and sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Remove the crusts and cut into finger-lengths. Place on a flat tin. Bake in a very slow oven till a pale brown and crisp. Serve at once very hot garnished with sprigs of parsley.

CHEESE STRAWS

Two dessertspoons butter, 2½ tablespoons plain flour, 2 dessertspoons grated cheese, yolk of 1 egg, lemon juice, water if necessary, salt, cayenne, pinch baking powder.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt, and cayenne. Rub in the butter, add the cheese. Make into a stiff dough with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and water. Roll out into a thin sheet. Cut into strips 3½ inches long and 1-8th inch wide. Roll out the remainder. Cut into rounds with plain cutter, 1½ inches in diameter. Cut out centre with smaller cutter to form a ring. Bake in a slow oven till a pale fawn color. Leave on the tin till cold.

To Serve: Fill each ring with a bundle of strips. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with small sprigs of parsley.

CHEESE RICE

Cooked rice, milk, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Put the rice into a saucepan, add the milk, and cook slowly till creamy and tender. Put a layer of the creamy rice into the bottom of a well-greased piedish to the depth of one inch. Sprinkle in the cheese, salt, cayenne, then the remainder of the cheese. Dot the top with butter. Bake in a quick oven till brown. Serve either hot or cold.

CHEESE CUSTARD

One egg, 1 cup milk, 2 oz. grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Beat the egg very well, add the salt and cayenne. Stir in gradually the milk. Sprinkle in the cheese. Pour into a buttered piedish. Place in a very slow oven. Bake very slowly till the custard is set and a pale brown on top. Serve either hot or cold.

Sandwiches for all occasions with these delightful Pastes.

CELERY, TOMATO, BEAN, GHERKIN, AND ASPARAGUS

Rosella Quality is Perfect.

Pick's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

SANDWICHES ALWAYS POPULAR -DELICIOUS ON HOT TOAST TOO!

SMART by day

COSY by night

If you're thinking of pyjamas, blouses, lingerie, or dresses for any member of the family, remember that Viyella is the loveliest fabric imaginable. It really does wash and wear . . . It keeps that just-like-new look after countless tubbings . . . and it never shrinks or fades.

● FOR MEN, TOO. No, we have not forgotten the men folk—there are Viyella tennis shirts, trousers, socks and Viyella day shirts and pyjamas.

'VIYELLA'

'AZA' and 'CLYDELLA'

● The wool used in all Viyella products is the finest and softest in the world—Australian Merino Lambs' Wool.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., Grace Building, York Street :: Sydney.

COUPON FOR FREE PATTERN

Please send me patterns of Viyella suitable for garments I have marked with an X—1. Dresses, Blouses, Skirts, Suits ..... 2. Children's Wear ..... 3. Nightwear, Lingerie ..... 4. Boys' and Men's Pyjamas and Shirts .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

V.35.16 W.W. 23/3/35

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607138

"WE RELY ON CLEMENTS TONIC

BECAUSE WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN IT FAIL US"

Year after year Clements Tonic continues to help countless thousands back to health by fortifying and nourishing the nervous system and the bloodstream.

"I commenced taking your tonic years ago. My family have always known and used it all their lives. My wife and myself still use it in all our ailments, such as livery feeling, indigestion, sluggishness and that "run-down" feeling. We still rely on Clements Tonic because we have never known it fail us—nor any friends we have recommended it to."
A. S., Taranaki, N.Z.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel."

18.204.

Quality—
Aroma—
Flavour—

ENSURE SATISFACTION TO ALL WHO DRINK

Goldenia Tea

8406

WORKING *Wives*

Continued from Page 12

NOTHING happened. Peter was charmingly considerate and polite. He was so considerate and polite that Myra felt a stranger. She tried to reach him, but something stood between them. And that something was Elaine's hatshop.

During the next few weeks Myra hated the shop more than she had thought it possible to hate anything. But although she longed with all her heart to give it up, the idea of doing so never seriously occurred to her. She had helped Peter more than if she had stayed at home, and if he wanted her back he must ask her to come. She knew she wasn't as bright as she used to be, but the exchequer was in a different condition. No, if they returned to the old way of living, Peter must make the first move. But she was so terribly afraid that he wouldn't.

So Myra went on doing something that she loathed because she was too proud to give it up, and Peter ached for the old Myra but was too obstinate to ask her to return to him. But, when both were feeling that they couldn't bear it any longer, fate, in the form of Elaine, settled the matter for them.

It was Monday and, when Myra arrived at the shop, she was met by the messenger girl who said that Madam wished to see her immediately. Wondering what had gone wrong, she made her way to Elaine's office.

"Hallo, Myra," said Elaine. "Have a cigarette. We shan't be disturbed."

Myra obeyed. Elaine wasn't being at all professional this morning.

"You'll be surprised at what I'm going to say, Myra, but the fact is that I shall have to give you a week's notice."

"A—a week's notice!" gasped Myra. "You mean that after this week I haven't to come again."

"That is what a week's notice usually means." Elaine smiled slightly.

"Then—then I shall be at home again?"

"Unless you find another situation."

"Another situation! D'you think I should be able to get one?" This idea had not occurred to Myra.

"I'm sorry to sound brutal, Myra, but I don't think you would. You see, I'm not the only person who is cutting down her staff, and naturally the inexperienced people won't stand much chance."

"Then you think the only work I could do is at home?"

"I'm afraid it is, Myra."

The telephone bell rang and Myra went back into the shop. She served her customers in a dream and thought of Peter's face when she should tell him what had happened.

She was late home, but it didn't matter. Peter was reading and on the table an unattractive-looking tongue and some blancmange reposed in cold splendor.

"Peter," she said, trying to speak carelessly, "shall we enter for the tennis tournament?"

Peter looked up with a peculiar expression on his face.

"What's the use? You'd only be too tired to play."

Myra perched on the arm of his chair.

"No, I shouldn't, because after this week I've finished with the shop." She paused and then finished dramatically, "I've been sacked!"

"I see," said Peter slowly. "But aren't you trying for another post?"

"No. Elaine says it's no use. Everybody's cutting down expenses and a novice like me wouldn't stand a chance." Myra put an arm round Peter's neck, but he held her off.

"Wait a minute, Myra. Are you going to stay at home because it's the only thing to do, or because you want to?"

Myra blushed.

"Because I want to. Truly, I do. You've no idea how I hated the shop. But I—well, I was too proud to say so."

Half an hour later they remembered the tongue and blancmange.

"Gracious, we'd better eat, I suppose. You carve that frightful-looking stuff while I tidy myself up."

Myra walked to the door, but Peter called her back.

"What about the electricity bill?" he asked wickedly.

"Hang the electricity bill!" answered Myra, and disappeared.

When he was alone Peter took a letter out of his pocket.

"Dear Peter," he read for the tenth time, "because I've always been rather fond of you, I'm not going to stand calmly by and see your home messed up. Some women can run a home and a career quite successfully. Myra can't, and so, for your sake, I've sacked her. I've told her that she couldn't get another job, but she could. She's a jolly good saleswoman.

"Your always,
"ELAINE."

(Copyright)

OUT *of the* DAWN

Continued from Page 36

FIFTY yards off, and still silence. The moving figures were more clear-cut now. Anne could distinguish the gleam of steel here and there, the outline of a burnous. This soundless advance was worse than any fusillade. There was reason for it, though the watchers never guessed.

Ibn Said had forbidden rifles lest the white girl he coveted should be hit. A sudden last rush—swift work with the knife—and, praise to Allah! Ibn Said's plan was simple.

Forty yards off, and the line narrowing like vultures to a feast. Anne found herself counting each blur with a curious calmness. Why, there were hundreds of them. How could they hope——

She shook her head and stared at Heppel. The same thought was in his eyes. The luckiest shooting could never stem that tide. A savage rush—perhaps five seconds of firing—and the tribesmen would be among them, stabbing everywhere.

Anne lifted her revolver. Her fingers tightened on the butt. She would save one shot, and then run back to Warwick. At least they would meet the end together.

"I'm going to fire," said Heppel hoarsely.

Her breast heaving, Anne nodded. Her throat was too dry for speech.

Then, terrible upon the hushed dawn, burst a mighty voice:

"Shall the children of Ibn Nafa fight their sworn brothers? Never. Shall the liquid gold that flows through our country be sacrificed for liquid blood? Not while the Sheikh of the Bakhtiari lives!"

Anne felt the blood leave her body. She stared at Heppel, heard his breathless gasp. And while they stood there, numbed, the living voice of the dead sheikh boomed out with all its queer inflexion and guttural dialect.

The creeping tribesmen had stopped. This voice out of the grave turned their animal courage to water. A shrill wail of horror rose. Someone—Ibn Said—shouted, but he might as well have called upon gazelles. The ghost of their sheikh had spoken, and they broke. Frantically, madly, the Bakhtiari fled, and the booming voice followed them.

The sight brought speech back to Heppel.

"My God!" came his awed whisper, "they've gone. Look!"

Anne followed his pointing hand, and a great wave of gratitude stole through her. Now the strain was over she felt herself go limp. She swayed, and Heppel was just in time.

"No, I'm all right," she said weakly, "but—that voice. Do you think——"

"O.K. here?" Merchison came running up, his expression a mixture of amazement and joy.

Anne got to her feet. The three gazed at each other mutely. The voice of Ibn Nafa was a miracle too deep for spoken wonder.

Then Warwick's cheery shout sounded from the mess-hut, followed by his lean figure dancing triumphantly towards them.

"Some ghost, eh? I thought of it just in time. Shows what a tortoise brain I've got. Remember that fellow Wilkins down at Ahwaz? He's mad on gramophones, and recording people. When Ibn Nafa made that flowery speech to the general manager, Wilkins got permission to hide behind the curtains and record it. They realised that it might be useful to the company as a sort of hold on the old sheikh in the future. Well, I suddenly saw our chance. Wireless Ahwaz to broadcast the record post haste. The loudspeaker did the rest."

Heppel opened his mouth—and ended in a feeble whistle. Merchison was more expressive. At least he managed to speak.

"Warwick," he began, and broke off abruptly. "Here, quick. Kiss Anne or I'm sure she'll faint!"

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

He Fell in Love With Her

TEMPTING LIPS

Teasing, lovely, ripe, red lips. How easy it is to have them when you use Michel—the lipstick that emphasizes your beauty. Michel lasts for hours, because it is truly indelible. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, fresh, inviting. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Mrs. Mary Carroll Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Little Boy

"My little boy's face was terrible with a rash which appeared in blisters and spread into large eruptions. They became very painful and itchy, and when his mouth became infected he had difficulty in eating and used to scream with pain. He could not sleep with the pain and I had to bandage his hands to prevent him scratching. The eruptions caused such disfigurement that I was afraid his face would be left permanently disfigured.

"I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment which afforded relief the first night. I purchased more and at the end of three weeks my boy's face was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Carroll, 24 Hartley St., Rozelle, N. S. W.

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear, sweet skin, soft, smooth hands, and a healthy scalp with good hair. A world-famous and dependable treatment for the skin and hair.

Cuticura Sample each Soap, Ointment and Talcum free. Address: R. Towers & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

"I keep them HANDY"

WHY suffer from Headache, Neuralgia, Backache or any Nerve or Muscular Pain, when you can get quick, safe relief by taking Genuine Vincent's A.P.C.? 12, 1/6; 24, 2/6. All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A·P·C POWDERS and TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

ASTHMA SUFFERING ENDED

To prove this, a German specialist will supply preliminary treatment free and without obligation to every sufferer who sends a 3d. stamp for return postage to C. A. Hissan, 23D Turner House, Jamieson Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607139

A SYMPHONY in GREEN!

Another exclusive design from Paris for you to knit your way swiftly, unerringly, to indoor or outdoor charm . . .

ANOTHER feature of this Parisian garment to catch and hold your attention is the unusual shaped neckline — so snug-fitting; also the strapped centre piece which, in the original jumper, has been decorated with three black buttons.

A matching belt in suede is advocated; or you could wear a silver belt with marked success if you substituted chromium buttons for the black.

THERE is every reason to believe that knitting needles will animatedly click over this jumper. Worked in an enchanting grass-green 4-ply wool, and with its new extended shoulder-line, its lacy "battlement" collar, and deep lacy cuffs, it is destined to do interesting things for the wearer.

Here are the directions—Gerda, our knitting expert, says you will find them accurate and easy to follow:

MATERIALS:

Twelve skeins of grass-green 4-ply wool, set of 4 No. 9 bone needles, pointed at both ends, pair of No. 12 steel needles, 3 black buttons, a matching belt, a few press studs, and a medium steel crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit a 34-inch bust, sleeve seam 18 inches, length from shoulder, 20½ inches.

TENSION:

Seven stitches to the inch in width, 9 stitches to the inch in depth.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. knit, P. purl, tog. together, sl. slip, m. 1 make 1, p.s.s.o. pass the slipped stitch over, st. stitch, st. st. stocking stitch.

THE BACK

With two of the No. 9 needles, and using double wool, cast on 110 sts. K. into the back of cast-on sts. with single wool. P. 1 row, then work in st. st. for 3 inches; on next and every 4th row decrease 1 st. at each end of needle 4 times. K. for 1 inch, then increase 1 st. in the next and every 4th row, 4 times at each side. Work on these sts. until work measures 14 inches, then shape armholes as follows: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every other row for 3 decreases. Leave remaining 92 sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

Make exactly as for the back and leave sts. on a spare needle.

THE SLEEVE

With single wool cast on 54 sts. Do not K. into the back of sts. Work in st. st. for 3 inches. Increase 1 st. at each end of the needle in the next, then every 6 rows until there are 94 sts. on the needle, and sleeve measures 18 inches. Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows and leave remaining 74 sts. on a spare needle. Make another sleeve the same. With a piece of colored wool mark the centre of each piece of work; now join the four pieces by knitting round on three needles (332 sts.) K. for 15 rounds then divide work in centre. Cast on 4 sts. for front flap (always knit these 4 sts. then start to count for the following decreases.) Work backwards and forwards decreasing for the yoke thus:

1st Row: K. 20 * K. 2 tog., K. 1, K. 1, sl. 1, p.s.s.o., K. 25, repeat from * 3 times, K. 2 tog., K. 1, K. 1, sl. 1, p.s.s.o., K. 42. (K. 2 tog., K. 1, K. 1, sl. 1, p.s.s.o., K. 25) 5 times, ending with K. 20 instead of K. 25.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: As 1st row, but having 19 sts. at each end of the needle, 23 sts. between each decrease, and 40 sts. in centre back. Repeat these 5 rows until there are 7 sts. between each decrease, 24 sts. in centre back, and 11 sts. at each end (not including the 4 cast-on sts.). Change to steel needles and rib K. 1, P. 1, for 1½ inches and cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 308 sts. Knit into the back of cast-on sts. and P. 1 row. Work following pattern:

1st Row: * K. 4, m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K. 4, * K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 4. Repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: Purl.

Work for 20 rows ending with purl row. On next row * work 28 sts. in pattern, cast off next 12 sts., repeat from * to end. Using another needle, finish each tab separately, starting with a purl row and making them 4½ inches deep altogether.

THE CUFF

Cast on 72 sts. K. into back. P. 1 row, then K. in pattern for 3 inches. Cast off 8 sts. * K. pattern for 12 sts. Cast off 8 sts., repeat from * to end. Work each tab for 2 inches more. Make another cuff the same.

CENTRE PIECE

Cast on 14 sts. K. into the back. P. 1 row, then work in pattern.

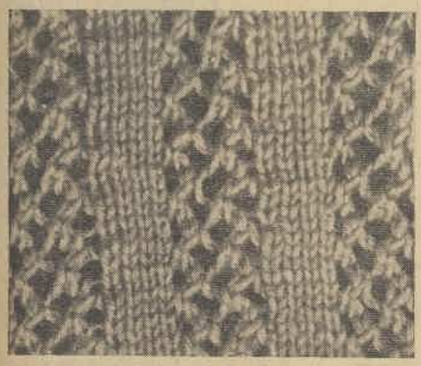
1st Row: K. 1, m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 4, m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog., K. 1.

2nd Row and alternate rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 4, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 2 tog., m. 1, K. 1. Repeat these 4 rows until work measures up to neck as shown in the illustration, cast off. With crochet hook work single crochet all round this piece, and round edge of collar and cuffs.

TO MAKE UP

Press all work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join underarm and sleeve seams, sew collar round jumper 2 inches below yoke shaping, sew on cuffs and centre piece. Sew press studs down front, sew on buttons. With crochet hook make two loops at each side of waist for belt.



A CLOSE-UP of the lace pattern used for the fashionable "dropped" shoulder yoke and cuffs. The jumper is knitted in stocking-stitch throughout.

A PETROV SKETCH of another exclusive hand-knitted garment featuring the new extended shoulder yoke. With its quaintly-shaped lace-stitch collar and deep cuffs, this jumper is bound to meet with unanimous approval. The original was carried out in grass-green, but you may knit it, following Gerda's expert directions on this page, in any desired color.

DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST has a strength almost unbelievable in so fine a mercerised thread, and a rich lustre, without doubt the supreme achievement in mercerised sewing thread

Supplied on 100 yards REELS, Size No. 40, in Black, White and OVER 300 COLOURS, and sold by leading Departmental Stores

No Results-No Pay!

Try This Simple, Safe REDUCING METHOD

Do YOU want to lose weight? Then here is a safe, simple, harmless method which can be given a trial by any stout person without danger or the loss of a single penny. Go to your chemist and purchase a jar of Thalco Thermal Salts for 1/6d. Take a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water first thing every morning and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that Thalco Thermal Salts is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce your weight, the money you have paid will be refunded to you.

NO STARVING It is sheer folly to imperil your health by resorting to starving and other dangerous slimming practices. Natural slimness can be obtained without exposing yourself to the dangers of drastic dieting, which is only another name for "semi-starvation." A strict diet is not necessary when you are taking Thalco Thermal Salts. You can, however, greatly accelerate their action, if you so desire, by abstaining from fatty meats and pastry and reducing the quantity of potatoes, cream, butter, etc., taken at meals.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fatty tissue. The gentle, soothing solution of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of those wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

COSTS YOU NOTHING IF YOU DON'T LOSE WEIGHT We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6d. jar of Thalco Thermal Salts from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalco Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue each morning until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied that it is benefiting your health and helping you to reduce, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Furzy, Barker & Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you, at once, without question or controversy. If satisfied, you should continue the regular morning dose of Thalco Salts to gain perfect slimness and prevent fat from forming.

THALCO

THERMAL SALTS

PRICE 1/6d. PER JAR AT *ALL CHEMISTS*

WHEN IN LONDON STAY NEAR KENSINGTON GARDENS AT THE

188 Queens Gate, S.W.7 **GORE HOTEL** Telephone: Kensington 5406/7

Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar.

Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.

Fully Licensed. *Terms from 3½ Guineas Weekly.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607140

Captured by her BLONDE Hair

A confirmed bachelor, but one day he saw her golden hair. He was captured. No wonder, for beautiful fair hair has that irresistible allure. That is why so many blondes keep their hair radiant with Stablond, the wonderful new secret formula shampoo, which not only corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) in blonde hair, by bringing back to even the most faded blonde hair that golden beauty of childhood, but absolutely prevents the hair from darkening. Depigmentation is caused by coal dust, gases in the atmosphere and faulty diet. Stablond corrects this. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silkier and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer. Stablond is also known in many other countries as Blondes and Nurblond, and is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Wonderful for children. Not for women who wish to bleach their hair. "Stablond contains no henna, camomile, dye or injurious bleaches. Sold by all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. Sole Distributors: Fassett and Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3070, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

Clear your skin with
REXONA . . .

Rashes are always irritating and very unsightly. Rexona Ointment has marvellous soothing and healing properties which instantly relieve the irritation and very soon restore the skin to clear healthiness.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .
Poisoned wounds, piles, ringworm, cracked lips, sunburn, "Surfer's Foot" boils pimples, and all skin complaints

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

FOR BURNT PANS

Use Steelo . . . It scours them bright and smooth with less rubbing than ever. Ideal for aluminium, for all kitchenware and for baths, basins, sinks. A 6d. packet lasts 6 weeks.

STEELO

13

EUCRASY Banishes All Desire for Drink

IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials.

DEPT. B, THE EUCRASY CO., 397 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

FREE! SPECIAL THREE-IN-ONE PATTERN

• ***Incorporating important, diversified, up-to-the-minute fashion points, it is destined to revolutionise your wardrobe—inexpensively!***

EVERY discerning, "fashionwise" woman will absorb at a glance the clever interpretations of the new mode embodied in these three designs. And yet, to the uninitiated, it would seem utterly impossible that three styles, incorporating such intriguing, high-fashion interest, could emanate from the one pattern. But home dressmakers will find it, based as it is on a clever system of subtraction and addition, pleasantly easy to follow.

It is, too, a happy foretaste of more to come.

Take the first frock: A cape you must have this winter if you would emulate the Parisienne in chic, for she has fallen quite in love with this graceful fashion. Note that it falls just below the waist, and is smartly button-trimmed as is the plain skirt in which attention is more or less focused upon the buttons and the demure slit.

You will be equally smart if you choose the second mode. And, by the way, who would even guess that it is made from the same pattern? Yet, with one or two significant alterations, it is the same frock.

So Smartly Feminine

A PANEL of pleats has been introduced into the plain skirt, back and front, with two pockets at the hip. The high neckline has been softened by a pretty, petal-like, contrasting collar. The back has been slit to the waist and closed with half a dozen smart buttons. Thus a totally different effect from the first style is achieved.

Now the third frock, with its trimly-tailored air, its Puritan air, will find a plethora of admirers. This design, we feel sure, will make all business-girls realise that frock-making is just the wisest possible investment for some of their spare time.

The skirt is still straight, but develops a short-waist basque. The basque, about five inches deep, is cut the shape of the skirt, and fits snugly to the hip. The smartly-fashioned collar and gauntlet cuffs speak for themselves.

The three-in-one pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.
Material required: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide.
Cape: 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide.
Contrast collar and cuffs: ¾ yard, 36 inches wide.

You may call at our office or send for this amazing three-in-one pattern. When sending through the post, **please include 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage.**

NOTE: Complete directions for making, in addition to accompanying diagrams, are given away free with our special three-in-one pattern.

VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

HE didn't expect an answer, but he got one, from a man who had just come up and added himself to the party. A tall young fellow barely grown; a youth with an intelligent, mischievous, attractive face, somewhat different from the all-alike, first-cousin type of Vainamu.

"About one week," said Malachi.

"And then?"

"What you don' know," Malachi informed him, "does you no harm." He put a reed pipe that he had been making to his lips, and whistled through it pleasantly.

"Can't you stop tootle-ooing, and talk to a man? It was you dropped Eleanor through the window. What did you do it for, and where did she go to?"

Malachi seemed to consider.

"I don't know. What do you think?" he asked engagingly, as if he wished for information.

Charles, hustled along by the guards, said something beneath his breath.

Malachi observed: "Swear not at all, the Book says."

"Two parsons are enough on any island," Charles sulkily told him. "If you weren't such an Ananias——"

"Ananias? There were two Ananias, the liar and the high priest."

"The kind I meant," said Charles, beginning to enjoy himself, "is the kind they meant in the poem—

Ananias, Ananias,
He pretends to be so pious,
Ananias and Sapphira,
Have——"

"What were you going to say?" Malachi interrupted, tooting on his flute at intervals. "You saying, 'If you weren't such an Ananias——'"

"If you weren't you might be a decenter sort of fellow than any of the rest of these—these——" He could not find a word, or, finding it, would not use it.

"I would like to be your friend," said Malachi, very softly.

"Huh? Well——"

"Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, as the good Book says. Or maybe"—his amber eyes sparkled with mischief—"or maybe, just a brother would be enough. Or maybe not that. Brother-in-law good enough for Malachi."

What Charles would have answered cannot be known. For at the same moment, Buzacott appeared, driven like a sheep by some five or six laughing, jesting young Vainamuans. Buzacott may have been stupid at times; this was not one of the times. He caught, before it had reached Charles's intelligence, the full implication of Malachi's remark. "Let me get at him," he panted. "Let me tear the liver out of him! I've been lookin' from stem to stern and from the mainmast truck to the keelson, for Eleanor, and I swear he knows all about her."

Malachi, apparently unwilling any longer to form part of the troubled procession, had seated himself on a fallen log, cross-legged, and was fluting away like Pan among the willows. He designed no answer to Buzacott's fierce inquiries. He was still sitting there, an amazingly beautiful figure, in the waning light, as the guards drove Charles and Buzacott round the corner of the coconut grove, towards a new captivity.

CHAPTER 8

"THIS," said the sailor Buzacott, "is like the Ten Little Niggers."

"Eh?" queried Charles. They were pacing uneasily together, up and down the narrow confines of the store-house where they had been imprisoned. It seemed to have been intended, originally, for a church, and afterwards outgrown. It was one of the few solid buildings on the island; the walls were coral concrete two feet thick, the empty, lancet-shaped windows would not have admitted anything bigger than a cat; the roof, high overhead, though it was breakable thatch, could not have been reached by anyone unprovided with a ladder, or with wings. Two doors, strong enough to begin with, had been reinforced by the Vainamuans with logs and stones. Once a day these barriers were removed, and Charles and Buzacott, carefully guarded, taken down to the sea to bathe. The Vainamuans, fanatically clean, could not conceive it possible for anyone to pass a day without washing. Buzacott, brought up to the weekly bath, would not have troubled, had it not been for the always illusory chance of escape. Charles, when at home, boasted, like everyone else, of the hardships of his "cold tub," and the splendors of his new-fashioned shower bath. Here, the warm luxurious waters of the island seemed to him so pleasant that bathing in them could hardly be considered manly. He liked it, in a way, as he liked the magnificence of the coloring and scenery, the wild luxuriance of fruit and flowers, the lazy-easy singing and dancing and sporting life of the Vainamuans. But there was that in him that instinctively rebelled; demanded, instead, the stinging north-east winds, the driving snows, black fogs and blazing hearths of England; the smell of new-ploughed fields in chilly spring, the silver sun of England's fickle, lovely and beloved summer. Clubs—racing—meets of hounds—days with the guns, under soft cloudy skies—and horses, always horses—

"Mad hoof thunder in our rear
Cold air rushing up our lungs,
Din of many tongues. . ."

What was he doing here, he asked himself; he, Charles Chaine, late of Her Majesty's dragoons on a tropical island for all the world like a pantomime transformation scene, with capering idiots in baby frocks about him? Why had he made that wild dash after Addie, taken ship at Southampton, at Valparaiso, disguised himself like someone in a play, been shipwrecked, captured—all for nothing? Adeline was not his, probably never would be. If they'd got away to Australia together, there might have been a chance. But now——

If he had stayed at home, Caroline would have given him the hell of a time, for weeks, or months maybe. She would have found out sooner or later that he had been "carrying on" with Adeline, and that the Robinsons had taken her away on account of it. Then the fat would have been in the fire; there had been a smell of burning, even before he left on his mad journey, without a word to say where he was going.

But Caroline would have got over it; quieted down, and made the best of things. And he—would he have got over it, or not? There would have been no Addie, and perhaps, by and by, what with hunting and shooting, and a run over to the tables at Baden-Baden, and a few country-house parties with lots of jolly ragging, he might have managed to forget . . .

Please turn to Page 45

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1753E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

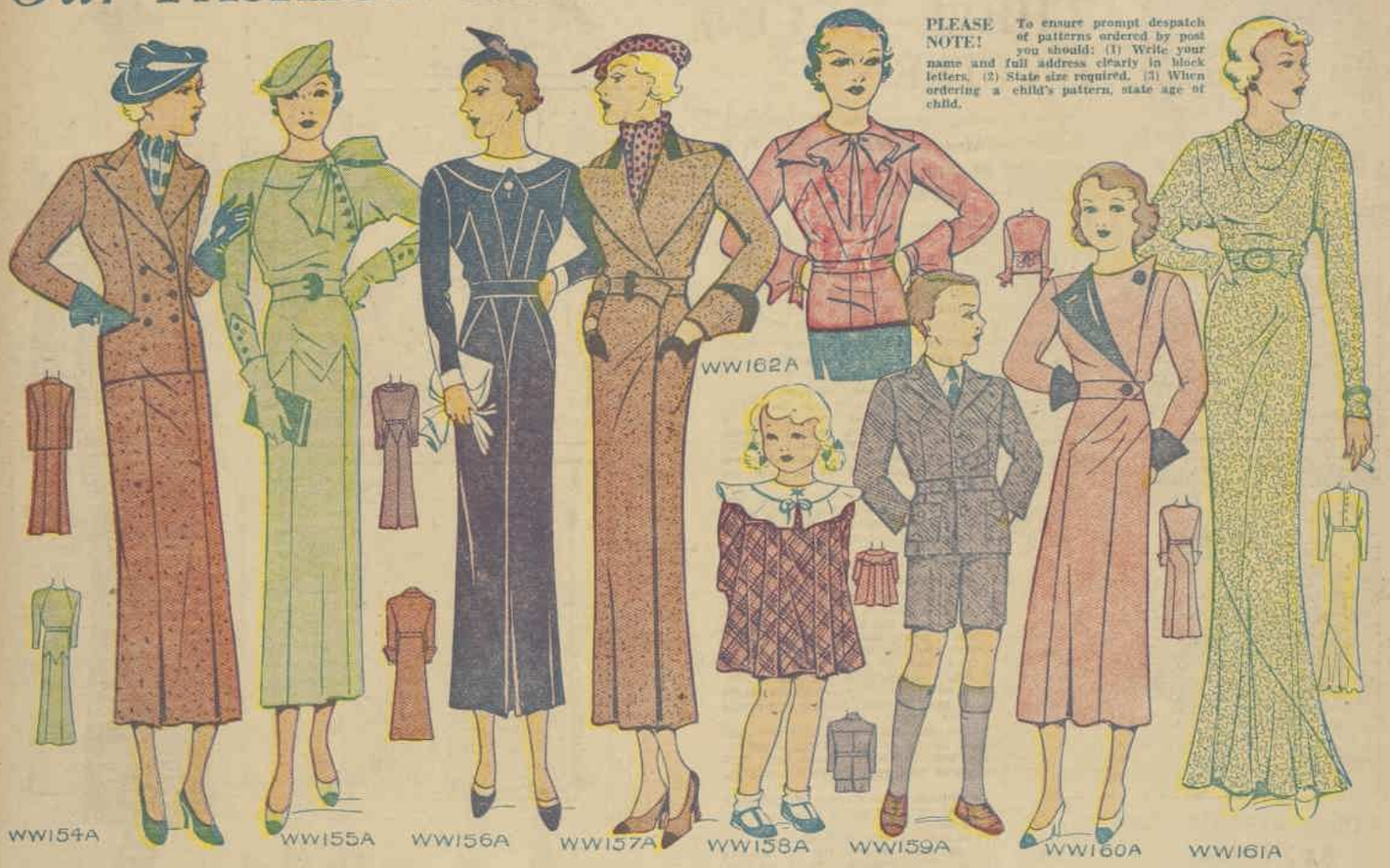
PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607141

Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



TRIM, SPORTY COSTUME

WW154A.—A sporty costume with a two-piece skirt, featuring pleats which form a panel back and front. Coat is double-breasted with a seam from the shoulders. Material for 38-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART RAGLAN SLEEVES

WW155A.—This smart frock has raglan sleeves and tight-fitting cuffs. Skirt is cut with a panel back and front, and is shaped over the hips. Buttons form a dainty trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ATTRACTIVE STREET DRESS

WW156A.—Smart frock with bodice front extending below the waist. Contrast is used for neck and sleeve trimming. Two-piece skirt has an inverted pleat back and front. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SPORTS WEAR

WW157A.—A snappy coat for sports wear. It favors the popular wide revers. Two-piece sleeves are completed with shaped cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR A LITTLE LASS

WW158A.—An attractive frock for the small girl. Dress features box pleats where it joins the yoke. A round collar in contrast material adds to the charm. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SCHOOLBOY'S SUIT

WW159A.—A smart suit for the schoolboy. Coat has a pointed yoke in front where the material joins, giving the effect of a Norfolk. Back has a pleat down the centre. Patterns for 6 and 8 years. Material: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHARMING "SUB-DEB"

WW160A.—A smart frock cut on simple lines, for a youthful figure. Skirt is cut with a panel back and front, forming a crossover effect. Bodice finishes on the left shoulder with a large button. Pattern for 16 to 18 years, 32-inch bust. Material: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DINNER GOWN

WW161A.—A charming design for a dinner frock. Bodice has a slight cowl in front, and buttons down the back. Sleeves are inserted into large armholes. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

IN JUMPER EFFECT

WW162A.—The chic simplicity of this blouse is helped by neck trimming and long sleeves which have gauntlet cuffs. Blouse is worn outside the belt in jumper effect. Material, for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

Special Three-in-One Gift Pattern

For special three-in-one gift pattern see opposite page.

Our Free Pattern

THE frock we have chosen for this week's free pattern will please mothers who want something pretty for their twelve-year-old lass.

Very smart and new, it has double-breasted fastening and pleats provided at the sides. Thus the little girl will have plenty of room.

The contrast at collar, cuffs, and belt will add a touch of trim smartness.

Make it for best wear with long full sleeves in some pretty silky material. For an afternoon frock it will be delightful in a pretty figured print or plain linen.

Pattern is cut to fit a girl aged 12 years.

Material: 3 yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1007, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 135, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088X, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE. — T. h. e Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on previous page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 23/3/'35.

"And that's why I recommend Schumann's"

"Some salts may be all right as an specient, but for a really health-giving organ stimulant and a great remedy for Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Backache, etc., I always recommend Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts."

Nature's Own Remedy

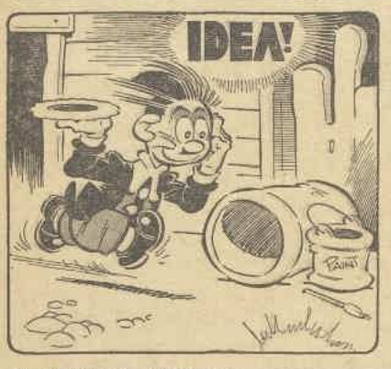
Schumann's Salts consist of the most important ingredients of some of the world's most famous Mineral Springs or Spas. These Mineral Spring Waters are Nature's way of making up the salts or chemicals in our system which we use by the act of living. If you want your whole system toned up—your liver put right—and all your organs to function normally—use only Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts
"Purifies but does not Purge"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607142

TERRY and TEDDY the TERRIBLE TWINS

By HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall

EVERYONE at Mushroom Grove was upset. Peter, Mr. Connelly's prize Alsatian, was lost.

Wunderlust and Fred were out of town. They were staying with a sick old man on a farm several miles from Mushroom Grove, and knew nothing of the lost dog.

It was therefore not surprising to find Fred one day feeding an Alsatian on the farm and looking upon him as being nothing more than a stray dog.

"You know, Wunderlust," said Fred, "if I had a good-looking dog like him I wouldn't let him out of my sight."

"I suppose not," said Wunderlust.

They little knew that already there was a £50 reward for the return of the dog to its owner.

When the old man showed definite signs of improvement, Wunderlust and Fred decided to go back home.

Fred was sorry to leave the dog behind, but Wunderlust said it was the best thing to do as he could look after the old man.

Imagine their surprise when they returned to Mushroom Grove and found everyone upset about an Alsatian dog called Peter.

"You don't think," said Fred eventually, "that the Alsatian we left in the country might be the dog they're looking for?"

"I hardly think so," went on Wunderlust. "This prize Alsatian has a pedigree as long as your arm, but nevertheless I suppose we'd better be on the safe side and tell Mr. Connelly about the dog we discovered."

This Wunderlust did, and the next day, the old man at the homestead was very surprised to see a big touring car pull up in front of his gate.

"What do you want?" he called in rather a gruff voice. His eyes then fell on Wunderlust, and immediately he became upset.

"Anything the matter?" inquired Wunderlust.

"It's that dog you left me," he went on, "do you know he's killed practically all my young chickens?"

"We're very sorry to hear that," said Mr. Connelly, "but I do wish you'd let me see him. You see, I've lost a very valuable Alsatian, and he might be mine."

The dog was soon brought on the scene and was immediately recognised as the lost Peter.

Of course, the old man was paid handsomely for his fowls and his trouble and Fred and Wunderlust got the £50 reward.

GOOD WORK

Prize of 5/- for the best letter goes to D. CALLAGHAN, Cumberland St., Windsor, Brisbane. (Address all letters and contributions to Jill, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.)

Jill's Letter

MY DEAR JACKS AND JILLS—I know you all love animals, and I know that many of you are getting dear little curly puppies for birthday presents. So many boys and girls have written in and told me so.

Now, when you become the proud owner of a dog pal for the first time, do not make the sad mistake of some people in thinking that dog biscuits are all that a dog needs in the way of food. They may be good for the dog, but they are not enough. Bones should be given to all dogs, excepting fish or poultry bones, which are liable to split into sharp fragments, and if swallowed may considerably damage your pet's inside and cause him pain. As a general rule, the bigger the bone the better. Bones are good for your dog's teeth and his digestion.

Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily Yours,

JILL.

Good Card Trick

DO you know the "Mystic Nine" card trick? Remove all the kings, queens, and knaves from a pack of cards; then give the remaining cards to a friend and ask him whether he can place nine cards of any suit on the table so that the spots on them add up to fifteen each way.

Here is the secret of the trick. For example: Remove nine cards, ace of hearts, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine. Place these nine cards in a square comprised of three rows of three cards. Top row: Eight, ace (one), six; total, fifteen. Second row: Three, five, seven; total, fifteen. Third row: Four, nine, two; total, fifteen.

Prize Card to CHARLIE OSBORNE, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Qld.

The Brownies' School

By L. COOKSLEY

THE Brownies have put up a notice to say
They're starting a school in the spring,
To teach little birds and insects the way,
To hop and to flutter and sing.

The singing is taught on the branch of a tree,
To which baby birds can be brought;
Twit-twit, twitter-twee, twit-twit, twitter-twee,
Is the song the wee birds are taught.

There's a class held to show the correct way to hop,
For crickets and grasshoppers, too;
Hop-hoppity-hop, without even a stop,
Hoppity-hop all day thro'.

The Brownies are busy as busy can be,
And hope you will all do your part,
And tell little birdies and insects you see
Of the school they are hoping to start.

Prize of 5/- to L. E. COOKSLEY, 24 Terrell St., East Malvern S.E.5, Vic.

BEST PAINTING

For the best colouring of the three little children in the motor car, J. BABYLETT, Springhurst, Carlewis, N.S.W., wins the 5/- prize.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

Lost: An umbrella by a woman with a silver handle.

Found: A pound note by a boy covered with blue ink.

Lost: A pencil by a boy on a green string.

Wanted: A horse by a man that doesn't kick.

Prize Card to KATHLEEN ASHTON, Everleigh, 4 Carrawa St., Caulfield, Vic.

About Ourselves

PAT O'GORMAN, of Clovelly (N.S.W.), collects stamps; ALMA STONEMAN, of Colac (Vic.), says that dairy farming is carried on extensively around Colac; EDNA TIBBETTS, of Corriaal (N.S.W.), sends along good jokes; ELLA JONES, of Chatsworth, via Gympie (Qld.), writes good verse; EDNA JENKINS, of Pillaga (N.S.W.), has a dog named Tiny for her pet; JACK LIVINGSTON, of Cairns (Qld.), is fourteen years old on June 3; ROSENA HOLLY, of Cobar (N.S.W.), always reads our section; NITA NILO, of Edgehill, Henty (N.S.W.), writes an excellent letter; LOIS HOBART, of Kalamda West, via Tallygaroopra, lives on a dairy farm; ROMA GEHRIG, of Coolamundra (N.S.W.), plays tennis and vigoro, and is fond of sketching and writing poems.

Edward Proudfoot, of Bondi, likes playing on the beach.—Falk.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, of Geelong (Vic.), has a big dog for his pet; AGNES WOOD, of Lake Cargelligo (N.S.W.), collects stamps and is very fond of swimming; JOAN DENGATE, of Albury (N.S.W.), writes a splendid letter; MAVIS STOCKILL, of Goomeri (Qld.), will be thirteen this April; JANET GIBSON, of Port Pirie (S.A.), has a new toy motor car; JOE HOLLIS, of Enfield (N.S.W.), likes reading jokes; MARY HIGGINS, of Brisbane (Qld.), has two sisters and two brothers; ALAN FOGGARTY, of Geelong (Vic.), will visit his aunt in Sydney next school holidays; NOEL BENNETT, of Maryborough (Vic.), has two tortoises, a magpie, a jackass, and two love birds for his pets.

D. DOHERTY, of Ponsonby, Auckland (N.Z.), is fond of reading; SHIRLEY FRIZELL, of Birwood (N.S.W.), is nine years of age; NEVILLE EGAN, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming; W. RODIGER, of Punchbowl (N.S.W.), likes jokes of all kinds; ALISON PENTON, of Geelong (Vic.), likes cycling; NANCY MYERS, of Punchbowl (N.S.W.), is a very neat writer; NORMAN BUCKLEY, of Ascenton (Vic.), saw the Duke when he recently visited Victoria; MAY WELLS, of Adelaide (S.A.), has a big cat called Tommy; EVELYN WHITE, of Bundaberg (Qld.), likes hiking; ALAN TEASDALE, of Auburn (N.S.W.), has a white rabbit and a black cat for her pets.

FOR FUN & FANCY

INSPECTOR: Why didn't you stop that woman fighting outside the post office?

P.C. Mugins: There was a notice up saying "Letter box," so I did.

Prize Card to JOYCE GIN, 51 Hope Town Rd., Toorak S.E.2, Melbourne.

Doctor: Rheumatism, my dear sir, causes a person to imagine that his joints are very much larger than they actually are.

Patient: Then our butcher has certainly got it.

Prize Card to Paul Cusak, 14 Jensen St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

Teacher: Tommy, what shape is the world?

Tommy: It's round.

Teacher: How do you know?

Tommy: All right, then, it's square. I don't want to start any arguments.

Prize Card to NINA CANTAMESSA, Main St., Bloomsbury, Qld.

Jackie: What kind of a man is trousers?

Johnnie: Uncommon.

Jackie: Why?

Johnnie: Cause it's singular on top and plural on the bottom.

Prize Card to ALEX SCOTT, 133 Queen's Drive, Lyall Bay, Wellington, N.Z.

Joan: Why are hookkeepers like chickens?

Joyce: Because they have to scratch for a living.

Prize Card to B. PHILLIPS, 107 James St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Mr. Votloeseg had two sons, named Ikey and Mikey.

One day when leaving the house he found that he had left his latch key behind, so he called out to his son Ikey, "Ikey, throw down my key from the window."

"All right, dad," Ikey replied. "Here he comes," and threw Mikey out of the window.

Prize Card to JOY ELLIS, Cowra Rd., Forbes, N.S.W.

The sale of Mrs. Jones has been postponed. Two sisters want washing.

Plants required, short, be good or useless.

Prize Card to IAN RENNISON, McLachlan St., Horsham, Vic.

THE ARTIST.—Prize of 5/- to Beryl Dixon, 39 Thorne St., Wagga, N.S.W., for this clever sketch in black and white. Color it nicely with paints or chalks and send effort along no later than April 5. Prize of 5/- and Prize Cards will be given for the best entries. Address entries to Jill, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607143

ON EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES GERMS

LIFEBUOY SOAP FOR HIS HANDS—AND HE'S SAFE FROM INFECTION

THE HEALTH SOAP

FLEAS

Never live to bite again, if you use PULVEX POWDER.

Pulvex also "Flea-Proofs" a dog or cat, keeping off other fleas or lice for days. It is harmless, even if swallowed—non-irritating, odourless. Pulvex your pets once a week and give them a flea-free summer. Obtainable from good dealers in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.

Wholesale Distributors:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd.
4 O'Connell Street, Sydney

PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF···KEEPS THEM OFF

SLEEP TO-NIGHT! END INSOMNIA.

Restful Sleep Assured Without Narcotics.

Few know that two genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets, before retiring, insure peaceful, restful sleep, but be certain you take only the genuine Bayer Aspirin.

Bayer, in 1900, told the medical profession of their new discovery, called Aspirin. Bayer asked physicians throughout the world to adopt it in Insomnia or sleeplessness; having demonstrated that it would quiet excited and overwrought nerves without harmful effect. Now millions find repose without the use of narcotics and habit-forming drugs.

Don't experiment! Be sure you obtain only the genuine Bayer Aspirin sold by Chemists in boxes containing 12 tablets and bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

The NEW Kathleen Court AUTOMATIC LIPSTICK

gives Glamour to Your Lips and Distinction to Your Hands!

★

When, with one hand only, you use the new Kathleen Court Automatic Lipstick, you apply the loveliest lip-colour cosmetic science has yet devised, with a patented case that is the world's last word! The case opens and closes with a slight flick of the thumb. The four shades, Light, Medium, Dark, and Orange, changing to Coral-Red, are fascinating in the extreme. Indelible? *You'll say they are!* At the smartest beauty counters, 3/6. World's lowest price for a genuine full-automatic imported Lipstick. ★ ★ ★

VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

Continued from Page 42

THERE would have been no Addie. She would never again have come forth, a swaying figure, light as a soap-bubble, in her blue crinoline and gipsy hat, from under the arch of hawthorn that he used to be able to see from his study window—the arch that was so sweet with flowers in May, so gay with red berries, musical with chirping robins, in the cold bracing Christmas time of England. When summer evenings were long and crystal-grey, so that you walked, after sunset, at the bottom of a transparent lake wherein the trees, the cottages, the looming stacks of hay and clover showed dimly flocculent, like weeds in water; when there was a smell of dew and of sweet cows' breath on the air, and peace, English country peace surrounded you, descended on you like a blessing—then there would be no one leaning over a garden gate, quite by chance, as you passed; no one, surprised to see you, who would venture forth in the late dusk "just for a very little stroll"; with the ever-looming menace of Papa in the near background, lending spice to an adventure that had always been innocent enough, God help her—and him.

Dances, dances in the wintertime and early spring, before the county folk went up to London; dances when there'd be no heart-shattering anxiety about the Vicar's family ark, whether it would roll up to the door or whether it wouldn't; whether, if it did come, Addie and he would manage more than three dances together, without the chaperon, some old aunt or other, calling Addie back and scolding her. Whether they'd succeed in getting away on to the schoolroom stairs, or to the far end of a conservatory, so that he could hold her flower-like little face in his hands, for just one minute out of all the years that ought to have belonged to them both, kiss and kiss the quivering mouth that ought to have been his, none questioning or hindering, for all the nights of his life. How that child could have loved him, and how she did love, in the scraps and moments of time that fed, and starved, their passion!

SHE would not have been there . . . The waltzes would have wailed their bitter-sweetness, the dance-shoes sounded, sliding on the floor, like the rustle of corn beneath a harvest breeze. The men with flying tails, the girls in their short bodices and swelling skirts, all afloat, wreaths in their hair, white shoulders rising from swathes of tulle like water-lilies in a stream, would have circled and circled, delicately embracing, with shining eyes demurely lowered, with thrills of delight passing unseen, from linked hand to hand. There'd have been lovers everywhere, love crying on the high strings of the violins, love sobbing, satisfied, in the deep notes of piano and bassoon. Somebody would have begun to sing the waltz songs, and in a moment the great room would be humming with:

"If in your heart a corner lies that
has no place for me,
You do not love me as I deem that
love should ever be,
Is there a single joy or pain that I
may never know?
Take back your love, it is in vain—
bid me good-bye and go.
You do not love me, no—bid me good-
bye and go.
Good-bye, good-bye, 'tis better so,
bid me good-bye and go."

And—

"Only once more, only once more
Dance with me, love, to-night,
Let us forget all our regret
Let us be gay and bright . . .

"After to-night, after to-night
What will the morrow be?
You in the light, I in the night
Out on the rolling sea."

Not a note of that music, not a word of those heart-searching waltz songs, that was not interwoven with thoughts of Addie. He'd have heard it all, danced to it all again—because you couldn't give up going out at thirty, in these days when every man of decent class had to be a dancer—and there would have been no Addie there!

Addie—nowhere! Addie gone forever!

How could he think he'd ever have endured it? How could he have stood the sticky affection of Caroline—who didn't really care for him, had only married him because he was well off, and an easy mark, and she was "getting on"—with the thought in his mind of Adeline at the other end of the world, married, maybe, to someone else?

He came back with a sweep to the present. Only ten paces up and down the ruined church had sufficed to paint the picture of what had been, might have been, perhaps would never be. Now he was back on this Pacific island, in the unalterable present, with Addie a prisoner among a pack of more or less sex-starved men, and himself caged like a trapped lion, in this unbreakable prison. People in books broke out of all sorts of prisons; he had read Monte Cristo, and Jack Sheppard, and the adventures of Casanova—but something always seemed to favor these lucky ones; gaolers went away for a whole night, or fell asleep, or allowed themselves to be drugged, bribed or killed. There were no chances of that kind on Vainamu. Apparently the Vainamuans had never read the literature of gaol-breaking; they didn't know their parts. Quite simply, they changed watches at the door, and kept alert and awake, so that nobody, be he ever so daring or resourceful, could have scraped holes in the coral walls and swallowed the dust, or swung himself up by a rope made of his bed-sheets—even if he'd had any—to the roof. They'd have been on him like a cat on a canary, before he'd well begun.

So, he was here in prison, with the sound of the big green combers creaming on the coral reef outside, and the coco-palms, clapping hands, and Busacott, tramping up and down at his side and saying things—what things?—about niggers.

"Ten little niggers," the sailor repeated. "Remember the song? 'Nine little niggers crying at their fate. One cried himself away, and then there were eight. Eight little niggers——' Just like us. Eight of us, all together, and now Black's out of it, and Robinson's one of the crowd more or less, we're gaoled, and Eleanor——"

He broke off, and shamelessly drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

Charles had little comfort to offer. He thought the disappearance of Eleanor looked "uncommon ugly," and he was privately convinced that some one of the men had carried her away. He didn't believe it was Malachi, though Malachi had certainly given her a leg-up through the window. That was just a piece of the fellow's nonsense; a regular Merry-Andrew he was. Probably someone had seen the poor girl as she was running away, and made off with her. Malachi? No, Busacott was talking through his hat.

If Charles had been given to self-analysis, which certainly he was not, he would have realised that no fellow of nineteen or so—all that he gave to Malachi—could possibly be attracted, in honor or otherwise, by a girl of twenty-three. Eleanor was really rather over-ripe. . . .

It was generally assumed, in Charles' day, that love kept within certain prescribed bounds, all apparent evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. If a man strayed into love for a woman older than himself, it couldn't be real love, and disaster was sure to follow. If a girl went as far as twenty-five or six unwedded, she was past hope; no one could possibly love her, with the terrible thirties impending. . . .

Hence, the convention of hiding a woman's age; the fiction universally held, that every married woman had been "led to the altar" by seventeen, eighteen at least. Charles, who swallowed popular fictions as readily as he tossed off a brandy and soda, believed all these articles of faith, without question. Busacott, product of a ruder life, long battered by contact with hard realities, didn't even know that there were rules, conventions regulating love. He simply thought that Malachi was a damned attractive young beast, and that if he'd laid a finger on Eleanor, he, Busacott, would rive the gizzard out of him, sooner or later.

In the meantime, he could only chew his nails, and make plans—always abortive—for getting out of prison.

Please turn to Page 46

My Love

My love has the soul of a mountaineer,
Proud as a forest tree,
The lilt of the dawn is in his eyes,
His laugh is a melody.
My love has the faith of a vagabond,
Free as the winds that blow,
He chained my soul to a memory
That will never let me go.
My love has the song of a gipsy man,
Tender and gay and true,
His lips meet mine in a bold caress,
And I am a gipsy, too.

—Mrs. C. W. Erskine Smith.

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser. ★★★

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

Not a Care in the WORLD.

THERE are thousands of women in this country (aye, and men, too) who haven't a care in the world, who can enjoy the evenings of their lives, safe and secure in the knowledge that their finances are in order; that they will have sufficient incomes to provide their simple needs to the end of their days. A.M.P. assurance has taken all the anxiety out of their lives.

Young husbands who want to take the anxiety out of their later years should talk over their affairs with the nearest A.M.P. counsellor and learn how small is the investment necessary to provide adequate assurance for this purpose. The younger a man is the less the annual or quarterly investment, so the wise young husband takes out as much A.M.P. assurance as his income will permit, and devises a plan that will expand as his income expands. His Plan may provide that part of his assurance shall be payable on his death and part when he is due to retire so that he and his wife may make a trip round the world or indulge in some other ambition dear to their hearts.

There is an A.M.P. policy, calling for very little higher investment, under which a man may arrange that he shall cease to pay premiums at any chosen age; at 60, for instance, when he is due to retire. There are A.M.P. policies to suit every need. No man has been fair to himself or his family until he has investigated them. That is why we say: Talk over your affairs with the nearest A.M.P. counsellor. Take him into your confidence and hear his advice. There is no obligation on you to take it, but you owe it to yourself to hear it.

If you prefer, send for a copy of "Investing in Happiness," a book that may give you a new outlook on life.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary.
A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager.
C. M. MARTIN, Secretary and Chief Inspector.

HEAD OFFICE:
87 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.
D. E. WALKER: Manager for New South Wales.

Branch Offices at:
Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.
District Offices throughout all States

Are the few shillings you save worth while?

You can buy a cheaper carpet sweeper than a Ewbank, but are the few shillings you save worth it? The sound mechanical construction of this famous British sweeper, and its many patents, guarantees perfect sweeping and hard wear for many years. It satisfies the most particular woman and that is why it pays to insist on a Ewbank. Yet they are very moderately priced at all big department and good hardware stores.

Factory Representatives:
Guthrie & Norton, Pty. Ltd., Box 2666 EE, Sydney
E.3-4

Ewbank
BRITISH CARPET SWEEPER

The barber lifted the young customer into his chair. "How do you want your hair cut, sonny?"

"Like Dad's, with a hole in the top."

Young man, when 2 B 1, U C,
Y, grocery bills etc double B;
I'd like some V's 4 bill 2 date,
Not I O U's 4 what U 8.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607144

Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!

This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crême Tokalon Vanishing (non-greasy) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon creams (Greasy for the evening, Vanishing for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3079 S.S. (Dept. 48 J), Sydney, N.S.W.

Crême Tokalon

VICTORIAN *Family* ROBINSON

CHAPTER 9.

FROM the roof white daylight fell, splintering on the strange rock, shaped like an altar, that dominated the interior of the cave. Beyond the rock the floor, encumbered with debris of ages, showed dull blue; the air was blue, the pavement of deep sea, that ran right in to the narrow floor and circled the walls, was colored like a flaming sapphire.

There are Blue Grottos in many parts of the world besides the tourist-haunted cave of Naples. All alike take their coloring from sun passing through sea water; all are fairy-like in loveliness. But perhaps there is not, among the hundred thousand isles of the tropic world, a grotto more beautiful than the hidden cave of Vainamu.

It was doubly hidden in the days of which we tell. The entrance from land was a mere cleft at the bottom of a rocky pit, well filled with trailing vines. The sea entrance, under water, could only be attained by a long and perilous dive. No one throughout the three-quarter century of the occupation of Vainamu, had chanced to find the cleft at the bottom of the uncovered pit of rocks; no one had known of the passage by which a strong man swimming and diving could gain the interior of the cave.

Until one day Malachi, the youth who was bolder, stronger, subtly different from the other men of Vainamu crouching under the shadow of the big rock that he had described—it was easily found, beyond the end of the big beach; it hid, conveniently, the depression that led to the Grotto. Malachi drew aside the vines and showed her the way down. "Don't be afraid," he said, "nobody knows of this place; climb carefully, don't slip, and by-'n-by I come."

In a moment he was gone, and the cool breath of the cavern, rising to meet her as she climbed down the rude, chimney-like approach, seemed to promise safety and peace.

Sinking into the enchanted beauty of the place as into a pleasant bed, feeling, for the first time in many miserable days, secure, she could not even find it in her heart to be troubled about the other women. Malachi would protect them, Malachi was wonderful. Malachi, by and by, would come back.

She did not know that she was hungry and thirsty. She did not feel, as the hours of the day went on, that she was tired, sitting and walking about among the fallen rocks, watching the play of the marvellous lights of sapphire and pearl that swept up from the sea floor. She was not conscious of any thought at all. She seemed to be enwrapped in a cloud of glory; to be floating as the blue and silver rays from the unseen sun floated in the water of the cave. Electric shocks swept through her when she thought of Malachi's gold glass eyes; recalled the dry warm clasp of his hand on hers. "I could die for him;" some second self within her seemed to say. She listened to it, amazed. This girl Eleanor, this girl who had never been in love, was saying strange things. Who would have believed it? Eleanor was not like that. Not like Addie, who spilled out her heart as the lily spills its scent, nothing keeping back. Eleanor hadn't loved the brown sailor Buzacott; Eleanor loved nobody, wanted—what did she want that no man could give her?

SHE did not care. Whatever it might be, she was ready to throw it down as she might have thrown away a string of jewels, needed no longer, at the feet of Malachi—those young feet, bare in loose sandals, that had trodden their way so swiftly into her life. Beautiful feet . . .

Yes, he was beautiful. She had never seen a beautiful man before. Officers of crack regiments, wondrous in full uniform at regimental balls; officers who, as she had been warned, were by mere virtue of their profession "so deadly fascinating"; gentlemen who played tennis gracefully, without undue exertion (for that was vulgar); who wore becoming flannel shirts, and tied silk cummerbunds about waists almost as slim as hers—these she had gazed upon unmoved, proud of her insensibility. It was not quite nice to notice gentlemen's looks . . .

But the looks of Malachi blasted their way into her heart. Nice or not nice, they were not the kind of looks that could be ignored. They didn't wait for you. They seized you, shook you, left you dumb and trembling.

For hours she remained hardly conscious of her surroundings; hearing nothing but the slow heave and suck of the sea-water, like the sound of a giant's breathing; the faint patter of small pebbles blown now and then by the wind down the rattling chimney cleft. Every time she heard this she trembled, clasped her hands, excitedly, together. Was somebody coming?

After hours the heart was shaken almost out of her by the sudden fall of something like a human body that came crashing down the chimney, fell on the strange natural altar-stone below, and bounced off it again to the cave floor. She could hardly bear to look at it.

No—it was not what she had feared. It was a bundle of mats, tied up with bush twine. Food appeared when she undid the strings; cooked fish and fowl, and bananas. There was a coconut cup as well. Already she had noticed a tiny spring that trickled down the walls.

There was something more—a tunic, undershirt, and girdle of creamy tapps cloth, like the clothes of the island women. Sandals. Fillet for the hair.

ELEANOR looked long at these. She felt that they were symbolical; that they had not been given to her merely as a change from the crushed, gaudy silks that she was beginning to hate. Malachi had sent them, because he wished to mark her for his own. And for some other reason, perhaps. She could only guess dimly what it might be.

At any rate, she was sure of her own mind. She didn't want to marry anyone—yet. But she did want to be engaged to this golden Malachi. She wished him to kiss her; she wished him to give up all thoughts of other women. She wished to make tremendous sacrifices for him; work for him, cook his food, tie his sandals even—she could see herself kneeling to do it, making, incidentally, a very graceful picture, with her red-gold hair falling forward over ivory shoulders and ivory tappa tunic. But actual marrying—no, she had had enough of that idea for a while. Besides, it would hurt Buzacott unbearably. He loved her so!

To think of life six months ago and life to-day! Then she was at home, protected from all danger; she was in England, the finest country in the world; she had, as a Vicar's eldest daughter, her place in that "county" society that was surely the best on earth. A happy lot? Well, she didn't know, but she did know that she would not have exchanged a day of her present position for another fifty years of it.

Danger, wild ships, wild seas, wild men. Love. Two men mad about her, twenty ready to marry her. No knowing what was going to happen to-morrow, where she would be in a month, a year. The heart of Eleanor beat high. This was Adventure; Adventure, strictly forbidden to all Nice Girls of her day, seized with both hands (though she was not to know it) by girls nice, nasty, half-nice, anything you please, in the century to come.

Thus her reactions, a thousand miles removed from the regrets and longings of Adeline.

Mechanically she rose; still dreaming, shed her heavy, silken clothes, put on the light shift and tunic, knotted the girdle, laced the sandals, gathered her springing hair into the fillet. She ran to the water's edge, and there, lit up by the last white rays of afternoon sloping through the chimney above, found her pictured image; found it very fair.

Old puzzles solved themselves in the twinkling of an eye; longings unnamed took shape and substance. All that she had wished to know she knew . . . or almost all. The chain of jewels need not be cast at the feet of golden Malachi. It might be worn as proudly as she chose. For the thing she had always longed for was Adventure, and Malachi and Adventure were one.

NOW she knew he was coming; she had heard the cautious approach, the faint slip of sandalled feet upon the stones. She would not look round. She was afraid now, for that she had given in to his first demand, laid aside her English clothing and dressed herself, as it seemed to her, like a savage woman. After all, what was this Malachi but a savage himself? She was afraid . . .

She flung herself on her knees before the stone that looked so like an altar and began to pray.

And there Malachi found her.

To be continued

HOSPITAL CURE . . . *for Crime*

Pilferers... "Whoopee Fans"... And Others

FROM OUR LONDON OFFICE

FOR a long time we have felt that certain types of "criminals" should be treated medically rather than by being given terms of imprisonment. The kleptomaniacs and the sex criminal, for instance, profit nothing from being in gaol.

But there is in London now, at a large West End hospital, a clinic where not only certain types of criminals, but all sorts of people who are badly adjusted to life, are treated medically.

The young person who thinks that every night should be a "whoopee" night, is here examined by neurologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists.

The patient is not bullied or punished, but persuaded to talk things over calmly with a kindly man, who hides a shrewd brain behind friendly eyes. He is never told that he is a "criminal" or in any way a social outcast, but made to realise that his conduct is wrong by suggestion alone.

It is hoped that a hostel will shortly be opened in London, at a cost of £20,000, where "patients" may be kept under observation.

It is certainly high time that civilisation took stock of its treatment of "crime."

WILL THE magistrate be replaced by neurologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists.

SHE LOST WEIGHT EACH WEEK

The Ideal Way to Reduce

A woman writes to tell how she is reducing excess fat—and her way seems to be the ideal way.

"I am 49 years old, 5 ft. 5½ ins. in height, and was 13 st. 8 lbs. when I started taking a level teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning. I went slowly down in weight—some weeks 2 lbs., others just 1 lb., until I got down to 11 stone. I have never felt better in my life than I do now, and I feel so much lighter and feel years younger."—(Mrs.) W. I.

The action of Kruschen Salts, taken regularly every morning, is to effect a natural clearance of undigested food substances and watery waste matter. It is that waste matter which is stored up in the form of ugly fat, if it is not regularly expelled.

Unlike ordinary salts, Kruschen does not aim to reduce by rushing food through the system—rather it is a superbly blended combination of six separate mineral salts which help glands, nerves and body organs to function properly. Kruschen strikes at the usual cause of fat.

Made Wretched by Nerves

Most of your present misery and wretchedness may be due to your nerves being tired and worn out. When you get easily upset, worry too much, feel morbid and depressed, and suffer terrible headaches, backaches or nervous indigestion, it is time to restore your shattered nervous system. Thin, devitalised blood, which has become impoverished through overstrain and over-living, is usually the cause of the trouble. Far too many people take too much out of themselves in their work and pleasures.

Once you have enriched and built up your blood you will feel robust and invigorated again, for the blood restores the nerves. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are proved by independent medical tests to amazingly increase the red blood corpuscles and haemoglobin content—in other words, help to make rich, red blood in abundance. As the enriched blood, created by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, flows to every part of your system, you will gain vitality, steady nerves and confidence. You will lose your backaches, headaches, the nerve strain and depression. Get a 3/- bottle of these pills to-day. At chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams' "—and take no other.***

Four "VAREX" Applications... Heal Bad Leg

W.D.R. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for varicose ulcers at any stage of development. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424M George Street, Sydney.***

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***

Edwin Holland *will tell you* FREE *how to* GROW HAIR

Before anyone can tell how to cure your baldness, a correct diagnosis of the exact cause of your baldness—not anyone else's but yours—is strictly essential. There are different causes of baldness, each calling for different treatment.

Edwin Holland, by over 50 years' unequalled success, has perfected a technique of studying every case FREE, BY MAIL. Diagnosis entails NO COST. The Edwin Holland treatments are inexpensive yet the most successful known. Grow thick, vigorous hair once more. Send no money. Tear this out, write your name and address in the margin, post to—

EDWIN HOLLAND
PTY., LTD.
349 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE C.1.

W.W. 23-3

Less than a minute to blend & boil.

SALTS, SEASONS THICKENS and BROWNS, instantly making Rich Brown Gravy for Soups, Stews, Pies, Puddings and all Savouries.

GRAVOX MAKES NO LUMPS

GRAVOX *The Ideal* **GRAVY MAKER**

Made by KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VICTORIA

"We tried all the different kinds of food on the market and went to no end of expense, but nothing seemed to do any good until I decided to give Neave's Food a trial, which I am pleased to state was a complete success. It is the best and absolutely the cheapest food obtainable."

Extract from a mother's letter.

Neave's Food

On sale everywhere.

FLY-TOX

Will Quickly KILL FLIES MOSQUITOES COCKROACHES

● Insects deserve no mercy; they are germ-laden, and a menace to life and health. Protect yourself from them! Spray genuine Fly-Tox regularly. Refuse all substitutes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607145

"DOCTOR SPORT" *the Best* MEDICO!

How the Will to Win Beats Physical Drawback

By RUTH PREDDEY

Miss Mona Leydon, the New Zealand swimming champion, who has just competed in races in Sydney, has given an example of the courage that is found in the sports girl and which eventually leads to victory.

She is an outstanding instance of the value of athletic games when combined with the right temperament in overcoming physical disabilities.

SUFFERING from infantile paralysis, she was advised to try swimming as a cure for this malady. Diffident about starting, she eventually made such headway—both medically and from a swimming standpoint—that she is the most accomplished woman swimmer in New Zealand at the present time.

And her case is not an isolated one.

Numerous cases can be cited where players have met with an accident while indulging in their particular game, and although they have been compelled to remain inactive over a long period, they have eventually returned to the game and have won their way to championship class.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding cases at the present time is that of Jack Crawford. He is a sufferer from asthma, and yet, in spite of this sickness, he has with indomitable courage won his way through to being champion tennis player of the world.

Requires Stamina

ANYONE who has played tennis knows the enormous amount of stamina and energy that is required to win even ordinary association championships, but we have a player in Jack Crawford who has been Australia's standby for nearly six years in Davis Cup matches, and who at the present time is ranked second in the world's grading list.

C. B. St. John, of Queensland, who was known as the "one-armed wonder," and who has represented his State as a tennis player on many occasions, is another whose fortitude and courage won him distinction. It is said that this one-armed player has also represented Queensland in football and cricket.

It is a most unusual thing to find any champion representing his State in three different sports, and to find a man who only has the use of his left arm winning his way through in this manner is little short of a miracle.

There are many cases of players overcoming physical handicaps.

Swimming Wins

AFTER the war many incidents occurred where players started out to play games minus legs or arms, but perhaps it has been proved that swimming is the best doctor of all games.

Annette Kellerman, the Australian long-distance swimmer, who earned a reputation abroad as being the most perfect specimen of womanhood, was considered a weakling in her early youth.

Another swimmer of renown, Ethelda Bliebtrey, who was the first international woman swimmer to visit Australia, suffered for years from curvature of the spine. She later became an Olympic champion, and Mrs. Chambers, who managed the women's team to the Olympic Games, said she was a very fine type of girl. No one would have imagined that she had started her swimming so heavily handicapped.

Sport is undoubtedly of great curative assistance, and perhaps swimming has proved the greatest medico of them all. But the outstanding fact is that there is something more in sport than just physical fitness, and no matter how handicapped a player may be, he or she can reach the championship class.

MISS KITTY MACKAY, who defeated the New Zealand champion, Miss Mona Leydon, in the 220 yards international scratch race at Bondi, Sydney, on Saturday. Miss Mackay, who has done very little training this year, is in excellent form, and is likely to prove a serious contender for the Australian championships next season.

FRENCH TEAM to *Visit* AUSTRALIA

Basket-ball Players Invited from Noumea

The visit of overseas sportswomen to Australia still continues, and the winter sports associations seem to be well catered for in this respect.

Probably the most unusual visit will be that which is to be arranged by the Australian Women's Basket-ball Association from the French settlement of Noumea.

Should the lively and energetic daughters of France appear on our playing grounds, there will be a big impetus to Australian interest in basket-ball.

MISS MARGERY HAYWOOD, the popular secretary of the New South Wales basket-ball team, has received a letter, written in French, from the Basket-ball Association in Noumea, New Caledonia, wherein the secretary expresses a desire for her to arrange for a visit of a women's team and a men's team to Australia this year.

With the letter a book of their rules was enclosed and Miss Haywood has translated them for perusal by her association, and, except for a few minor details, they conform to those that are at the present moment in force in Australia.

This year the annual interstate contests are schedule to take place in Tasmania, but in the event of Tasmania forfeiting the right to hold them the matches will be played in Sydney. Although it has not been definitely decided, it is known that the N.S.W. Women's Basket-ball Association is in favor of an invitation being forwarded to the New Caledonian Association.

In What Language?

THIS will be the first team of foreign women to visit Australia, and many amusing and interesting incidents are sure to arise.

In the event of their not being able to speak English, it can be safely assumed that the Australian umpires or those who will officiate at the matches will spend a great amount of their time in polishing up their French, for in basket-ball the mere blowing of a whistle is not a sufficient indication of a penalty.

Action, certainly do describe a lot, but here again they are not sufficient for the average player. Therefore, probably, much of the calling will be done first in French and then in English.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

HEADACHES
nearly drove me mad

"THE pain seemed as though it would never stop. I was nearly frantic . . . couldn't work . . . couldn't sleep . . . until a friend recommended NYAL ESTERIN tablets."

NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, the new non-habit-forming sedative which acts directly on the nerve centres and quickly soothes away all nerve pains. The ingredients in NYAL ESTERIN are regularly prescribed by Doctors, and are **safe** as well as sure. For prompt relief in all cases of ***headache, neuralgia, toothache, sleeplessness, rheumatic and nerve pains,*** take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN Tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

1/3

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431FF, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

W.W. 23/3/35

A lovely complexion is usually the result of keeping the body free of poisons—of keeping internally clean by daily elimination of food wastes.

Common skin troubles, doctors say, are mostly caused by one thing only—sluggish intestines. If you have a bad breath and suffer from a dull blotchy pimply skin and a ruined complexion—then you need a mild and gentle laxative to expel the poisonous food waste from the intestines.

CHAMBERLAINS TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double dull Silk Stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/- a pair. We offer to you three pairs for 5/-. Post Free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a pair of finest quality Dressmakers' Cutting-out Shears. These are made from finest Mirror Finished Stainless Steel, and length is full 8 inches. Don't miss this opportunity, and mention "The Women's Weekly."

Address only:

The Salvage Stores (Regd.)
38 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

SANIC OIL
The Great Family Remedy

INTERNAL USE
ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
CATARRH
COUGHS & COLDS

EXTERNAL USE
BRUISES
CUTS
ECZEMA
HEADACHE
SORES
SCIATICA
RHEUMATISM

Price 1/6
Family Size 2/6

On Sale at All Chemists and Wholesale Houses.

A *Real* NIGHT'S SLEEP IS A CERTAINTY! when you use a STANDARD HEAD BAND

Never fails to give that natural rest. No drugs. *Scientifically prepared*

Here is an article that will give you the habit of going to sleep when you want to.

The soothing, droway influence which it produces is a delight to those who cannot get their natural rest. Something new and good.

FREE FROM ALL HARMFUL DRUGS. FOR USE BY MEN, WOMEN, & INVALIDS.

We post it Free to any address for 7/6

STANDARD TRADING Co. LTD.
255A GEORGE ST. SYDNEY. Established 1912

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder Weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Lumbago, Burning Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigor, by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sissex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth, and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

STAMMERING CURED

by Specialist. MEDICALLY SCIENTIFIC METHODS. WRITE for free booklet: L. W. Dobson, 4th Floor, 391 Macquarie Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Late staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals. Low fee.

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.,
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6952

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Gold, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).

Backache?. Headache?
... *banish it with* PRESTO

Do not suffer Pain. Here's instant, amazing relief. Presto is the wonderfully effective new remedy—quicker, surer, and safer. It contains no harmful drugs, and does not affect the heart.

Try Presto for—Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Influenza, Colds, Toothache, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Earache, and all kinds of Pain. Presto also relieves indigestion.

The Purity of "PRESTO" Powders is Guaranteed, because they are manufactured by Elliotts and Australian Drug Ltd., the largest manufacturing chemists in Australia.

Box of 12 Powders or Bottle of 25 Tablets 1/6

P-16-18

DAVID JONES'

***ORDER BY MAIL**

Before you know where you are you'll find you'll need your new autumn outfit. If you order now from these exciting stocks you'll be smartly prepared when the first cool days begin to arrive!

has laid all the plans to make this

Your Best-dressed Year

Nowhere like David Jones' for

TWEEDS

We've been to Scotland. We've been to England. We've been to Ireland. We've visited every part of the globe that has a reputation for Tweeds. With the result that we've hunted down the most phenomenal collection of new Tweeds it's ever been our privilege (or yours) to witness.

Shagran Tweed 6/11

Small Chevron stripes and light contrasting Knopps are combined very smartly in this new Tweed. A medium weight with plenty of firmness for tailoring. Ground colours are various brown and blue tonings. Width, 54in. Yard, 6/11.

Shadow Check Tweed 9/11

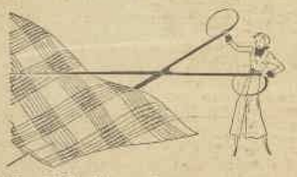
Rough, nubbly, aggressive to look at, pliable and soft to the touch! With a broad check design running through the weave, strong enough to have character, subdued enough to be perfectly harmonious. 54 inches. The yard, 9/11.

Opalin Tweed 9/11

Lightweight. A supple, crepey weave with threads that vary in thickness to give an interesting variety of texture. Nubbly flecks (of course) to add to its smartness. Mixed colors, jaffa brown, cocowood, boatblu predominating. 54ins. 9/11.

Boucle Tweed 12/11

The smartness of the small contrasting flecks, and the specially delightful colourings of this imported new Tweed are going to be in very high favour for winter suits and frocks! A medium weight, 54 inches wide. Priced at, yard, 12/11.



We'll do the CUTTING OUT FREE!

Purchase a McCall, Weldon or Home Budget Pattern with any of these new materials, and David Jones' will cut out the garment to your measure, free of charge. Cut out garments will be delivered if desired, within a few days.

MATERIALS AND PAPER PATTERNS—FIRST FLOOR

*** Free Printed Instructions for Continental Jumpers!**

Easy to follow instructions for exclusive new Jumper and Cardigan styles free if you purchase wool for making! Ground Floor, and new Wool Dept., 4th Floor.

David Jones' has the name for smarter

Sports Wear!

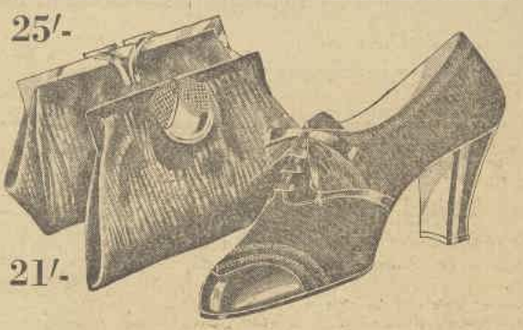
Here's just one style to prove that our boast is no idle one! A Jumper Cardigan of the very newest complexion, in brushed wool with a thick, cuddlesome texture, and colours that are deep, warm, and romantic (which is a fact!). Colours that you won't have heard of before. Such as Caballero rust, jaffa brown, oatmeal beige. With metal buttons for a crisp and sparkling finish. S.W. and W. **21/-**

SECOND FLOOR

"DELTA" SILK HOSE sell at the rate of 30,000 pairs per year!

Must be something very special about a stocking that sells like this! There is. It's good looking (eight thread pure silk, fully fashioned). It has all modern improvements (cradle foot, reinforced sole, stretchy lisle welts). The range of colours is splendid (cloud, satinwood, romany are very new!) and the pair only **3/11**

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR



25/-

21/-

A brand new notion!

"TREEBARK SUEDE"

In matching Handbags and Shoes

THE HANDBAGS are copied from exclusive imported models. In tailored pouch styles with exquisite details and finished with distinctive chromium or wrought metal mounts. Black, brown. 21/- and 25/-

ON THE GROUND FLOOR

THE SHOES are a brilliant new Styl-eez alliance of dull, patterned Treebark Suede with shiny patent leather and decorative stitching. In black or brown. Priced at, pair, 35/-

ON THE FIRST FLOOR

David Jones' first with UNSOILABLE

LUXAN HIDE

—resists even ink!

A rich new leather from London. You'll like the new, dull, worked finish, the smart tailored styles, and particularly the fact that you simply can't mark, stain, or make the surface of this handbag old and haggard! Brown, fawn, grey. From 30/-

HANDBAGS — GROUND FLOOR

ALL ONE PRICE

10/- for plain marle or mohair FELTS

Wonderful value, and a particularly wonderful variety of styles, makes this a notable offer of new autumn hats. Lightweight sports Felts with medium or wide brims, smartly blocked and tucked crowns. Colours are black, brown, white, sailor blue, many new shades of fawn, and many pastels.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT ON THE SECOND FLOOR

DAVID JONES' POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503 AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

REMEMBER DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607147

THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY
28 MAR 1935
NEW SOUTH WALES

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

WINNER TAKE ALL

By...

J. P. Marquand

Complete Book-length Novel

This Supplement Must Not Be Sold Separately.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607148

Winner Take All

By J. P. MARQUAND

BEFORE the railroad uncoiled its steel in the Smooth Rock country, Boiling Forks was a settlement to be reached, if one wanted to go there, over a fifteen-mile waggon track, mostly through the woods, from the railhead down at Evans, or else by canoe down the chain of lakes. It consisted of a dozen log and frame buildings, rising out of stump lots beside the dark water of Cloud Lake, beneath an endless arch of windy sky. A rut road started at the landing by the lake shore and ran out of sight through the black woods. A humming, roaring sound of swift water always came from the trees which hid the rapids where Boiling River left Cloud Lake due west, and that roaring of the water was the only reason for Boiling Forks. It had grown up at the beginning of the two-mile portage around the rapids on the immemorial highway of the Smooth Rock lakes and streams. It had boomed in the old Smooth Rock gold rush, and it flattened out when the boom went flat, and when Jim Laneer first knew it, Boiling Forks was dying down.

But in the autumn it still had lively nights. Sometimes there used to be a dozen canoes and boats drawn up on the beach, and wood smoke blended with the smell of spruce and fresh water in the purity of the cold air. The air had a perpetual chill in it, so that even on a summer day there would be a memory of the winter. Drink used to be the simplest way to escape from that reality, and the Cloud House was the place to drink. Ma Swenson kept the Cloud House then, a remnant of the gold-boom days, and kept the girls for the dance floor—fat, ugly girls. Men from a hundred miles radius used to stop there in the autumn on their way to the trap lines north or the lumber camps down south.

Jim Laneer put in at Boiling Forks on an October evening—the last October before the railroad came through—with two years' savings from the lumber camps in his money belt and the deeds to half a dozen parcels along Horse Tail stream sewed inside his shirt. He met Mary Ware that same evening. He met her half-contemptuously, in the way his kind met women. There was not a girl Jim Laneer could not have had, because he was the best man in the place, six feet two in his socks, and willing to tackle any other man alive.

"Why, hello, kid," he said to her. "And what are you doing here? Just waiting, were'nt you, for me to come along?"

WHEN he came in that evening, old Gus from Three Mile Harbor was playing his accordeon, roaring out a song, and everyone was singing. There must have been a dozen men of all ages in the big room by the air-tight stove—some around a table, playing poker, some dancing with Ma Swenson's girls, some standing at the bar. He could read their faces like a book, because their faces were all alike, clear-eyed, perpetually watchful faces, touched with the same loneliness, and lighted by the same capacity for pleasure—simple, hard-living faces, stamped with violence and toil. But everyone was singing.

He walked up to the bar and began to smile, because he always liked a crowd; he was always the centre of a crowd, able to swing it and to run it.

He liked to feel the crowd's response; he liked to touch their hands.

"Whisky, Pete," he said. . . . "'Evening, Bill. . . . 'Evening, Joe. . . . 'Evening, Slim."

He drank his whisky neat, and smiled.

"Set 'em up, Pete," he said. "The drinks are on me, boys, and tell me—what's the news?"

"Where you been that you ain't heard?" asked someone.

"Here and there," said Jim, "and over to McClane's camp."

"You workin' for McClane?"

"No," he said. "I'm settin' off to trap up Horse Tail way."

"There ain't no money trapping," someone said. "The store takes it out of you. A feller gets drunk, and there he is."

"Maybe you," said Jim. "Not me. Boys, you stay by me. I'm going to own this country."

THEY began to laugh, and he laughed back.

"Pete," he said, "you set 'em up again. I'll take care of my crowd, and I'll have to have a crowd to do it. You wait and see. I know how it's done. I'm going to own this country."

"How?" asked someone. "Trappin'?"—and they began to laugh.

"Boys," said Jim Laneer, "you wait and see. You know me. Well, you pass the word to stick by me, now this place is opening up. As sure as I'm Jim Laneer, born in Mine City, I'm going to run this country, now the railroad's coming in."

"Yeh," said someone. "And maybe you'll tell us how."

Jim Laneer drank his whisky neat, and set down his glass. He could make a crowd believe him when he talked. He knew just what to say.

"Boys," he said, "are we going to let some lousy crowd of outsiders come here and clean us out? You stick by me, and I'll show you. There's no reason for McClane to come setting up in here, if you only have the guts ——" And he continued talking as he had talked to others a dozen other nights. He could always make them listen.

Then an old man was speaking to him. He had a white beard stained by tobacco juice, dim, bloodshot eyes that seemed to look a long way off. His clothes were discolored by the sun and rain; his hands were bleached like dead wood.

"Why, howdy, Jim Laneer," he said. His voice was thin and high, rolling in a plaintive cadence like an echo. "Jim, you're lookin' mighty fine, and I've heard this talk before. I like to hear boys shoutin' out. It's like how the Windigo keeps bellerin'. I've seen him, grinning at me across the fire. He's out there waitin', and that's why what I'm tellin' you is true. Don't you raise a finger to the woods, or them woods'll get you. You can't beat the woods!"

The old man was called "Uncle," and he was a type common to the country, with a mind half touched by solitude, but up at Smooth Rock it was neither startling nor interesting that the woods had made men queer.

"Yes," he said. "They'll git you. Where's Mine City now, and where's the cabins up Clear Stream? The woods has choked 'em, an' dead men turn to popple trees. I know, because I hear 'em talk. You can't beat the woods."

"Pete," said Jim Laneer, "give Uncle a drink . . . Here's looking at you, Uncle."

Then he saw Slim Nelson beckon to him. Slim Nelson was a friend of his, lanky and thin-lipped, speaking in an easy drawl.

"Jim," he said, "Red Hobbs is here. I thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks, Slim," he said. "I'm not afraid of Hobbs."

"He's likkered up," said Slim. "He's got a gun. Since the time you licked him he aims to kill you, Jim. I thought you'd like to know."

Jim Laneer nodded.

"Pete," he said, "set 'em up for the boys. I can handle Hobbs."

"I was only telling you," said Slim, "that he aims to kill you. I'm a friend of yours. That's why I'm telling you."

"Thanks," said Jim. "If anybody sees Red Hobbs, tell him where he can get another licking . . . Why, 'evenin', Ma! You're looking fine to-night!"

Ma Swenson had come waddling down the stairs in a velvet dress as spotted as her face.

"'Evenin', Jim," she said. "Now, you listen to me. I don't want no trouble in my house, I mean. I mean Red Hobbs is down to Lou's, and I don't want no trouble in my house, you hear?"

"Ma," said Jim, "you take a drink. How're the girls behaving, Ma?"

"The young ladies is all right," said Ma. "You come to the office. I want a talk with you."

It was just as he turned to follow her that he looked across the room. The room was growing crowded and heavy with tobacco. Gus was playing the accordeon, and one of the girls was laughing. The life he had always known was moving fast there, making a frame for what he saw. For the first time he noticed a girl he had never known, sitting on a bench in the corner, staring straight ahead of her because she was afraid. She looked torn and soiled, as though she had slept in her clothes, and she looked hungry. Her hair was golden brown, her throat was white, and he could see the pulse beating in her throat because she was afraid. Her face was delicate, like china. He had never seen a girl's face so delicate and thin.

"Who's that girl?" he asked.

"Oh, her?" said Ma. "She's a play-actin' girl. She come as far as Evans, and the show went bust. I picked her up to Evans, and she was glad to come."

"She's scared," said Jim.

"Sure," said Ma. "She would be."

"I'll bet," he said, "she don't know why she's here."

"Suppose," said Ma, "you 'tend to your own business. Come on. I want to see you private."

A DEAL table, a chair and a safe were the only furnishings in the office, and though the door was shut, the noise filtered through it from the room outside. Jim Laneer gave a pull to his

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607149

buckskin coat and sat down on the table edge, staring at Ma carefully as she sat down on the single chair. He was always careful with Ma Swenson. The chair creaked beneath her weight; the table creaked when she leaned her elbows on it.

"Where you goin'?" she asked.

"Trapping," he said. "Up Horse Tail way."

"You ain't," said Ma. "You ain't a fool. You been buyin' land."

"All right," said Jim, "since you're so smart. Two thousand acres and options along either side of Horse Tail between Gull and Beaver—white and Norway pine. I got it cheap. Now everybody's cruising, I'm going up to have a look."

"Think you're smart. I'll give you five thousand for that land; more money than you ever seen."

"So you've seen the cruisers coming through?" he cried. "McClane's outfit's buying. You don't need to tell me, Ma. Now the railroad's coming, they'll run out timber. Well, I'm here first. I'm not selling now."

"Think you're smart, don't you?" said Ma. "What's two thousand acres?"

"Maybe you've never seen the map," said Jim, "and you haven't been inside, but I'll tell you, if you want to know. Watch my finger on the table. Here's Horse Tail running into Beaver. Horse Tail's the only stream to run out logs from out in back, and I own both sides. They'll have to dam Horse Tail to float anything out from back, and all the good timber's back inside. I can make a lot of trouble if I want. It'll take a heap of time before they can dam Horse Tail, if I don't want it. I can tie 'em up in knots. I don't know—maybe I'll develop Smooth Rock, not McClane. Ma, you better stick with me."

"You seen seein' lawyers?" Ma asked.

"Yes," he said. "That's why I'm going up inside—to look out for my land."

Jim Laneer rolled a cigarette and looked at the bloated woman sitting there, tolerantly, for she was a part of the life he knew, garish, unrelieved by beauty.

HE did not tell her all he knew, but he told her just enough. He knew that if he were drunk enough, Ma Swenson would take his money and throw him out-of-doors. He knew that she would cheat him if she could, but he bore her no ill-will, because she was a part of a simple equation. There were no points of ethics in that country except sticking by your crowd.

"What's the good in lawyers? They'll lay you out," said Ma.

A cloud of cigarette smoke rolled between them, and he stared into the smoke. The whole of Smooth Rock country seemed to be there in the smoke, spread before his half-closed eyes—a rolling, endless country of big and little lakes and streams, islands and headlands of smoothed-off granite, dipping sheer into clear water, covered almost to the water's edge with a carpet of spruce and moss, and dark glades of the pine. He had no love for it or hate. He only had the wish to strip it clean.

"Ma," he said, "what are we all here for?"

"Because we have to be, you fool," Ma told him. "When I clean up, I'll dust outa here so fast you won't see smoke."

"Sure," he said, "that's what the place is for—to take what you can get and go. And I've seen everybody try since I was a kid. The trappers took the fur until it's mighty thin. I used to watch 'em at Mine City, going up to try to take the gold. I've seen the country get 'em. Well, it's time to take the timber, and I'm coming in the game. If you're strong enough, you take, and I guess I'm strong enough."

"Oh, are you?" said Ma. "You're high, wide and handsome, but there's others who can take, you hunky. They'll gang up and beat you, so you won't be the same. You'll never care what happens, once they get through with you, you sap. When six good hogs takes the boots to you, you'll be sick of law, and limpin' to your grave."

Jim Laneer half closed his eyes again, but he watched Ma Swenson all the time.

"Yes," he said, "and you'd rent your house to have 'em do it in, if you got paid enough. Just the same, I own both sides of Horse Tail, and I might not get driven out. Maybe I hold some acres, Ma. You'd better stick with me. I'll do right by my crowd."

"Dearie," said Ma, "there's lots can drive you out. You ain't James J. Hill."

Then she stopped. A man outside was screaming. She waddled from her chair and opened the office door.

"Don't it beat hell?" said Ma. "There's Uncle having the horrors again. Some of you boys git holt of him and heave him out."

Jim Laneer followed her incuriously.

"They're comin'!" Uncle was screaming. "It's them woods! . . . Keep 'em away! . . . You can't beat them woods!"

No one was greatly moved, since the occurrence was almost customary. The accordion went squeaking on, and somebody began to laugh, but something in the place had changed. His instinct, which was his guardian angel, told him of a change. Before Jim Laneer saw him, he knew Red Hobbs was in the room. He had come in while they were talking in the office, and there he was, bending over the strange girl sitting in the corner.

"WHY, hello, sweetie!" he was shouting. "This is kissin' time!"

There were fine specimens of men in Smooth Rock, but Red Hobbs was the best of the lot. Vitality ran beneath his skin, magically, like rippling water. Vitality was glowing like a halo from the shock of his red hair, and the beauty of his strength gave a lightness and poise to his heavy body. His trousers were tucked into heavy boots; his Mackinaw coat was checked with green and red, leaving a memory of bright, prismatic color; and his face was impossible to forget. It was a face that might come in dreams, restrained by nothing. Pale, small eyes glowed from it, a whitish blue against the beef red of his cheeks. They were the eyes of an unbalanced mind, and Jim Laneer knew the man was mad. He knew there was no use in argument or reason.

"You heard me, sweetie!" Red was shouting. "This is kissin' time!"

Then Jim Laneer heard the girl say:

"Don't! Please don't!" And he walked carefully across the floor.

"Red, that's my girl," he said.

He had no intention of chivalry. He was only seeking the first excuse, because he knew Red Hobbs was dangerous that night, and because he found it better to walk into danger than to wait for it.

Red Hobbs whirled around, and his face turned blackish red.

"Well," he shouted, "I been lookin' for you. Take this and say your prayers!"

Someone screamed, and a table and a chair crashed over. It was against the code to use firearms, but Jim Laneer was ready. As Red Hobbs stepped back and reached for his pocket, he knew exactly what it meant—that he would die if he was not quick.

"All right, Slim!" he shouted. "You're behind him!"

He staked his life on Hobbs being fool enough to turn around. He turned, and his turning enabled Jim Laneer to snatch the half second that he needed. They closed chest to chest, swaying sideways as Jim Laneer got Red Hobbs' wrist in both his hands, and he could handle anybody back in those days. He had not only strength, but the gift of applying it where it was least expected. They could not have stood more than half a second, breathing harsh and deep against the silence of the room. Red Hobbs' revolver exploded, pointed at the floor, just before Jim Laneer wrung it from his hand. He moved a half pace backward, holding the barrel of the weapon—a single-action .45—in his right hand, and every move he made was so accurate that the thing seemed simple. He did not hesitate an instant—he knew too much for that. He had a glimpse of Red Hobbs' face, and then he smashed the revolver butt with all his force into Red Hobbs' jaw.

A smear of blood came over Red Hobbs' face, spreading like a curtain; his hands half dropped to his sides, and his pale eyes stared out in a startled sort of wonder. Jim Laneer struck him again as he stood swaying on his heels, and Red Hobbs crumpled forward on the floor.

THERE was an instant's silence, not of horror, but of tribute. There was an intake of breath, a universal sigh, now that it was over, and he heard Ma Swenson speaking.

"Weren't that neat? Weren't that neat, though?"

Jim put the revolver in his pocket and turned away.

"Throw him out, Slim," he said, "and, Pete, set 'em up for everybody. They're all on me. . . . Gus, strike up the band. D'you think we're at a wake?"

Then he looked at the girl and smiled.

"Why, hello, kid," he said. "What are you doing here, kid? Waiting, I guess, for me to come along."

"Did you kill him?" she asked. "You must have killed him."

Then he knew that she came from a land which he had never touched. As he stood smiling at her, he could understand that her delicacy and strangeness made her beautiful. She was new to him—all new.

"Why, say," he said. "They don't kill here as easy as that. You ought to see what some of 'em have taken. It was either him or me, and that's the way it is here—them or you."

Her face quivered, and she drew the back of her hand across her eyes. When she spoke, he knew she was not speaking to him.

"What am I going to do?" she said, and when there was no answer, she repeated that question hopelessly.

He knew there was nothing for her to do, but her utter helplessness was appealing. Her helplessness astonished him, but there was no chivalry in what he did that night.

"I guess," he said, "this is mighty new to you."

"Yes," she said, "it's new."

He looked at her and looked away.

"Where you come from, kid?" he asked.

"The East," she told him. "Massachusetts."

"I saw a feller from there once," he said. "I guess it's different there."

She folded her hands and sat up straight, not looking at him at all.

"Yes," she said, "it's different."

"Kid," he asked her, "what's your name?"

Suddenly her voice was sweet, like the ringing of a bell.

"Mary Ware," she told him. "I ran away. I saw the show in town."

HE had an understanding of men and women, not sympathetic, but absolutely accurate. He knew exactly what she meant, as though she had told him everything. He looked at her, and looked away again. He could even tell that she was not thinking of him at all—that he was not a person to her, but a voice. She was speaking to herself when she went on, and not to him.

"I guess I'll have to kill myself," she said.

There was one thing he was sure of—she was not appealing to him. She was

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607150

answering her own question, utterly alone in the silence of her thoughts.

"I guess," he said, "you wouldn't dare."

She looked at him as though she had seen him for the first time. Her eyes were the same, but he could seem to see behind her eyes—a long way off.

"I don't want to die, but I'm not afraid," she said.

He knew she was not afraid, and then he knew that there was something in her which she must give, but which no one could ever take. The idea that there was such an attribute in a woman amazed him, because the idea was wholly new, and it was that—he was frank enough to admit it—and no thought of pity which made him say what he did.

"Listen, kid," he said. "You're too young to die. I'm going up Horse Tail way. There's a cabin there. You'd better come with me—along."

He saw her look at him, not startled, not entirely afraid.

"Where's Horse Tail way?" she asked.

"Maybe three days out, packing in a load. I'll look after you all right."

"Who else is there?" she asked.

"No one else," he said, "in fifty mile. Just you and me."

When he said it, he felt shy for the first time in his life, and she smiled at him—the first time he saw her smile.

"I guess," she said, "you'll think better in the morning." He recalled later that he had never so much as touched her hand.

"No," he said, "I won't. It's better than just dying, and I'll look after you."

"What's your name?" she asked, and he began to laugh.

"Say," he said, "my name is Jim Lancer."

"I've never been anywhere like that," she said.

"Listen," he told her, "I'll look after you. Go upstairs, and meet me here at three o'clock. We'd better pull out quiet—and don't you be afraid."

He stood up, and she stood up, and suddenly his heart began to thump like an Indian drum.

"Good night, kid," he said. . . . "You, Pete, set up the drinks. Gus, strike up the band."

CHAPTER 2.

IT was still pitch dark when they got to the store where he had left his packs, but Sam Smith was up to let them in, and wood was already crackling in the airtight stove. In the stuffy yellow lantern light there was a smell of wool and skins and coffee; a hundred scents were mingling into one, as though the world reached out a hand to touch you before you went away.

"She's going," Jim Lancer said. "Pull her an outfit. I want to get over to the Gut while it stays calm."

Sam Smith walked noiselessly over to the shelves and began pulling down a pair of blankets and a heavy blanket coat, but he showed no curiosity, because time had given him serenity. As though he did it every day, he picked out what a woman should wear.

"Kid," said Jim Lancer, "you go out back and put 'em on. It's sharp out on the water."

Sam lighted his pipe and said:

"I'll help you load."

"Thanks," said Jim. "I want to get away."

Sam spat upon the stove and said:

"Hear you run into Hobbs last night."

"You got ears, old man," said Jim Lancer.

"Red says he's goin' in after you. Thought you'd like to know."

Jim set a pack down on the pier and stood up straight.

"Listen, old man; Hobbs always talks. He needs a canoe and grub to get where I'm going. How's he going to get it? Hobbs, he hasn't any money."

Sam spat over the edge of the pier before he answered.

"Someone might give him money. Someone might like to see you out. McClane's grabbing land up near Horse Tail. He's got cruisers up in yonder. He's got a city fellow—Murch, he's called—down to Evans looking over things. Murch, he's been up here already. Thought you might like to know."

It was the first time Jim had heard of Murch, a common name which dropped out of his memory. He was only thinking of loading his canoe.

"Old man, you're wild," he said. "McClane wouldn't send any killer after me. He ain't as raw as that."

Sam looked at him mildly and changed the subject.

"Got any rope?" he asked. "Knew you was forgetting something. You'll need a coil in yonder. I'll fetch you some that's just come in—Manila, with a blue strand run through it. Never seen any like it in this country. Never."

Jim remembered what Sam had said a long time later. That blue strand in the rope was going to tie him hand and foot, but he did not know it then.

The girl had come back and was watching them. Old Sam was still talking as they worked by the canoe.

"Up to Mine City, Crazy Bill is took again. Joe Utuk said Bill come for him with an axe. Thought you'd like to know."

"Like as not I'll be seein' him," said Jim. "I can handle Bill."

THE canoe was eighteen feet of birch bark without a single nail in her. They loaded her as carefully as though she were an eggshell floating on the water.

"Are we going in that?" she asked.

"Get in there—so," said Jim; "and set there—so. She's cranky."

He crouched on his heels in the stern and took up the paddle.

"Sam," he said, "I'll be seein' you. And tell Red to keep away. So long."

They might have been going into nowhere. The world might have been all water before the daylight came. It was calm, dead calm, and the canoe went through a layer of mist curling from the water, clammy mist as thick as smoke. Sip, the paddle would take the water; then slowly. The only speed was when the blade was out, moving for another stroke. For a moment he could think that they were floating through the air like mist, and that they were as formless and a part of that still air, but he seldom had such thoughts as that. The idea was erased by a blank and watchful peace, as though he were going somewhere too large for thought. He could not see her; she was hardly a shadow against the mist.

"Are you all right, kid?" he asked softly. His voice and his step were always soft, once he was going to the woods.

"Yes," she said. "It's dark."

"It'll lighten up," he said, "and breeze up, along in another hour. I aim to be near the Gut by then."

"You might think we were dead," she said. "It's all so dark."

The idea disturbed him, because the thought came back to him again that they were a part of the air and mist.

Though the dawn was like every other he had known, its details were vivid whenever he thought of her. Everything grew black and white—white mist, steel-grey water. The sky was smoky grey, and the shore, a long way off, was a low black line of spruce. The islands were black smears, reeking with the mist. The colors of the sky and shore were on her face.

"Well," he said, and grinned at her, "it's light and we're not dead."

The mist was rising in that pitiless early light, breaking with a stirring in the air, until the islands and the shore were reflected in tranquil water. The sky was growing cold and pink, and the spruce stood against the faintly colored clouds like the teeth of a saw. In five minutes the tip of the sun came up like fire.

THEY were coming in among the islands at the head of Cloud Lake, each island like a miniature, utterly untrodden world, where stunted cedar hung above the water, struggling through fissures in the granite, and where the spruce rose from a deep bed of moss and bushes whose leaves were turning gold. The islands were gold and green as soon as the sun was up. The breeze which was rising with the sun made the leaves of the poplars dance, restless and golden, and sent down showers of gold leaves on the water. Now and then they were so close inshore that the smell of the woods was all around them. There would be the dank of moss and decaying logs, and the haunting scent of fir.

When the sun was up half an hour, he headed in toward a strip of sand between two points of rock.

"Easy," he said. "These birch barks are mighty tender. I'd better lift you out."

When he held her she seemed as delicate as that canoe. Everything he did was worn smooth by habit, but it was different when she was there. As he touched a match to a strip of birch bark, and set the water right, he saw her standing very still, looking across the water.

"What's the matter? Lonely, kid?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It's beautiful."

He stood up with a bag of coffee in his hand.

"What's beautiful?"

"Everything," she said.

He could not understand her. She could see something which he had never seen.

"Shucks," he said. "This here is just measly spruce. The pine won't begin till we get up to Gull. There's bottom land up there, and it's handsome pine."

Then she was pointing to a clearing up the beach.

"What are those poles?" she asked.

"Them?" he said. "Wigwam poles. That's where the Indians camp. They leave 'em—see—here so often along, and when they come, they take out rolls of birch bark. They carry 'em—see—all rolled and stitched together, and wind 'em around the poles, and there you are."

"Are there Indians now?" she asked.

"Why, kid," he asked her, "where've you been? Why, you and I are travelling in an Indian bark canoe. Why, yes, there's Indians. They come this way to the store, but they don't bother when they're not in liquor. Like as not we'll see some families when we get up to Beaver. Yes, there's Indians."

THE bacon was frying and the coffee was boiling above the tiny fire. He would not let her help that morning, because she did not know how.

"Do you like me, Jim?" she asked. "I mean, do you think you'll like me?"

"Yes," he said, but he knew already there was something in her which he could not touch.

"Yes," he said. "You're beautiful," and then her voice was like a bell again, ringing through all that time.

"You'll be good to me," she asked him, "won't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Sure. Yes."

That was all he could think to say. The day would come back to him vaguely, like water rippling in the sun, and his words and her words meant nothing. He might have known there would never be a time like that again, when the world and everything stepped back, leaving them alone.

The rapids up Out River sounded first

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607151

like wind in the poplars, until their sound became a derisive shout, which made you raise your voice against the sound. She walked beside him, up and down the portage, while he carried up the loads, and he laughed when she asked him if he was not tired.

"Why," he said, "this here's no carry. It's the old Mine City portage. Everything's clear up to the city."

She asked him—he did not blame her—what city? How could there be a city there?

"Boom town," he said. "Don't they have boom towns where you come from? They combed this out for gld. Everything for up inside was packed along this trail. They came up by hundreds then. Mine City, up on the point at Carrot Lake, was where they rested. The company sunk a shaft there. Say, it was a gay place once, but now the buildings are caving in and everybody's gone. Why, I was born, brought up there mostly. It's like that up here—a crowd comes in, and then it goes. You'll see Mine City, 'long toward sundown, caving in, and we'll stop in there to-night. They came in there to take, but the woods fooled 'em. Well, they won't fool me. You like this, don't you, now the sun is shining, and the water kind of laughs?"

"Yes," she said. "It's beautiful."

He tossed his load down and straightened up his back. Even with the load off, the weight still seemed to rest on his shoulders.

"Maybe," he said, "but never you forget. We're getting inside now. It'll kill you if it can."

EVERYTHING was watching him, the way it always did. The spruce across the stream was like a wall, hiding something, and he was speaking to the country, not to her.

"This here's not friendly. You've got to watch it all the time. There's rocks to smash up a canoe, and holes in the moss to break a leg, and I know places where you're lost as soon's you turn around. It's waiting here to fool you, just as soon as you stop watching."

"You mean," she asked, "you hate it?"

"No," he said, "I don't hate it. You can't hate something that's so big, but when you come here to take something, why, it's either it or you, and maybe it's only fair."

Only afterward it came over him that something in each of them had been speaking to the other all that day along the trail without either of them knowing. It was so clear afterward that he could detach himself from the day, and look kindly on him and her, paddling through the grey dead spruce of Five Mile Swamp, and carrying across the rise through a clean and untouched world. There he was, back somewhere in the years, lean and hard and never tired, in his felt hat and deerskin shirt, and there she was in her blanket coat, staring with wide grey eyes at things he could not see, not thinking of herself. Sometimes he could wonder if their memories might not be moving somewhere up there still.

Suppose he went up to Five Mile, would he and she be there? If they were, they would be sad, like the memory of the old Five Mile, now that the spruce was gone. He would think of the madness which had made him take a city girl up there, and yet it was always natural and absolutely right.

He showed her this and that, all sorts of common things—the old beaver dam at Mud Creek, half-covered by small poplar, and the mounds of the deserted lodges in the marsh, which stood, although the beaver had been trapped out thirty years ago. They came on moose at Sandy Carry—a young bull and two cows—nosing for lily roots, knee deep in the still water. The beasts raised their heads and stared a while before they went shambling off into the wall of trees. If he had wanted, he could have killed the bull, but there was no use, when moose were thick at Horse Tail. He could almost think he had given her a present when he showed her those three moose. She was as amazed and pleased as that.

WHEN she had heard the loon laugh around the point at Wind Lake, he laughed when she jumped. She had never heard a loon; and what she said surprised him when they first saw Wind Lake. It opened up before them all at once, a half-mile of still water, like a mirror for the trees, and that wild laughing of the loons hung above it.

"Something was here," she said. "It'll be back when we are gone."

And he knew what she meant. Solitude up there was like something you might almost see, so real it might speak.

"Kid," he said, "you never want to talk like that. It gives you spells. There's always something everywhere up here."

"It might be God," she said.

Slip, the paddle went into the water, and that was the only sound.

"I went to camp meeting when I was a kid," he said. "A feller came up to Mine City. I guess everybody has a different kind of God. Now, there's the Indians' God and the minister's God. It's what you make in your own mind, I guess. Say, maybe I've got one. What made you think of that?"

"The trees in the lake," she said. "Don't you ever see a thing and think?"

"No," he answered. "Up here I only think of living, and maybe that's enough. Something comes, and there it is, and you can't stop it, thinking."

"I mean," she said, "don't you ever see something that mean's everything there is? As though it spoke?"

He knew then—he always knew—that there was a long way dividing him and her. Often they each were in a different place, though they might be side by side. The Smooth Rock which she saw was beyond the concrete clearness of his sight. It must have been a fine place that she saw, and perhaps what she saw was true. But now and then their minds and spirits would come together as though they had been speaking all the time. Up at Mine City was the first time that it happened, entirely because he had been fool enough to let his thoughts stray off. It was when they might have both been killed that night that a voice inside him which he had never known called out to her, and a voice called back to him.

CHAPTER 3.

HE had a sense of time which was as accurate as a watch. They came to Carrot Lake perhaps at half-past four, when the sun was getting low. It was the time when the arch of the sky seemed to flatten out into a new immensity, so that over to the westward beyond the level of the woods the banks of cloud looked like islands on a sea. The clouds were a grey purple all in jagged strips, and the water was beginning to take the color of the clouds, as it always did toward dark. There was wind in the clouds, and there would be rough water coming into Beaver in the morning.

"Why, look," she said. "Are those houses?"

She was pointing toward the end of Carrot Lake, and her voice made the sight stranger than it ever had been. He could believe that the buildings they saw on a point two miles away were not real, because they were utterly without reason there against the woods. He cleared his throat and answered:

"That's Mine City, kid. It's dead." Then he added, although he knew he had told her: "I was born there. My folks kept the hotel. We'll stay in the hotel to-night, unless the roof is down."

Whenever he thought of the country as something implacable and living, he knew that he was right, once he saw Mine City. The black ring of the forest was reaching for it, about to seize it like a hand. The snow and the cold had wracked the buildings until they sagged like tired men about to fall. The water was black as ink where it lapped against the piling of the wharf, where its timbers caved, sinister and rotten, into the lake. The loneliness would make him catch his breath, because he could remember when it was alive. He would be standing on the wharf again, watching as the boats came in, filled with men on their way up-country. He could hear heavy boots on the log walks, shuffling toward the general store, and he could hear them shouting up at the hotel.

He drew the canoe up very carefully on the beach. The sun would be down in half an hour. Then he picked up his rifle, because he had seen a lynx there once, and they walked up the hill.

"This makes me sad," he said, and then she asked:

"Why did anyone come here?"

"Why, kid," he said, "they came to take. Nearly anyone'll come to take—same's the timber crowd is coming. Believe me, this place was tough, worse than any river town. There's the boardin' houses, and there's Pat Murphy's store."

"Where'd you live?" she asked.

"Me?" he said. "Why, where's your eyes?" He pointed to a frame building with loose boards across its windows whose roof had half come down, and he began to laugh.

"Don't you see my name?" he asked, and he pointed to a board above the door.

"Laneer's," it read.

SHE moved close to him—so close that she touched him. It was getting on towards sundown, and you could hear the wind, go moving around the corners, talking.

"Pa kept the place," he said. "Pa was a powerful man. He said he'd run the country some day. He bought sections up to Horse Tail, and I hold 'em now. Well, it got him."

"Did he die?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "and don't ask how. They died hard up here. Don't ask. Come on. We're going in."

The door had fallen open. It was dark inside, and rank with rotting wood. The floor was covered with broken bottles. Everything was broken. But once you were inside, the room became clearer, a long low room with log walls and a stone fireplace.

"This here," he said, "is the old bar. Pa, he liked an open fire, and now we'll light a fire. Then we'll pack up some grub."

"I don't mind," she said, "as long as I don't stay here alone."

"I don't blame you, kid," he said. "I know how you feel. It's all right when a fire is going."

There was plenty of wood on the floor. He set his rifle in a corner, and stooped to pick wood up, whistling through his teeth—good, dry, pine wood. That was when he was a fool. He was thinking, and it was no place to think.

"Yes," he said, "Pa had brains. Always had his eye on the timber. Said it was better than mineral, Pa did."

His back was to the door as he stepped over to the hearth, and, though she must have been watching him, she saw before he did. The first thing he knew was when she screamed, and then he dropped the wood.

For a second he was so startled that he could not move, and then he knew it would be better to stand still.

A man in torn blue overalls had walked in so quietly behind him that he might have come up through the floor. He was

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607152

emaciated and tall, monstrous in the half light, with uncut hair and a shaggy beard. He was holding an axe in both hands, the entire blade of which was polished and shining.

THERE was no time to move. He had the certain knowledge, if he moved, that he would be killed, because the man was mad. There was madness in his voice, which was thick and high.

"You blankety blank!" he said. "What are you doin' here persecutin' me? I'm the guard here, watchin' property, and Mine City's closed. Don't you go persecutin' me. I tell you Mine City's closed!"

Jim Laneer did not move.

"Kid," he said, "you stand behind me. . . . Why, Bill, of course Mine City's closed, but that don't let me out. You can't kill me with that axe."

"Can't I?" the thin man said. "You wait, and see me split you!"

"No, Bill," Jim Laneer told him, "that won't do a mite of good. You might kill a man with that axe, but, shucks, you can't kill me, Bill, because I'm dead already. No, Bill, I'm a ghost."

His voice was gentle, almost laughing. He could always handle men. There was a light of comprehension on the other's face already, half of understanding, half of something else.

"Shucks!" he said. "Don't that beat hell? I thought you was a man."

"No," said Jim Laneer, "you're just a mite mixed up, Bill, in the head. I'm a sure-enough ghost. I'm Joe Laneer, spending a night in my old place on the way to North Purgatory with a girl, and she's a ghost, too—a lady ghost. Now you set down that axe, Bill, and hustle and light a fire. It's a whole lot hotter where we come from than it is 'round here."

The man in overalls nodded. The way he took it was what made it strange—just as though it happened every day. He laid the axe down by the wall and sighed.

"Yes," he said. "Sometimes it 'pears to me I do be gitin' queer. That's so many ghosts they git natural, like folks. Sure, of course, I see you're Joe. I been talkin' at the store to Pat. Pat, he'll be tickled to see you' Joe. How is it up to Purgatory? Sure, I'll light a fire."

He bent over the hearth, still talking. You could not stop him once he started.

"Say," he said, "now that's a good one. I reckon it would be hot where you are, Joe. You made it hot hereabouts. . . . And with a girl, too. . . . I want to know. . . . And I reckon ghosts don't marry."

"No, Bill," he said. "Ghosts don't marry, but it's all legal up in Purgatory, and there ain't another ghost like her."

Then Jim Laneer turned and took her in his arms, and she clung to him, and she did not say a word. It was the first time he held her so, and there was no need to speak. He bowed his head close to her ear and whispered to her while the old man was talking.

"Don't be afraid, kid," he whispered. "It's Crazy Bill. I'd forgotten he was here—thinkin' of you, I guess. Bill's all right so long's you're a ghost. Bill gets spells that way, but it don't matter so long's we're just ghosts."

HER lips just touched his cheek, and he was close to her for once; for once he could understand everything about her.

"I don't mind what I am," she whispered, "as long as you're one, too."

That evening never seemed strange to him, because he knew that solitude made men queer; it was a gay evening as he sat by the fire and held her hand.

"Bill," he asked, "how come you're not dead, too?"

And Bill stroked his beard and twisted his fingers together very fast.

"When I'm caretaker," he said, "how can I be dead?"

"That's so," said Jim, "of course."

"And now I'm used to you," said Crazy Bill, "it ain't so bad. First time I seen a ghost it give me a shiver like, but now I take 'em cool. They keep a-comin'. Say, sometimes there's scads of the old crowd in here. Sometimes John Green sets up his table just as natural, and Rose plays the fiddle. You rec'lect John Green, don't you, Joe? Wan't he the slickest gambler ever?"

"Yes," said Jim, "John—he was smooth."

"'Course," said Crazy Bill, "you was always pals with John, and he buried you right decent. Say, you might have thought he was an undertaker, the way he laid you out, and then he drunk your health before he took your kid away. Jim—he was a nice kid."

"Yes," said Jim. "Ghosts know all that. Who else been up here, aside from ghosts?"

"Aside from ghosts," said Crazy Bill, "there's Indians now and then. They come in here. Dream-Beside-the-Water—the one we called Hunky—he's cheeked since old Tom died, and once he come in here and called up ghosts. He set up his wigwam, see, with bells on it, right by the store, and we all set around it."

"Yes," said Jim, "but Indians don't count. Who gives a whoop for an Indian? Bill, they don't even get up to Purgatory. Has anyone else been through here, not counting ghosts and Indians?"

"Yes," said Bill. "Two fellers, but they didn't stop. I kep' 'em off the landin'. Two fellers in from Evans, was what they bollered, with a transit and a rod."

Jim Laneer sat up straight, but his voice was careless.

"I don't suppose," he asked, "you noticed where they headed?"

"Yes," said Bill, "they went up Horse Tail way."

Jim Laneer drew in his breath.

"Kid," he whispered, while old Bill was talking, "you lie down and get some sleep. We're out of here 'fore daylight. You and I are the only ones who have a right up Horse Tail. If they're up there measuring for a dam, there'll be a fight. . . . Bill, who else saw 'em?"

"The Indians," said Bill. "They seen 'em. Hunky seen 'em measuring at Horse Tail."

"Kid," he whispered, "roll up in those blankets. I'm sitting up to keep an eye on Bill."

"Aren't you tired?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I'm never tired."

CHAPTER 4.

JIM LANEER was not forgetting anything; he had the power of keeping details in just the right perspective. He was not forgetting that McClane would be figuring already on means for floating out his logs. He had only seen McClane once, and that was from a distance, a stocky, grey-haired man in a mink-lined coat, waiting on the station platform down at Evans for the Chicago train, and as far removed from a lumber camp as a European count; but he always thought of McClane as running everything. McClane had started on the river long ago, and he had been too hard a man to stop. Jim Laneer was not forgetting anything McClane might do.

He was not forgetting Red Hobbs, either. He knew there was a possibility that Hobbs might start in after them, just as he had said he would. However, everyone along Cloud Lake knew what Red Hobbs had said, and knowing, no one would risk lending him a canoe to do it. But everything was different, now that he had Mary Ware along. Everything was easy when she was with him then, and the rough side of him smoothed out sometimes until he did not know himself. Still, he was not forgetting. Even at the end, when he was careless enough to believe that Hobbs would not come, it was due to his bad judgment, not because he had forgotten.

Crazy Bill was at the landing to see them off just as it was light. The weather was getting thick, and there were sudden gusts of wind. He wanted to make the carry around Sturgeon Rapid as soon as he could, in order to reach Beaver Lake before the wind was high. Once he was over Beaver, the wind might blow its head off, and they could hit the entrance to Horse Tail stream by night.

Just before he started, he took Bill to one side.

"Bill," he said, "there may be a red-head man coming by 'fore long—a big man with blue eyes—and don't you fool yourself. He's no ghost. Smash up his canoe, Bill, in case he comes along, and let him walk back home."

Bill whistled through his teeth and scratched the back of his head.

"I want to know," he said. "What's his name?"

"Name of Red Hobbs," said Jim.

IN those days, everyone knew everyone else in the Smooth Rock country. He could see Bill sorting through his memory among the live men and the ghosts.

"I'll watch out," said Bill. "I rec'lect him now. He looks like Whisky Joe's ghost. He's crazy in the head. . . . What you laughing for? I ain't crazy, am I?"

"Get out!" said Jim Laneer. "Why should I be laughing? If you were crazy, you'd think I was alive."

By the time he had carried around Sturgeon, the wind was rising, although in the roaring of the rapids there was no sense of wind. It went over the trees, shaking the tops with hardly a down draft in the hollows.

"Mary Ware," he said, "you pick up a paddle and dig in. We want to get through Beaver. We're too heavy loaded in case she roughens up."

"What'll we do if it does?"

"Why, then we'll have to set until the wind dies down."

"I don't mind," she said.

He was right that a few hours of wind would always set the lakes to boiling. When they reached the mouth of Sturgeon around noontime, he saw there was too much wind. The water of Beaver Lake was grey like lead, except for the dull white of foam on the tops of waves, and he stood for a while, leaning on his paddle, looking at the straight fira hemming in the west end of the lake.

"Yonder's them Indians," he said.

"Where?" she asked; and he nodded toward a point across five hundred yards of water.

"Why, kid," he asked her, "where's your eyes?"

He did not blame her, because an Indian camp was like a part of the woods, and always hard to see. There were three birch wigwams over across that looked like living birch from that distance. In front of one was a tripod of saplings—an outdoor cooking fire—and nearer the water he could see the pitched seams of the bottoms of four birch canoes.

"Yep," he said, "that's Hunky over there, and there you see a real camp. The old man don't run with white folks much—all straight Injun—and he's off inside to trap, I guess. I want to see him about those fellers up at Horse Tail. Get in and sit still. We're better over there than here."

THE heavy load in the canoe made it sluggish in the water, and once he thought that they would swamp when they were a hundred yards offshore.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607153

Suddenly he was fighting a formless, unseen thing which came from the trees and the grey sky and the water. For a moment he was half afraid, because that thing had fooled him. He had not foreseen the strength of the wind, but he could handle a canoe.

"Kid," he called, "sit still"—and the top of a wave lapped across the bow. He was very careful after that. Though he kept the bow straight on the waves, there was a curious backwash, like a hand coming up from the bottom. When they were near enough to shore, he stepped out in the water. For everything he had done they had shipped a lot of water, and he knew they would have been swamped in another fifty yards.

"You see?" he said. "It near got us that time. Something's always waiting, see?"

He pulled the canoe well up on the beach. "Grab a paddle," he said. "Here come the dogs."

There must have been half a dozen sled dogs, half starved and vicious, that ran at the canoe in a snarling pack, wheeling and snapping, because he and she were white.

"Moosh!" he shouted, and struck the leader on the snout with his paddle, making the animal's snarl choke into a yelp. Then a man and two half-grown boys came running toward the beach. They were dressed in dark, patched clothes, and their faces were like copper kettles. Their hair was straight and black, and one of them wore it the old way, in two braids. Their eyes were like dark slits of water.

"Moosh!" they shouted. Jim Laneer smiled and watched them drive the dogs. Even a white man's clothes were different when an Indian had them on. Then a tall old man came walking toward them, his trousers tucked in moose moccasins, and held up by a porcupine-quill belt. There were wrinkles on his face, but his age had made it placid, not as time changed a white man.

"Yonder's Hunky," said Jim Laneer, and he held out his hand, speaking the word of greeting which the Jesuits had left.

"B'joo!" he said.

"B'joo!" the old man answered without smiling, and reached out a long, thin hand which was delicate for his size, nodding at the same time toward the lake—and you could tell that he had been watching. "Sahnagut?" he said.

JIM LANEER smiled and nodded, and he knew that Hunky would not have minded if they had drowned out there. He lifted a pack from the canoe, and spoke again. He remembered how she had stared when they began to speak.

"Jim," she said, "don't they know English?"

"No," he said. "Them? No. Say anything you like, and they won't understand. Hunky's shy and keeps away. He's a chezeki, which means a kind of doctor. We're staying here until the wind dies down."

"Can I shake hands?" she asked.

"Sure," he said, "just keep shaking hands and smile. Shucks, they all of 'em have less sense than kids, but this crowd's clean."

But she must have seen something he could not see. As they walked to the bark wigwam, he could think they were like children playing in a game. She kept looking at everything inside as though she thought it was very fine, and there was nothing there but men and boys in patched trousers and moccasins, blowsy squaw women wearing six dresses all at once, some children in a corner near an infant strapped upon a board, two young squaws with eyes like deer, who looked at him and giggled. Two puppies tied at the wigwam door snarled and tucked their tails between their legs. There was nothing strange about it, but you might have thought that Mary Ware was looking at a show.

An old woman with a charred pipe between her lips, immense beneath layer upon layer of dresses, shook hands like a lady when they came inside, and poked up the fire with a stick, and asked them to sit down.

"What are you looking at?" he asked. "It's just a wigwam and a heap of Injuns, kid."

"Everything's just right," she said. "They know just what to do."

"Shucks!" he said, and he began to laugh. "Why shouldn't they? They've been doing it long enough."

It was clean and warm inside, where the floor was covered with cedar boughs thatched down in layers, giving everything a clean, sweet smell. There was a fire in the centre of a circle made by stones to keep the embers from the cedar. All sorts of things were hanging from the poles—bags and birch-bark boxes and a drum.

Jim Laneer opened a pack he was carrying, and said:

"We'll give 'em some tobacco. We've got to give 'em something."

Then, in a little while, everyone began to talk and laugh, as though they were not there, and not the way you would have thought that Indians would behave. She kept looking at them, smiling as if she understood, and finally she went outside.

He had seen Indians as long as he could remember, and part of his life up there was getting on with Indians. Yet he felt uneasy that afternoon.

AS Hunky crouched before the embers of the fire, there was no way of telling what went on behind his face. There was a veil behind his eyes which cut his thoughts off sharp, as Jim Laneer spoke carefully, struggling with the complexities of the Ojibway tongue:

"Friend, did you see two white strangers go by here?"

"Two days ago, perhaps. Two white men, yes."

"Going up to the tall trees and the swamps?"

"Yes."

"What doing?"

"An old man and a young man, doing what white men do—making talk to take the trees."

"You do not know the white talk. How do you know that?"

"I guess, perhaps. Fools know a white man always takes."

Jim Laneer nodded, and tried to make his knowledge of the language fit what he wanted to say. He stretched out his hand before him, heavy, blunt and calloused, and closed his fist tight shut.

"Brother," he said, "what you say is true of every nation. Can you say you don't take? No. You strip off the bark from the canoe birch. You bleed the trees for pitch. You kill the moose and trap the beaver. Every man who lives must take to live, and tell me if I have not spoken truth."

Hunky did not answer for a while, but Jim Laneer was used to those meaningless periods of silence.

"Perhaps," he answered. "You have spoken bad truth. Your people burn like fire. You take everything perhaps."

Jim Laneer did not answer, and they squatted side by side in silence, staring at the fire. He knew the old man hated him behind his mask of silence, and he did not blame him much. The children stared at him from the doorway, and the papoose, strapped on its board, gazed at him without winking. A dog poked its head through the doorway, sniffed at him and snarled. Suddenly he felt foolish squatting by the fire, and he rose and went outside.

Mary Ware was standing with two women by the cooking fire, watching the kettle that hung from the saplings by a string of cedar root.

"Jim," she said, "they're nice. I'm having a good time."

"It don't take much to amuse you, then," he told her, and walked down to the shore. His canoe was lashed down to the bushes, secure against the wind, and the waves were smashing against the rocky point. There was nothing to account for the uneasiness inside him, except that a heavy wind always made him restless.

Then, as he looked across to the end of Sturgeon River, he remembered Red Hobbs, and thought of him for a while. He must have stood for five minutes, thinking and searching the opposite shore, but there was no sign of life, and so he walked back to the wigwam.

"KID," he said, "I'm going inside to get some sleep. Wake me up if you get scared."

"I'm not scared," she said. "I'm happy. Everybody's nice."

"Don't fool yourself," he answered. "They don't like us. Whites and Indians don't fit, nor ever will."

Hunky was just as he had left him, poking at the fire.

"Brother," said Jim, "they tell me you are a wise man. They tell me you can speak and stop the wind. I want to get up to Horse Tail. Can you make the wind stop, father?"

He asked, because the idea amused him. Since he kept his face straight, he did not think that Hunky would have the sense to understand it was a joke.

The glow of the embers made Hunky look like a battered copper kettle, and there was no change in the blankness of his high cheeks and wrinkled mouth.

"You think of white men, I think," he said.

"Father," said Jim Laneer, struggling with the tongue, "I only ask. They tell me that you can make medicine which stops the wind."

"First you give me whisky in a bottle," Hunky said.

"All right," said Jim Laneer, "I have only one bottle, but you'll get it if you stop the wind."

Hunky nodded.

"Gayget," he said, "there will be no wind perhaps."

"Whisky makes you sick," said Jim Laneer. "It makes your people fools. Why do you want whisky, wise man?"

Hunky turned that mask-like face and stared.

"So I can forget white men," he said. "I forget a long time, maybe, drunk."

Hunky's face was like the woods, and the words in that guttural singing tongue were like the water and the wind.

"Well, never mind," he said. "You'll get the whisky, anyway."

Then he rolled up in his blanket. Now that they were wind-bound, there was nothing he could do, and he had been awake for two nights and needed sleep.

He must have dreamed something, although he could never remember what it was. He had the sensation of groping through the dark, followed by a sound like thunder, and then he was sitting up, blinking and reaching out his hand. When he touched her, he felt better. She was sitting close beside him.

"Mary Ware," he said, "don't you go away."

"Away?" she answered. "You've been asleep. I've been here all the time."

But he could have sworn that she had been away from him and had left him in the dark.

"Something, I thought, took you away," he said, and he rubbed his hand across his eyes, and saw that he had slept into nightfall.

THE family was sitting around the fire, which was burning fresh with pine knots, so that everything was comfortable and light. Hunky and his two

National Library of Australia
https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607154

sons were squatting by a drum, beating in unison, and singing in falsetto voices one of their endless songs. "Tum tum Omahee-nabay—ai" was the way it sounded, bringing the voices and the drum together like the flow and beating of a pulse, until you could not tell the drum from the voices.

Now and then he could catch a word between the beat—"sheesheeb" for "duck," "wawsuh," meaning "fat," and "mahin-gun" for "wolf." He could guess that they were singing one of the clan songs, the words of which were half forgotten.

"How long have they been piping up?" he asked.

"A long while," she said. "It goes with everything."

"That drumming gives me creeps," he said. "It pulls the guts right out of you. You don't like it, do you, kid?"

"Yes," she said, "I love it."

"Well," he said, "I don't care as long's you don't go away. I thought that something had taken you away."

Hunky looked across the fire and spoke shortly to his squaw, who handed Jim a bark dish filled with wild rice and boiled meat. The music had made Hunky urbane and smiling—music always made them happy.

"Now, perhaps," he said, "you sing a white man's song."

"Kid," he said, "you hear that? Hunky wants me to sing. All right; I'll give 'em a river song."

He felt better when he sang it. The sound of his voice made the world come back. He sang:

"My name is Patsy Murphy,
And it is very plain
I've worn my fingers to the bone
Workin' for McClane,
Sure I'm another poor damn fool
workin' for McClane.

"I've got a girl down river,
Sadie Riley is her name,
But I ain't got much to give her
After workin' for McClane,
Sure, I'm another poor damn fool
workin' for McClane."

HE must have sung a dozen verses about Patsy Murphy working for McClane, all ending in that bitter chorus.

"Who's McClane?" she asked.

"Him?" he told her. "Why, he's the son of a gun who's buying us out up here, sweetheart, and he aims to take the timber out himself, but he won't, or I'll know why."

"I wish they'd sing again," she said.

"If that's the way you feel," he answered, "it must sound different to you, kid."

Then he found that he was angry because she liked their singing better. He pushed aside the blanket and walked out the wigwam door. The night outside was clear as glass. He could hear the waves on the shore, but there was not a breath of wind. He was not sure until he looked up at the tree tops. The sky looked so near that the pine bows brushed against it, and the sky was like deep velvet filled with stars like eyes, peering mildly down, as removed from the living as the dead. He could see the Dipper, squared and neat, like the stakes of a surveyor's traverse, with the North Star out beyond it, exactly in its place. The trees were clear in the starlight and not a twig was moving.

The drum had started again, in a quick time like the beating of his heart, and the high, quavering voices were like the pulsing of his blood. Inside the wigwam he heard her call, as if they could understand her:

"Go on. Don't stop."

She was behind those flimsy walls of birch bark not twenty feet away, but she did not see the things he saw or hear the sounds he heard. He knew as sure as fate that she was miles away from him. He had carried her to the woods to find that the woods, the music, everything had taken her away. Then he heard his own voice saying:

"We've got to get out of this, I reckon," and he walked back to the wigwam.

"Come on, kid," he said. "The wind's down. We're pulling out."

"What? In the dark?" she asked.

"Get up," he said. "We're going. Hell, I can see in the dark! I'll look after you, kid."

He wanted to snatch her up and run away, just him and her, but he knew that something was making him crazy. He reached down in his sack and pulled out a bottle.

"All right," he said to Hunky. "The wind's down and we're going."

All the time he had the sense of knowing that he was acting like a fool, but he was never sure that he had not been right. He could swear that he was taking her away from something that wanted her, and that they were better on rough water in the dark. Suppose they had kept going—suppose they had never stopped. They might have got away from what was following them if they had kept right on.

"Jim," she said once, "listen. There's the drum!"

He could not explain what had got into him, for the whole idea was too vague. He was jealous of absolutely nothing, and she was desirable because of nothing he could place. His breath went out in sharp hisses between his teeth; he was hot and wet from paddling through rough water away from nothing, and his mind formed noiseless words in the cadence of his stroke:

"Get her away—away—away."

Then there was no longer any sound. He was absolutely himself again, once there was no time to think.

CHAPTER 5.

THEY reached the mouth of Horse Tail by early morning. A hundred million years ago the granite underpinning of a ridge had faulted there, letting Horse Tail through, and then the ice piled up in glacial epochs on level country up above had smoothed and deepened out the channel, until Horse Tail was a sluggish meandering stream, draining out the upper country where the pine was thick. Perhaps a half mile back on either side of the water level, the wall of rock rose up above the trees for a good two hundred feet, and in the morning dusk that grey rock looked like hand-built masonry. You could see towers on it, and windows, if once you stopped to think. The pine came down almost to the water.

He would never live—and no one else would, either—to see timber stands like that again, where the pine grew in a clean straight grove of pillars, so tall and heavy that the ground beneath was almost clear. When you looked at it, you thought of endless time that was not like hours and years.

There was no mist; the morning was so clear that the trees doubled themselves on the water, where the canoe was drifting like a leaf, and the air was so still that there was hardly a sound.

"That there," he said, "'s worth taking out, though it ain't shucks to what's up along. This is Horse Tail, lady."

"Is this where we're going to stay?" she asked.

"By Gull Lake," he answered, "up the other end. I got the cabin there."

"It's like the land of Lebanon," she said.

"Anyways," he said, "it's handsome timber, just waiting to come out."

The way she shook her head, the way she brushed her hair back from her forehead—a dozen things like that showed him she was happy, and it made him happy, too. He could think there was nothing else to do but sit and look at her as the sun was coming up, but nothing which was just like that could last.

When they came around the bend where Horse Tail entered Gull Lake, he was thinking of the axes and the saws again—he was figuring how to take it down. There was a good beach on the right bank, and a clearing where the cabin stood, perhaps two hundred yards away.

"There's the cabin, kid," he said, and stopped, his paddle raised, as he stared at the point.

"Jim," she whispered, "what's the matter?"

He was reaching with his left hand for the rifle where it rested between the packs.

"Set still," he whispered. "Someone's there."

He thought of Red Hobbs, but it only lasted for a moment. His eyes were so good that he barely touched the rifle before he drew his hand away.

"There's two of 'em," he said. "See the blankets out? It's them two cruisers of McClane's. I guess they don't know this is my place, but they will before I'm through. Yes, it's them two looking for a dam, and busting in our place to do it. Before I finish, they'll wish they wasn't born."

HE paddled towards the beach, watching all the time. It was a one-room cabin of logs chinked in with mud, and with a mud-and-log chimney. It stood on the edge of the pine by the clearing made by the logs which had built it. He had placed it on rising ground, so that it could command a view down Horse Tail Stream and across Gull Lake.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Don't worry, kid," he said. "I can handle any two. Why, I've been bossin' for McClane, and they pick us just for that. Look what I did to Hobbs. There wasn't any trouble, and Hobbs he packed a gun."

"It's them," she said. "Not you. Jim, can't you let them be?"

He remembered that he was amused, and he looked at her and grinned.

"If you'd been brought up here," he explained, "you'd know better than worry about anybody but you. Hell, they busted in!"

"Please don't fight," she said. "Won't you, if I ask you, please? We're so happy, aren't we, Jim?"

He had heard of men being like that about a girl, but he had not believed it. When she asked him, he felt as weak as water, because he knew that he would do what she wanted, instead of pretending, as he had with other women. Yet all the time he knew that it would only be a little while that he would be that way.

"Listen, kid," he said. "This is a tough country, and I'm looking after you."

"Then you'll be good?" she asked him. "Please don't spoil it all."

"Spoil what?" he asked. "Hell, what's being good? Are you a Sunday-school ma'am? This ain't a Sunday school up here."

He had beached the canoe by then. A path led up from the beach, twisting among the stumps, and he noticed boot marks on the sand, and the keel mark of a canoe. She was looking at him the way she sometimes did—like a little girl.

"Once," she said, "I taught in Sunday-school."

The idea made him laugh out loud, and the wall of pine threw back his voice. The distinctness of the echo, and the clearness of the air made the place lonely. There was nothing real but himself and her.

"And look where it's got you now," he said, and began to laugh again.

He did not understand at first when he saw her blush bright crimson, and then she began to cry. It was the first time she had cried. She put her arm across her eyes, so that he could not see her face, and began running up the path before he caught her.

"Lay off of that," he said, and kissed her. He never knew how many times he kissed her. "Don't I love you, kid? Don't I?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607155

Hell, there's nothing wrong in that! It's just we're both alive."

Then she kissed him back after she had been crying for a while, and she was all his for just a moment. Nothing he had ever known was just like that.

"Honest," she said, "do you love me, Jim?"

And he meant what he said: "Nothing else is worth a damn." It was clear truth for just that moment.

"Why, then," she said, "everything's all right, as long as you love me, Jim."

"Sure," he said. "Now we'll haul these packs and make a fire. Them two have left their stuff and gone upstream. I'll heave it out the door. They won't be back till sundown, like as not."

"How do you know they're gone?" she asked.

He pointed to the sand.

"Canoe keel," he said. "Heavy-keel canoe. Don't worry. I won't work on them unless they work on me."

THE cabin was tight and comfortable for its size. He could make anything in those days with a knife and axe. He had daubed new clay and moss in the chinks the last time he was there, and had laid fresh cedar bark upon the roof. He had even carried up a glass sash to fit in the single window. As you stood inside on the hard dirt floor, you could look out the window around the bend of Horse Tail, and out the window you could see the swampy water of Gull Lake, half choked with dead wild rice, and then the pine on the bottom land beyond it.

"Well," he said, "it isn't much."

"Just the same," she said, "it's nice for you and me."

It was a nice place, now that she was there. It was the only time he had ever thought of it as home. There was a fire going, and two packs were in the centre of the room, but nothing had been disturbed. The table he had made and the bunks along the wall were there. His traps and snowshoes and axes hung along the wall where he had left them. He tossed the packs outside, and everything else that wasn't his.

"It's there for them," he said, "when they get back. This is for you and me."

He liked to think that everything he did that day when they moved in at Horse Tail, he did for her. It was a day when everything was right, and everything belonged to them. He did not have to tell her much, because she seemed to have been there before, and everything she did was always right. He worked without stopping, and by sundown things were in good shape. He had not forgotten anything. He knew that they would be all right with what he had brought in and with what was there before. He checked things over in the store shed. There was enough coal oil—he had carried it in that summer—to last them for the winter; there was buckskin, wild rice, salt, canned goods. He ran the whole list over, thinking of what he must do next, and then he looked in the door. She was getting the supper things ready, and she had covered the log table with yellow leaves.

"Now we'll get a fish," he said. "It won't take a minute—just heave a spoon hook off the rock. Come on; I'll show you how."

The sunset had made the water crimson when he tossed out his line.

"See," he said, "there's supper."

The pike he landed must have weighed four pounds and he slammed its head against a rock to stop it thrashing.

"I hate to see things die," she said.

"What's the odds?" he answered. "Something's got to die."

Then he heard a sound.

"Well," he said, "here's those fellers coming now." He washed the fish clean and wiped his knife on the leaves. "You go inside," he added, "I'll meet 'em at the door."

He thought there might be trouble, but instead they played into his hands. They were an old man and a young one, carrying a transit and a rod.

HE watched the old man first—a thin old man whose hair was nearly white. Though Jim Laneer had never seen him before, he could tell in a dozen ways that the man had spent his life in the woods. He had that mild, watchful look, and every move he made was careful. But the younger man was green—one of the engineers such as he had seen on construction jobs. Jim never took his eyes off them as he stood outside the cabin door.

"Evenin'," he said. "How come you bust in here?"

They both stopped and he went on as though he were speaking on the weather.

"I can understand a city dude making the mistake, but not you, old-timer."

"Why, stranger," the old man said, "ain't this land McClane's?"

"No," said Jim Laneer. "Not this piece. My name's Laneer, and I own both sides of this stream, and I'm livin' here. McClane owns up above. You two must lay outside to-night."

"Sure," the old man said quickly, "sure. We're not aimin' for any trouble—just been lookin' over things, and we're pullin' out to-morrow. I guess you don't know who we are. My name's Griscom, and we're up here for McClane."

Jim shook hands. He always liked to touch the other man. "Howdy," he said. "Who's this feller?"

"Name's Slade," the young one said. "We thought this was all McClane's."

Jim Laneer laughed softly. Everyone always smiled back when he laughed.

"Why, boys," he said, "I don't blame you a mite. 'Most everything always is McClane's, isn't it, far's I know? Just happened I bought in here first. . . . Mary, set two other plates. These two will eat. . . . You could sleep inside, of course—only I'm living here. My—wife's along."

It was the first time that he had thought of her as his wife, and he could see that she was pleased. She smiled and shook her head, the way she had, just as though she was his wife.

"This is the first house I ever had," she told them.

Young Slade kept looking at her as if he could not make her out. It was plain he liked the way she looked, but Jim Laneer did not mind. There was only one thing which surprised him.

"It's a funny world," he said. "I never thought I'd find a lady here."

Then Mary Ware was blushing exactly like a girl, and Jim Laneer looked at her and smiled. Slade was looking at him, asking him a question with his look:

"How did you get her?"

After supper they began to talk, and he was waiting for the talking to begin. He always liked a game of words, and he could play it the way he played a poker hand. He looked across at Griscom because the young one didn't count.

"Old-timer," he said, "let's talk up. You and me aren't fools. McClane aims to start camps in here next summer, and he wants water up above, so's he can get it out. Out here he wants a dam, and you're here to pick the spot."

"Say," said Griscom, "I reckon you know loggin'."

"Everybody up here knows," said Jim. "I've been working for McClane. You know the song: 'I'm another poor fool, workin' for McClane'?"

"WELL," said Griscom, "it's no harm telling, since you know so much—that's what we're up here for. I reckon you're in luck, friend. We'll need a site on this stream, and that's the long and short of it. We'll have to buy you out. There ain't no other way to get water up above. You're sitting pretty, friend."

Jim Laneer did not move a muscle of his face to show how he felt inside. It was the first time he was sure that he would own Smooth Rock before he was through. He had guessed before, but now he knew he held it in his hand.

"Thanks," he said, "for telling me. I came out to figure that myself. I suspected it was the only way to get a head of water. Mister, you've saved me a heap of trouble. Thanks."

"McClane will pay you for it," said old Griscom. "You can take my word. When we get this report in, he'll pay big. McClane's kind don't argue. They pay for what they want—an honest price."

"Or else?" said Jim Laneer.

"You ought to know the 'else' part, friend. Don't get notions in your head. McClane gets what he wants."

Jim Lanner rolled a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke, watching it curl and eddy in the lantern light. He wanted them to understand that he was not a fool.

"There's a lawyer down to Evans, named Bill Smith," he said. "Maybe you're acquainted. Smith he says, if I keep settin' here I can make a heap of trouble for McClane with law. I'm not a greenhorn. I'll have to get a price."

The old man nodded.

"Listen," he said gently, "I've been workin' thirty years for McClane, boy. You mark me; McClane won't stand for any holdup. He knows what to do with lawyers and State Legislatures if he wants. You can't fight McClane."

Jim Laneer blew another cloud of smoke, and hunched his shoulders forward on the table.

"Why, friend," he said, "who's saying a word of fighting? Don't I know what happens? Why, sure, Mr. McClane's got everybody whipped before he starts. Sure, the way to run things is to use the boots."

Then he began to laugh, and Griscom laughed, and they let it go at that. He did not want them to guess what lay behind his mind.

"Laneer," said Griscom, "you've got sense. McClane's man will be at Boiling Forks as soon's the ice goes out. He'll make it right with you. His name is Murch. You'll get a price."

Then they began to talk of logging, and to discuss the pine.

"And this is prime," the old man said, "and I've seen trees. I started out in Michigan. We used to think that it'd last forever."

JIM LANEER blew another cloud of smoke.

"Shucks," he said. "Nothing last forever, when there's new land to clear. Come midsummer, it gets dry up above. There may be fires."

"Fires won't burn more'n McClane can cut," old Griscom answered. "There isn't anything left after McClane gets through. Say, once you're bought out, you go to see McClane. He'd like you. He's common like you and me. And Seaver McClane's a good man. There's stories about him here, just as there are about anyone who gets ahead, but I've never known a straighter man. He's rough, his temper's high, but Seaver's always fair. Most big lumber men are gentlemen. If he likes you he likes you. You'd better see him. You'd get on with McClane."

Jim Laneer smiled and rolled another cigarette. There was no telling from his face what way he was thinking, and his answer was drowsy and careless:

"Yeh. Some day I will. I've always aimed to have a talk with him. Say, it's getting late. I'll help you pitch a fly down near the beach. We've had a right nice talk."

When he got back the cabin was all

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607156

clean, and he remembered thinking it was almost the first time that they had been alone together. He closed the door and made it fast with a heavy peg that fitted in the frame.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked. "You're not afraid of them?"

"Not them two fools," he said, "even if the young one made eyes at you; but I don't take chanches, now I've got you, kid. There's Hobbs. He might be after me, but don't you worry, kid."

Then, before he knew it, he had her in his arms.

"McClane may think he's smart, but he's not as smart as me. He thinks he's going to clean this pine out, but I'm the one who's going to. You wait and let me figure. No one can fight him, can they? I'm going to lick McClane."

He told her what he had done and planned to do, that night. He told her what they would do when they were rich, but something in the way she took it stopped him. He could see she did not understand it all, and later he was glad she had not understood.

"You mean," she asked him, "you're going to cut down all the woods?"

"Sure," he said. "That's why I'm here."

She looked at him in that way she had—as though she saw something that he did not see.

"You mean," she said, "you'd spoil it all?"

"Spoil it?" he said. "Say, what's timber for?"

CHAPTER 6.

THERE were great days in the weeks which followed after that. There were two parts to his mind which fitted for a while; first, his plan to whip McClane—he was only beginning to realise how good he was at plans—and then there was Mary Ward. He must have thought of everything in those few weeks that made him what he was. When he was away from everything out there, the country seemed to spread before him like a map, until he knew just what was inside it, and seemed to run the place already. Half the time he was thinking of logging roads and waterways, but when he stopped his thinking she was always there, standing for something which he had never known. It had nothing to do with money or cleaning out a country. It was giving and not taking—the giving of things which he thought had no value, until she made them different. At any rate, they went their way and needed nothing else until Red Hobbs struck in.

They went their way on a track which was new to him, because she was new, and everything she saw and heard was new to her, but not the way it might have been to a greenhorn who first looked at the woods. Sometimes—very seldom—he could see it through her own eyes, and it made him lonely and uneasy when he saw. Suddenly everything would be mysterious and beautiful, and he and she would be part of a mystery that was ageless and calm in which he and she meant nearly nothing. It did not seem to matter what he did—that mystery would go on—but it made him uneasy when he felt that way, since he knew it was not right. It meant that the woods and loneliness were working on his mind.

"Jim," she said, "what's the matter with the sky?"

There was nothing the matter for the time of the year. The sky was cut by shifting glowing ribbons that danced and changed.

"Them?" he said. "It's just the northern lights." And he remembered that her answer made him think that everything was queer.

"It's like a sign the world is going to end."

"Kid," he said, "you go to sleep. There's always lights when it gets cold."

"I don't mind," she said, "when it ends, as long as you're along."

"Say," he said, "nothing's going to end."

THEY used to talk in the early evening in the lantern light when the wood was cracking in the fire. She used to tell him about her people and where she lived sometimes, although it never meant much to him. They must have been decent people, whose lives lay on a little street that ended at the station where the evening train came in. The place was prohibition; there was a white church and a green. It made him smile when he told her of the things he had seen—not all, but some.

There were no men like him and no Red Hobbses where she had lived, and he knew why. There was nothing left to take.

She had seen no fights where she had come from, and she could never get his point of view. She had no way of knowing that there were two sorts of men—one who could take a whipping and forget it, and then a smaller group who never could forget. Jim Laneer never let one of that latter kind get behind his back.

There were plenty even then who had sworn that they would get him by everything they knew, and he noticed that it died in threats. He made the mistake of judging others by himself when he thought that Hobbs was ending like the rest, as the end of autumn came.

He wanted to examine the rising ground to the north of Gull while the water was still clear, and that was the first time he had left her for all day.

"I got to take a look up there," he said the night before, "and I can make it twice as fast without you, kid. I've got to see what the water does up there. Now, don't you be afraid to be alone."

"When'll you be back?" she asked. "No, I'm not afraid."

"Before dark," he told her, and then he thought of Hobbs, and let the thought go by. "I'll take the gun. There's often moose across."

She was up before he was, to light the fire while the morning was all grey. Her hair was in a braid down her back, and she was shivering in the cold. She looked so cold and small that the same vague thought came over him that had been in his mind before.

"You stay here," he told her. "Don't you run away."

He had been months alone at other times in back where there where no maps, but he had the instinct and perception which kept him on a line. He had the knowledge of danger, which kept him wide awake; he was only lonely because she was not there, too.

HE was lonely, but he always knew a thing was watching him, and it struck out at him once when he landed to walk inside. He had pulled up his canoe at the edge of a brook where the spring floods had caved the bank. There must have been five feet of bank where boulders jutted out from sand and gravel and grey roots, making an easy-looking climb to get up among the trees. He looked around him carefully. There was nothing but the trees and cold water and cold sky. He took his rifle in his right hand and hitched himself on a boulder half-way up. It seemed bedded strongly in the bank, but, as he pulled himself upon it, the rock and bank began to move. Then he was scratching and clawing for a hold, and the next instant half the bank had caved just where he had been climbing. The spot where he had been lay buried beneath two tons of sand and rock.

After that crashing of rock everything was pitilessly serene. The cool sun beat upon the new gash in the bank, while the breeze was playing in the pine tops up above him with a whispering, peaceful sound, and the loneliness was laughing at him in a whisper.

"Damn you," he said. He knew that he was acting like a fool. "You near got me that time, but you wait."

There was no answer; there was never any answer inside the woods, but he was careful after that. The trees closed around him, cutting off the water and the sky, and his feet sank in the needles without a sound. He was like a shadow in the trees.

He began thinking of the logs, like a shifting moving carpet going down Horse Tail, when suddenly he found himself standing absolutely still, as though he had heard a sound. There was a whining scraping of a branch above him, and nothing else, but he was sure that something said:

"You go. You go back."

Then, before he thought, he was running back towards the canoe, until his breath was choking him. It must have been a good five miles of heavy going before he got to the canoe. When Gull Lake opened up ahead of him, and he peered through the wild rice across a half mile of water, he began to feel ashamed. The cabin stood in its clearing, plain and homelike, with a pencil of smoke coming from its chimney.

"I guess," he heard himself saying, "I think too much."

Still, something made him careful enough to work down shore through the grass until the opposite point of Horse Tail Stream cut the cabin out, before he paddled across the lake. He landed behind the point, and pushed carefully through the underbrush to the bank, in order to have a look across the stream. It was clear and quiet there in the light of late afternoon, soundless the way the woods were before winter. The clearing and the beach were right in front of him, not fifty yards away, with the sluggish waters of Horse Tail in between. A canoe was drawn up on the beach, and above, on the cleared ground, a man was seated on a stump with a rifle across his knees. It was Red Hobbs waiting for him to come back home.

JIM LANEER never recalled what he felt or thought, although he must have watched Red Hobbs for half a minute from across the stream. His head was a bare, flaming thatch of red. He was motionless, staring out across the lake. Jim Laneer could even see the mud on his high boots.

The noise he made throwing a cartridge into the chamber was what made Red Hobbs turn. Their glances met, and that was all, before Red Hobbs fired, and the bullet passed so near his cheek that the wind from it was like a slap. Jim must have fired a second later, because the shots came very close together. In the still air the powder made a cloud—it was the days of black powder then—which made a haze between them. The haze was like a mist across his eyes, and through the mist he saw that Red was down. He had dropped his rifle and pitched forward on his face.

Jim Laneer was not surprised. Though it was the first time that he had ever pulled a trigger on a man, he had shot at game enough to be used to seeing a living thing drop down. An animal filled with the magic of life, would fall at a single shot, and kick and die, and a man was just the same. Red Hobbs gave that same quiver, mysterious and unmistakable, while Jim watched through the smoke. When the smoke thinned to nothing and was gone, Jim still watched for half a minute before he waded across the stream. He walked up the bank deliberately, with his rifle ready for another shot. If Red had moved a muscle, he would have fired again without the least compunction. He was practical, imbued with no twinge of guilt at taking a human life, because he knew that it was Hobbs or himself.

When he looked down at Hobbs, he saw there was no need to worry; he had drilled

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607157

him through the forehead, and death must have come at once. All Jim felt was mild astonishment that he had shot so high, for he had aimed at Red's plaid coat.

Then Red Hobbs' rifle caught his eye, where it lay on the ground, a foot from the dead man's hand. The weapon was brand new; it could not have been bought a week before, and he had seen one like it for thirty dollars back at Evans. Hobbs could not have had thirty cents to his name the last time Jim had seen him. Jim turned quickly in the direction of the little beach farther down the stream. He could see Red's canoe drawn up there on the sand, a green canvas canoe whose surface had been hardly scratched. That canoe was on its first trip, and Red owned no canoe. He must have bought it just before he came.

JIM looked back at the dead man and spoke to him as though he were alive:

"Red, I reckon someone gave you money. Someone sent you in to find me."

He was perfectly cool when he walked to the cabin, still living through each moment without thinking of the next. It was only when he saw her that all his emotions went wild.

"Kid," he called, "are you in there?"

She was in there, bound and gagged, her cheek bleeding from where Red had struck her, and he was on his knees beside her, shouting something. He never remembered what he said or did, except that he must have acted like a fool. Everything in front of him was black, and then he heard her say:

"I'm all right. It was you he wanted, Jim. Don't you see? Just you."

"Kid," he said, "don't you look outside."

She could not seem to believe that he was standing there; she kept touching him to see if he was there.

"Didn't he shoot you, Jim?"

"Him?" he said, and he had hold of himself again. "I saw him first, but he shot first. He couldn't hit a door. I got him through the head. It was either him or me."

His own words made him think of what would happen next. Even up in Smooth Rock, a killing was a killing, and this was an ugly killing because they were alone.

"Be quiet, kid," he said. "I got to think."

The life he knew was coming back around him like a world that he had left. The days he had spent with Mary Ware had no more bearing on it than a wish. He was thinking what he would do if he were old McClane. He was under no illusions about the right and wrong. McClane would get him gaoled until a dam was built, once he heard there was a killing and put two and two together. Then he remembered what Sam Smith had hinted, just before they left. He had known of its being done before. They would be glad to get him out of the way, like others he had known. They might have started in already, now they knew that he was camped at Horse Tail.

"Yes," he said, "I got to think."

He tried to remember Griscom's face that evening they had talked, and to search his memory for lights and shades of meaning.

SHE must have understood a part of it, though he never told her all that was on his mind.

"Kid," he said, "this is dirty. Red's gun is new, his canoe is new. Where'd he get 'em? Someone from McClane gave 'em to him; so he could get in here. We've got to stick together. Will you stay by me, kid?"

She took his hand and held it tight, and that thing inside her which was never his was speaking:

"Of course I will. No one can blame you, Jim."

He kept his eyes straight on her for a second.

"No one will," he answered. "I got no pity for him, because he smashed you in the face. No one's going to blame me, because no one's going to know. Can you keep your mouth shut, Mary Ware?"

Then she dropped his hand.

"Why, Jim!" He saw she was surprised. "You're not afraid to tell the truth? And I can help you, Jim."

"Listen, kid," he answered, and he spoke to her as though she were a man. "I'm not up here for whitewashin'. I'm here to stop McClane from coming in, because I'm coming in myself. If he sends killers, I can play dirty too. I've been figuring for this. If that crowd finds I'm in a killing, they'll get me, right or wrong, and they'll get me out of here. Fairness don't mean nothing. You can see; they won't stop at anything, that bunch, any more'n I'll stop, and I'm not going to give 'em anything on me. I'm going to sink Hobbs and his canoe out yonder in the lake."

"Won't it be worse," was all she said, "if anyone finds out?" but she was thinking lots of other things.

"You got to trust me, kid," he said. "I'll take care of that. I'm asking you something. You might speak out and finish me, but I know you won't. Listen; just to-day, out yonder, the bank slipped down. I might have been buried in that bank, and that's the woods. There's plenty been lost in here, who never show up again—plenty. Red, he's going to be lost, that's all. Are you sticking, kid?"

She always told the truth, and ever lied like him.

"Jim," she said, "you ought to know I'd do anything you say. Women don't care what, I guess."

He never thanked her—life was hard up there.

"Then," he said, "you set here. Try not to think. That's all you have to do, but first fetch me that coil of rope."

It was the Manila rope which Sam Smith had sold him. He remembered noticing the blue strand in it as he cut a good length off, and he even recalled what Sam had said—that there was none like it in the country—but no one would see that length of rope where Red Hobbs was going.

HE walked out the cabin door. The sun was getting low, and already the smoky mist was rising from the reeds along the lake, so that the sun in the mist made curls of bright gold smoke against the trees. He could think the woods were burning up in gold. He could feel that everything was looking, but he and Red Hobbs were there alone.

He thought of Hobbs as he had seen him first down the river; Hobbs was meant to die. He thought of the nights when they had stood with the rest of the crews before the fires, dead tired and soaking wet. Hobbs was always moving, shouting, bullying. There was something in him which could not be still until he died.

"Red," he said, "you're coming along with me."

It was dark when he got back, black and clammy cold without a moon. She was white when he opened the door, but she was calm enough.

"Hold on to yourself," he said.

"I don't care!" she cried, and she began to laugh.

"Shut up," he said. "Take holt of yourself!" and she stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I kept thinking I saw his face."

He sat down and rolled a cigarette.

"Get some coffee, kid," he said. "You won't see Red again."

"Jim," she asked, "weren't you afraid?"

"Who?" he asked. "Of him? I never been afraid of that galoot."

"Suppose," she said, "there's part of him alive?"

"Forget it, kid," he told her. "Nothing like that lives unless you're crazy."

Then he stopped and cleared his throat, because his mouth was dry, and he was tired from carrying all that weight.

"Kid," he said, "out there to-day, I thought I heard you call."

She did not answer.

"There's not many could take this like you. You and me, we're going to run this show."

"As long's you love me," she said, "I don't care. You love me, don't you, Jim?"

"Sure," he said. "I love you, and I'm looking after you. Listen, kid, put some water on your face. We're going out to Evans to-morrow. I got to see Slim Nelson. I got to get a crowd together. Then we're coming back."

"Back here?" Her face grew white again.

"Sure, back here. They might be thinking something, unless we did; but first"—he cleared his throat again—"first we'll go to Evans and get married, kid. See? You and me."

He did not tell her that the evidence of a wife could not be used against him, and he hoped she never thought of that. He tried to think that he would have married her anyway, but he knew that Red Hobbs was what tied them together.

"Why, Jim," she said, "do you care as much as that?"

He meant exactly what he answered.

"Kid, you mustn't go away."

She had never been so beautiful. Her eyes were soft like lights in a fine, warm place, and she had reached her hands out to him, and even the ugly clothes did not stop her being beautiful.

"Jim," she said, holding out her hands, "couldn't there be just you and me?"

He did not want to look at her when he answered, and they were no longer just the same.

"Kid," he said, "if I didn't keep going, I wouldn't be me. Did you hear what I told you? McClane's crowd sent that Hobbs in here to get me. Believe me, I'll remember that. They started it, and anything goes now—anything. I got no mercy or no conscience for 'em. They don't know it yet, but there's going to be a war. I got to stick to what I'm doing, and you got to swallow it—understand? You're too late to stop me, kid."

CHAPTER 7.

HE felt free of any conscience, after they had sent Red Hobbs in there, and he was anxious to keep moving when things were going right. The day after he and Mary Ware were married by a justice of the peace at Evans, he fixed it with Slim Nelson and a river boss he knew named Hank Burns. They met in a back room off the bar of the Evans Hotel—that hotel always seemed to him the height of luxury because its lobby had a marble floor, but the back room was like the back rooms anywhere. Its grimy walls reeked with treachery and secret sin as those three sat around a table with a whisky bottle in the centre, grasping small glasses in their fists and talking in low voices. A dingy yellow sphere of light fell on them from a kerosene lamp suspended above the table. Beneath the light, Slim Nelson's features looked distorted, spare and long, almost like a preacher's, and Hank Burns' hair was like a shock of wheat straw. His nose had been broken in a fight two years ago and its flat, uneven bridge always looked strange when you saw his clear, fair skin. Slim's skin was brown like leather, but Hank's was as pink and white as an angel's. Their eyes were all that were alike about them—sharp, watchful eyes.

"Boys," said Jim, "I'm not fooling you, I stick by my crowd. McClane's sneaked in a pair of engineers to Horse Tail, and I seen 'em. They said themselves he's got to put a dam in there. Well, he won't, because I own it. Boys, you stick with me, and we're going to trim McClane."

Hank filled his glass slowly and you could see ideas filtering through his mind slowly, just the way the whisky filled that glass.

"All right," he said. "We're listenin'."

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607158

ain't we? I guess we'll keep on listenin' some before you tell us how."

Jim leaned half across the table so quickly that Hank drew back.

"Listen, you," Jim said. "You can trim anybody if you fool him first. I've been talking to Bill Smith."

The name conveyed a meaning and they sat up brighter and Slim drew his lips together.

"Smith's the crookedest shyster in this State," he said. "Is he in on this?"

Jim nodded, and then he told them all they had to know. He set the cards on the table deliberately, like a gambler at the county fair.

"Yeh," he said. "He is. Now listen; McClane don't know it, and he won't until I'm ready. I own Horse Tail and he don't. I aim to put a crew in there next spring with you two to run 'em—enough to stop any dam building. Smith, he'll look after the law of it. I aim to hold up McClane from floating any logs, and when I've done that he'll talk. I'm staying up to Horse Tail for the winter. I'm pullin' out to-morrow. I want McClane to think I'm afraid of him until I'm jumping on his face."

HE stopped and watched them for a moment. They were listening to him carefully, almost painfully, the way their kind listened to a complex idea. They were wrestling with what he put into their heads, their mouths half open, their eyes blank in their efforts at concentration.

"First thing to do is clear McClane out of Boiling Forks long enough so I can ship off a crew and supplies from there. That's the only point along the lake where you can get supplies for logging."

"Yes," said Slim, "that's so. That means a war."

"Sure," Jim said, "it means a war. I want to get a crowd together. Thirty toughs will do it. Get 'em and fetch 'em to Boiling Forks come spring, as soon's the ice is out. Get 'em there by ones and twos, as though they were lookin' for a job. Tell 'em there'll be something. Don't tell 'em any more. When we start, you go into Horse Tail with a crew, Hank, and Slim he'll keep a gang at Boiling Forks to see supplies get through. McClane, he won't know what's happened before it's over. I'll meet you at Boiling Forks as soon's the ice is out. That's all."

No one was surprised at the idea. They had seen the same thing worked before when other companies were taking up new land. Slim cleared his throat, and Jim knew the question he was going to ask.

"What about the dough?" Slim asked. "You can't do that on nothin'."

"Yes, boss," said Hank. "What about the dough? How are you goin' to pay thirty men? How you goin' to feed 'em? They got to eat, don't they?"

Jim pulled a handful of bills from his trousers pocket and tossed them on the table.

"There's two hundred," he said, "and there's every cent I got except fifty dollars over. You'll get more when I come down in the spring. I own Horse Tail, don't I?"

"You're bluffing, Jim," Slim said softly. "Horse Tail ain't nothin', and you know it, unless McClane goes in to log. It's just wild land. No bank'll give you a loan on it. You're bluffing, Jim."

Jim sat there stonily, and he made them restless when he watched them.

"Boys," he said, "that's up to me. McClane's sending a man to Boiling Forks to see me when it's spring. I'll lay hands on money then. Now do what I tell you, boys."

IT was strange how different things were when he and Mary Ware were man and wife, although he could not tell just how. Toward sundown two days later, when they got back to Horse Tail Stream, she didn't seem to be bothered by Red Hobbs. He had a lot more on his mind just then than Mary Ware, but he could notice she was changed. The cabin on the point was bare and silent, as though it held a secret, and it was bitter cold until he built a fire.

"Kid," he said, "we're back here just in time. We'll be frozen in now, and I'm sorry for you, kid."

"You needn't be," she said. Her cheeks were red and her eyes were bright and she looked very young. "I've been dreaming about this—just you and me. I love it here."

"Kid," Jim said, "suppose you tell me why. This place ain't shucks—you know it."

Then she drew her arms around him so suddenly that he was almost startled.

"Because it's home," she said. "It's ours."

"Sure it's ours," he answered. "It's just the same old shack."

"No," she said, and even her voice was different, "it's different now—it's home—and I'm going to do everything for you always. It didn't used to be always, but it's always now—always you and me."

"Sure," he said, "it's always."

But his voice did not sound just right. There was something more than that up there. He had more than that up there. He had more than Mary Ware resting on his mind. Things that she would never dream about were bothering him, which had nothing to do with home. Then he saw her looking at him in that far-off way she had, from that world of hers which he never knew.

"What you lookin' at, kid?" he asked her, and he felt a cold, dead silence gathering around them. The world outside was growing deathly still and turning into ice. Another week and the snow would be down, and the cold would close on them like a trap. The trees would snap in that cold, and the ice on Gull Lake would crack and boom like guns.

"Jim," she said, "you love me, don't you? You wouldn't have married me if you hadn't, would you, Jim?"

"Hell, no," he said. "Kid, what you lookin' at?"

"At what you're thinking," she told him. "What are you thinking, Jim?"

"Thinking how to make you rich," he said, and that was how it was. She didn't know him—not all that winter. She was making him into something that was not so, and he did not want to stop her, though he knew that she would find him out when it came spring.

THE ice that spring went out in the night. It was always amazing to him when the ice went out up there, because it seemed like magic. A week before, almost a day before, he and Mary Ware were held together by the ice, and then in the morning the ice was gone, leaving Horse Tail Stream like a ribbon that twisted through the snow on the banks.

"Kid," he said, "we got to start packing up. The ice is out. You and me, we're movin'."

She looked startled when he told her, and he felt sorry himself for a little while. He had never known he would be sorry, until he first began getting the packs together, and taking the traps off his lines.

"Jim," she asked him, "do we have to go away?"

"Sure," he said. "We can't stay here forever."

The sky was grey, but there was life beneath the sky already. Instead of the snapping of the ice, there was a sound of rushing water, and ice cakes were drifting in the sluggish current.

"Jim," she said, "it's changing. You and me, we're changing."

"Sure," he said. "The ice is out."

But he was thinking of Boiling Forks already, and it made him restless like the water. He knew he could not have stayed there if he wanted, because they both were changing.

CHAPTER 8.

HE looked about the room, where everything was hanging in its place. Later he remembered that he had even observed what was left of his rope, hanging coiled upon a peg, without ever giving a thought that a coil of rope might hang him.

"We'll leave things here," he added. "We won't want 'em where we're going."

It took some time to get everything all ready, but it was only a week later when they saw Boiling Forks. It was late afternoon on a grey, damp day, and everything was black and white and grey, the way the country was up there when it was breaking out of winter. The water on Cloud Lake was black and turgid, and the spruce on the islands looked black against the snow beneath them.

When he heard the first roar of the water in the river, he speeded up his stroke. The water at Boiling Forks always sounded like cannon in the spring, roaring out its freedom from the ice.

The canoe was half full of mink pelts, and Mary Ware leaned against the bundles. He kept looking straight ahead and not at her when he heard the water roar. Now that the ice was out, everyone would be coming into Boiling Forks. The Cloud House would be whooping and the music would be going. Drunken men would be sprawling outside on the reeking ground, and, in another hour or two, he would be there, pushing through the crowd. Ma Swenson would be watching the money and the girls, and she would not have forgotten that he had taken Mary Ware away. Up at the store, where he was taking Mary Ware, there would be the reek of pelts and whisky. He could shut his eyes and see it, and Mary Ware had no part in what he saw. He could feel her looking at him, though he did not look at her.

"Jim," she said, "are you glad we're coming back?"

"Yeh," he said, "I reckon."

He wanted to hear a noise again; he wanted to hear voices and the stamp of heavy boots. He wanted to see the mackinaw coats and the paint on girls' faces.

"Jim," she said, "what are you thinking about?"

"Nothin', kid," he said. "You do keep askin' that."

He heard her draw a sharp breath, but he did not want to see her face.

"I wish we weren't coming back," she said. "I wish we'd stayed out there."

"Yeh," he said. "I know. It's rough here, but I'm lookin' after you. We'll take the room above Sam's store, and Sam's woman, she'll see to you, and we'll get a doctor up from Evans, kid; so don't you worry."

"I'm not," she said. "You're always good to me. I only——"

"Only what?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "Only, you're different here."

"Not to you," he answered. "I'm sticking with you, kid."

"It's only I'm jealous, I guess," she said. "I want to mean everything, I guess."

"Why, hell," he said, "so you do," but he knew it was a lie.

THE thing that meant everything to him was to wangle out an offer for his Horse Tail land. He could finish things if he got that, but would they make an offer? Or would they call

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607159

his bluff and beat him up and build their dam? He knew he would have done just that if he had been McClane.

Boiling Forks was growing clearer—log and frame houses, the pier down by the store against the background of the spruce, ugly in the grey and blackness of the land, steaming from the thaw. Now that he saw Boiling Forks, his time with Mary Ware did not seem real, and the cabin back at Horse Tail was a dream which had nothing to do with the roaring of the water. He saw a puff of smoke behind the buildings, and his voice rose to a shout:

"Lookit! There's a steam train! By gosh, the railroad's come!"

Then he saw that men were working near the point. The wind that struck his face brought across the sound of hammers.

"They're working on a sawmill, kid," he said. "That'll be McClane."

He half stood up as he dug his paddle in.

"Look," she said. "Wigwams." And she was not looking at Boiling Forks at all, but at a point two miles up the lake.

"Yeh," he said. "There's always them in spring. Those devils sell their pelts and stay until they've drunk 'em up. See, there's them now, drinkin' round a fire outside the store. Drink, drink, they're all alike."

"Just the same, they seem like home," she said.

He guessed what she meant. She was thinking of the cabin back at Horse Tail.

"Kid," he told her, "I'm goin' to give you a better home than that. Why, say, I'm goin' to give you everything."

His voice was just the same, but there was something wrong when he said it. He tried to make it right, but there was something wrong.

There was a crowd down by the landing, half strangers, but he knew the kind. Their faces had that watchful stamp which the woods left on every face, and their bodies had that unconscious grace which came from running logs.

Some Indians and half-breeds stood in the background the way they always did, and two dogs were fighting.

"Glad to see you, boys," he said, and he heard someone mutter:

"Laneer. That's him. Laneer."

HE helped her out and stood beside her while everybody stared. Sam Smith must have seen the canoe out on the lake, because he had left the store and was waiting on the dock.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," he said. "My woman, she'll look after you"—and they all three walked between the houses towards the store.

"Sam," Jim asked him, "who's the strangers?"

Sam spat and looked over his shoulder mildly.

"Some lookin' for a job," he said. "Some workin' for McClane. Party's settin' off to set up camps 'round Horse Tail. Thought you'd like to know."

Sam Smith was the one who could put two and two together and always get the answer right.

"Thanks," said Jim.

"McClane's sent a dude up here to see you—I was tellin' you last autumn—by the name of Murch. He was 'round after you left, askin' questions. Been waitin' here a week. Aims to buy you out. Thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks," said Jim. "I'll see him."

Sam spat again serenely and looked at Mary Ware.

"He's got a bunch of tough ones with him. Just in case, I reckon. Thought you'd like to know."

They were almost at the store by then, and Sam paused and touched Jim's arm.

"The sheriff's lookin' for you," Sam said. "Thought you'd like to know."

Jim Laneer stopped also, and he could keep his face straight, but he could not guess what Sam was thinking.

"Know what for?" he asked.

"Yeh," said Sam. "Wants to ask you about Red Hobbs."

Jim Laneer admired himself for the way he took it; he grinned and nudged Sam with his elbow.

"And you thought I'd like to know?" he asked.

"Yep," said Sam, "I thought you'd like to know."

Then, with that faculty he had for understanding, he could read Sam like a book. Sam had been keeping store up there so long that he was like the place—pitiless, impersonal like the sky and air, watching him without sympathy or malice, not caring if he stood up or fell down. All at once he realised that everyone at Boiling Forks was just like Sam—without kindliness or pity—it was either him or them.

"Well," said Sam, "there's the sheriff now."

JOE JOHNSON was the sheriff then, a middle-aged man who had drifted in from some place farther west. He came walking softly, his hands swinging easily at his sides, a tall, spare man with a drooping moustache and a Stetson hat.

"Laneer," he called, "don't hurry."

"Sam," said Jim, "you go along, and kid, you stay with me." Then he took her hand and pressed it tight. "And don't you be afraid. . . . Howdy, Joe," he called. "Lookin' out for votes?"

Joe Johnson stopped, and they looked at each other carefully for a moment, and Jim Laneer knew that he had put one over then. Whether you talked or fought, you hit out first, and then the rest was easy.

"Where you been?" Jos said. "You're quite a stranger, Jim."

"Up Horse Tail way," Jim answered, "but I'm back in time to tell the boys to vote right. Hear you need it, Joe."

By that strange, sympathetic gift of his, Jim Laneer knew men, and Johnson was no match for him in any game like that.

"You seen Red Hobbs?" he asked.

"No," said Jim, "and I don't want to see him. Why?"

His face was lazy and tranquil; he took out the makings and rolled a cigarette, as he heard Joe Johnson say:

"Well, now, Hobbs says he aimed to go in after you last October after you bust his jaw. Thought maybe you had seen him."

"Shucks!" said Jim. "That so?" His voice was lazily amused. "Guess he didn't get that far. He couldn't buy an outfit. Is Red voting for you, Joe?"

He lighted his cigarette carefully, shielding the match in his heavy, short-fingered hands, as he heard Joe say:

"No one's seen a hair of him since then. Funny, ain't it, Jim?"

Jim Laneer smiled faintly, staring at Joe Johnson hard.

"Yeh," he said, "and that's not all that's funny. Who put you up to askin' me about him? Someone from McClane's?"

He spoke the last words slowly, and he could see right through Johnson's eyes, and he could tell when a man was lying.

"What you driving at?" Joe Johnson's face grew red. "I got a right to do my duty, ain't I?"

"Yes," said Jim, "and I got a right to ask." He knew the man was lying then, but he showed no trace of anger—and that was not all he knew. He was sure, from some seventh sense of his, if he had needed further assurance, that McClane had sent Red Hobbs in after him.

"Kid," he said to Mary Ware, "you go in the store," and he saw Joe's eyes leave him and turn towards Mary Ware, suddenly suspicious.

"Who's that with you?" Joe asked. "The little tart you stole away?"

Jim Laneer did not move or raise his voice.

"Joe," he said, "take off your hat and beg her pardon. I got the license in my pocket. You're speaking about my wife."

THAT was how he finished Hobbs. He had done it all deliberately, using Mary Ware like a card upon the table, certain that an honest woman was rare enough in Boiling Forks to put him in the right. It was like picking the key log in a jam and letting the whole thing go; it was consummate skill, the way he used her, the perfection of his understanding. Joe Johnson actually began to blush when he looked at the fullness of her figure.

"Excuse me, ma'am!" he said.

"Kid," said Jim Laneer, "you go inside . . . . And listen, Joe. Someone from McClane has put you on to this. . . . Shut up, I'm talkin' now! . . . I'm telling you, because I like you, Joe. I wouldn't put my finger in anything between McClane's crowd and me for a piece. You don't know where it's going to get. Maybe for a day or two I'd just move out of town."

He knew enough about Joe Johnson, and Johnson knew he knew, though they never spoke of that. He put his arm about his shoulder, speaking easily, carelessly.

"And so I mean," he ended, "I'd just step out of town."

The front room of the store was crowded, and the oil lamps were already lighted. The place was thick with the smell of lamp smoke and kerosene and half-dried pelts. The Indians were in there, trading; squaws were eating candy and men were gazing stolidly at goods along the wall. Jim Laneer had to push his way to the back of the room, where Sam was haggling with a coarse-haired man whose clothes, like those of all Indians, had a curious way of fitting to the body as though they were a part of it. Even with the clothes, you always thought of bare, copper arms and legs. Sam gave an honest price, as far as white traders went. He was going over the pelts one by one, but the trade was as good as made already, as the voices showed. As everyone stood listening, the exchange of words was like the dialogue of a play, and sometimes the store laughed and sometimes repeated the last word in an emphatic chorus.

The woods were in that store, because the Indians always brought something of it with them. Clothes and all, they were naked. The sounds of the woods and the melancholy timelessness of the woods came in on the flow of the Ojibway tongue.

HE knew who the Indian was by the gesture of his narrow hands, before he ever turned round. It was Hunky, with his family, back from some point inside, bartering his winter work, selling hours of cold and hunger for some groceries, notions and whisky. Hunky, already with a touch of spirits on his breath, was urbane and gay, but Jim knew he did not like him, though they both shook hands.

He walked behind the counter to the back part of the building where Sam lived. Matilde, Sam's half-bred woman from the old French mission, was getting supper. She looked at him patiently, like a tired dog, and you could see that she had never had a happy hour.

"She's upstairs," she said, and then she smiled, and added, "Pretty lady."

He felt happy as he walked upstairs, because he knew that he had finished it about Red Hobbs. If he could get through the

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607160

rest of the night as well as that, the whole thing would go clean.

Mary Ware's face had never looked so thin and fine as it did in the twilight of their room, but her eyes were glazed and blank, and the paleness of her cheeks made her lips as red as blood.

"Kid," he said, "you're tired."

He had often stayed in that room of theirs when he had stopped at Boiling Forks. There were two chairs, a strip of carpet, a big bed and a window which faced the lake, as good a room as he had ever slept in. When she did not answer, he remembered that his hat was on, and he took it off and tossed it on a chair. She puzzled him and made him shy; he could never treat her as he treated other women.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"Jim," she said, "put your arm around me," and he put his arm around her. "I'm cold," she said, "and everything is different. You're different."

"Shucks," he said. "Everything's all right. Now don't you think of Hobbs again. He's quiet. Everything's all right."

"I hate this place," she said. "I'm like those Indians being cheated down there in the store."

He never raised his voice to her. He was always glad of that.

"Now," he told her, "now. Sam gives 'em honest trade. . . . This room ain't much. You don't feel good, I guess . . . Say, McClane's sent a feller here to see me, and wait till I'm through with him! . . . Listen, kid, I'm looking after you. I'm going to get you everything there is. Say ——"

And he tried to think of the best things that he knew.

"I'll get you one of those square houses down to Evans, kid, with oak plush furniture in the parlor, like that lawyer had, Smith—remember, when we saw him in the fall? And a hired girl to do the work for you, see? And a couple of horses and a buggy, and one of them pianos that plays when you pump it with your feet. Oh, hell, I don't know what all, but I'm going to get it for you, kid."

He stopped, because suddenly she was laughing like someone crazy. He felt his jaw go slack as he stared at her, because she had never been like that. She was ugly when she laughed.

"Oh, God!" she said. She choked the words out at him between the bursts of laughter. "What do I want that for, when I can't have you?"

MAYBE he was a fool, but he never raised his voice. In the old days, if a woman had been like that, he would have known the thing to do was to strike her, but he did not raise his hand.

"Set tight, kid," he told her. "I'm here, ain't I?"

He rubbed his hand through his thick hair and walked up and down the room, waiting for her to quiet down.

"No," she said, "you're not here, and I'm not here."

He swore softly, so that she could not hear him; but he knew so well what she meant that he did not want to know.

"Be quiet," he said, and something in him made her quiet. It cut the noise from her like a knife, and left her staring at him. "Now listen, kid. It don't help to get like that. That's crazy." And suddenly he was angry, though he did not raise his voice.

"You think I'm a damn roughneck. You like them lousy Indians better'n you like me."

"No," she said, and her voice was tired. "I've told you and I've told you. I've told you I love you, Jim."

"Now listen, kid." He stopped his pacing and stood in front of her with his thumbs hooked in his belt. "This is no time to get notions, when I've got to keep figurin'. It's lucky we're here, the way you are now, ain't it? Now you lie down, and I'll have 'em send you supper. I got to go out. If anything happens—Sam—he can look after you. S'long."

"Jim, what's going to happen?"

"Nothin' if I can help it," he said. "I was only jokin', kid, but I'm not forgetting. They sent Hobbs after you and me."

"Jim," she asked him, "you love me, don't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Why, sure."

CHAPTER 9.

JIM felt better when he got outside. He walked quickly, because he wanted to get away from Mary and to be with what he knew. But he could not get out of his mind what she had said—that he and she were somewhere else. She might as well not have been at Boiling Forks at all. She had gone from him as though she had run away.

Slim Nelson was waiting for him at the Cloud House bar, and he felt better when he shook hands with Slim. Gus was playing the accordeon, and the girls were looking fine—just the way they always did when he got back from the woods. The first thing he noticed was that the place was full of strangers. There were a dozen all together at one end of the bar, who turned and looked at him, and looked away. One of them, a giant of a man, with black hair and sunken eyes and square, purplish jaws, who was evidently the boss, kept on staring; and Jim Laneer stared back.

"Stranger," he asked, "what you lookin' at?"

"You," the other said. "What of it?"

Slim took him by the arm and pressed it tight.

"You leave him be," he whispered. "He's layin' for you, Jim, in case there's a mite of trouble. You be careful, Jim."

Jim turned his back and called out for a drink.

"They waiting here for me?"

"Yeh," said Slim, "they aim to shake you down to-night."

"You got the crowd together?"

"Yeh," said Slim. "But they won't stay together unless you get that money."

"All right," said Jim softly, "keep 'em out of here. I'll play this alone."

Their glances met, and Slim Nelson nodded.

"All right," he said, "but I reckon I'll wait here. You be careful, Jim."

Jim stood there waiting, not worried, because nothing ever shook him much. It was good to have a drink again; it made him feel the way he always felt when he came back from the woods. Though he knew he needed to be careful, he had another drink. Then one of the girls came up to him—a big girl in a low-cut, spangled dress, with wavy hair and heavy, pouting lips. She leaned against his shoulder and said, "Big boy," and laughed, and he forgot about Mary Ware. For an instant he forgot why he was waiting there, everything, because a woman had touched him.

"Sister," he asked her, "what's your name? You're new."

"Ma wants to see you in the office, big boy," she said. "There's a gentleman wants to see you."

In the dark entry in front of the office door, he stopped and spoke loudly enough so that anyone inside could hear:

"Sister, how about you kissin' me?"

"Say, you behave," she giggled.

SHE was soft and warm against him, breathing quickly in the dark, and half his desire for her was real.

"Gee!" she gasped. "Take care! Someone's ——"

He heard the door of Ma Swenson's office open behind him just as he hoped it would, and he heard Ma Swenson laugh as he turned and blinked stupidly at the light in the little room.

Ma had on the same claret dress which she had worn that night last autumn—of velvet, splotched and spotted like her arms and face.

"Dearie," said Ma, "can't you ever stop?"

"Shut your mouth," said Jim, but he knew from the sneer in her voice that she thought he was a fool. She even gave an eloquent glance at a man in the office behind her.

"Didn't I tell you?" was what her glance said. "There's no tricks to anyone like that."

A clean-shaven man whose hair was a steely grey was sitting on the office table, kicking one leg back and forth and grinning at him. He was dressed in city clothes with a diamond pin in his cravat, and his eyes were as cool as that pin. His face had the cool, square, pale look of a man who only had to speak once; and no matter how startling and immaculate he was, he could have walked straight through the bar outside without hearing one remark.

"Dearie," said Ma, "that's no way to talk. Here's a gentleman from Mr. McClane from Chicago who wants to see you special. . . . This is him, Mr. Murch—and you see what he wants."

He looked at Murch, and Murch grinned at him.

"Just in from the woods, eh?" said Mr. Murch.

"Yeh," said Jim Laneer. "I guess you want to see me about that land."

Mr. Murch nodded.

"I'm here just for that," he said. "We don't want any trouble about that land of yours."

Jim Laneer pushed his hat back from his forehead and scratched his head, but no one could have guessed what he was thinking. He knew that he would never be allowed to leave that room without reaching some agreement. If there was any hint of difficulty he knew that Murch was ready to call in his men outside, and he knew what other men had looked like when they ran against McClane. He rolled a cigarette and shuffled his feet, while Murch and Ma Swenson watched him.

"Mister," he said, "I hope you'll treat me fair."

Murch watched him for a minute or more. Then suddenly his voice was cordial and relaxed.

"That's the stuff," he said. "Now we're talking. Beaver McClane pays for what he wants, and we don't want any trouble. We want a straight business proposition. Now, Laneer ——"

IT was just what Jim had hoped. His soiled clothes and blank, broad face had done their work on Murch.

"Now, Laneer"—the voice of that city man half friendly and half pained—"I want to treat you right, and Mrs. Swenson here's your friend. She's the one who felt we ought to have a little talk. You haven't thought any time of bucking this company, have you?"

Jim Laneer began to laugh, and he was good at laughing.

But he watched Mr. Murch all the time out of the corner of his eye.

"Listen, Murch," he said, "I don't know much, but I'd look funny, wouldn't I, coming up against an outfit like the McClane Lumber Company? Ma here's been talking to you, has she? Well, Ma ought to know me better. Now, maybe you've heard a few fools here saying I'm aiming to cut up rough. Well, there's always a bunch of soreheads, isn't there, when McClane begins developing new country? Now, put yourself in my place. I knew I had something up at Horse Tail worth while. I knew you'd have to put a dam at Horse Tail. Well, soon's I knew, I saw a lawyer down to Evans, and I started talking. Say, wouldn't you have talked? I had something to sell, didn't I? Say, what else could I do but talk big, if I wanted to get a price? That's all I and some of my friends are doing, but, shucks, look at me. What could I do to you? Now we've got to busi-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607161

ness, all anybody wants is just to be treated fair."

When he finished he could hear the accordion going in the room outside, and he knew that he had fooled them. He had fooled Murch by putting down his cards on the table so fast that no one would stop to think that he had any up his sleeve. Mr. Murch was nodding as if everything was over, perfectly convinced that everything was straight.

"Dearie," said Ma Swenson, "I always said that you had sense. I was saying it to Mr. Murch just now, and don't forget me, dearie, when you finish up this deal."

Mr. Murch got down from the table where he was sitting and smoothed the creases of his trousers.

"Well," he said, "that's better. We can get down to business now. Seaver McClane doesn't want to be bothered with lawsuits and injunctions when he goes in. You're talking sense. We only muckle those if parties don't talk sense. Laneer, are you in this thing alone?"

Jim lied blandly, honestly and slowly, with his eyes wide open.

"No," he said. "I've got partners down to Evans, but all they want's fair money."

It was a lie, because he had no partners yet, but his eyes and face were steady.

He knew that all he wanted was to get his hand on money, but he knew that Murch must never see it in his face.

"All right," said Mr. Murch. "How much?"

He answered easily, without a moment's hesitation.

"I'm stopping at the store," he said. "Come and see me in an hour. I don't want the boys around here to know I'm selling out."

There was another pause, and he saw that Ma Swenson's narrow, puffy eyes were on him, making him think for a second that she saw what he was doing. He stared back at her innocently, as though he did not understand that she would have watched him be beaten to a pulp if things had not gone right, but she did not see through him. She only wanted money.

"Now, ain't it nice," Ma said, "that everything has gone so nice? Now, don't forget I done it for you, dearie."

"That's fair with me," said Mr. Murch, "I'll meet you in the store in just one hour."

JIM walked through the bar-room slowly, calling out to everyone he knew, careful not to seem preoccupied or hurried. The smell of strong spirits and heavy bodies struck across his face. Everything was strong in there, and as plain as the blaze of an ax. Everything was as simple as the world outside and everyone there had the mind of a child inside of a rawhide body, bent on taking something—maybe money or a moment of forgetting. The bleakness of the country made them all fools when they came together, but he was not a fool.

The gang that had been waiting there to beat him was still waiting near the bar, and he walked up to them smiling.

"Stranger," he said to the boss, "what's your name?"

"Welch," the boss said, "and what is it to you?"

Jim smiled again. The man was hard and very big.

"Nothing, Welch," Jim answered softly. "Everything's all right."

"You're wise," said Welch.

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm wise . . . Slim, you come outside with me."

Without a word between them he and Slim walked over to the edge of the woods. It was dark outside by then, but there was no need to see Slim's face, because he trusted Slim. Other men double-crossed him. Other men lost their nerve, when the ice was thin, but Slim Nelson never did. Slim stayed by him, thin, capable, close-mouthed, the only man he ever trusted, the only man who always stayed his friend.

"Jim," Slim asked him, "you ain't backing down?"

"No," he answered. "Money's all I need."

"You goin' to git it, Jim?"

Jim lowered his voice to a whisper:

"I guess, if I can fool em. I'm settin' off to Evans. When I get back they'll know they're fooled. Now, the sheriff, he's pulling out. When I get back with money we'll drive 'em out of town. You keep the crowd together and keep 'em quiet. We'll let 'em loose when I get back. . . . So you figure it's too wet to start fires up to Gull Lake, Slim?"

"No," said Slim. "Given a mite of sun. . . Jim, you gotta get the money. This won't last."

"All right," he said. "Keep the boys together and pay 'em out of this."

He gave Slim Nelson the last money in his pocket except a five-dollar bill. He bet everything he had on one turn, and played it to the limit, and sometimes that part of it made all the rest seem right.

He did not want to see Mary Ware when he got back to the store. He wanted to keep his mind clear, because it would only be a short while before Murch would come.

THE Indians were still there, which was natural enough, since it was their habit to hang around the store for hours, as if time meant nothing. Anything a white man wanted meant nothing to those people—time, or money, or possessions. Now that Hunky had his money, it was plain that he had started in already with the whisky, and it always was annoying to see an Indian drink. Not one that Jim Laneer had ever seen could hold his liquor like a man. The first two drinks would take away their decency and turn them into dirty animals. Hunky was on the way of all his race, not far along, but started.

His voice was growing loud when his woman came to beg him for a drink and the even motion had left his hands. He was squatting on the floor with two other men, playing a gambling game called bugs-sewin, familiar to his people. They squatted around a folded blanket upon which was a tin basin containing carved bits of bone. Each one of them in turn would lift the basin and bring it down on the blanket with a thud, so that the pieces inside it danced and turned, like dice.

Every time the basin went down, thump, they all would give a shout and bend their heads above it. He knew that they would gamble their shirts off on that game. Hunky was winning, as pleased as a ten-year-old child, with a heap of soiled bills and silver cartwheels in front of him, but he was not like a white man gambling.

"Cousin," Hunky called to him, "you play, perhaps?"

"Cousin," said Jim Laneer, "you're too drunk to play."

Hunky began to laugh, but not like a white man in liquor.

"You try," he called. "You and me. Pretty soon I'll be too drunk perhaps."

He took a swallow from his whisky bottle and gestured toward the blanket.

"All right," said Jim Laneer, and pulled out his last five dollars and slammed the basin down.

That was his lucky day, when he could have won at dice, or cards, or anything but once he said:

"Cousin, you want to stop?" but he knew that nothing made an Indian stop once he had the gambling fever, and Hunky did not care for money. It was only the game he wanted, that fling at a mysterious force which was as uncertain as the wind and rain.

In half an hour Jim Laneer had cleaned that Indian out, down to his porcupine-quill belt. The belt and all the proceeds of Hunky's winter's work lay before him on the blanket, but Hunky took it like a man. It was only when Jim reached and took the money and the belt that Hunky seemed to see that he had lost.

"Pretty soon," he said, "white men get everything. Why not now?" And he picked up his whisky and stood up, glassy-eyed and swaying.

WITH everyone crowding about them, watching, he did not know that Mary Ware had come downstairs until he stood up, too, and began to stuff the money in his pockets, to find her standing right in front of him.

"Why, hello, kid," he said.

But she just stood there staring at him.

"Jim," she said, "what happened?" as though anybody could not tell.

"Quick clean-up, kid," he said. "This is my lucky night."

"You mean," she said, "you've taken all his money?"

"Sure," he said. "Why not? I won it fair. Now listen, kid. You got to get outa this. This whole gang's drunk. They're Hell when they're in liquor. Come on. We'll go upstairs."

But she stood there without moving, just stood and stared straight at him, and then she said:

"You don't mean it, do you, Jim?"

"Mean what?" he asked. "Now listen, kid. We can't stand here arguin'. I cleaned him out—that's all."

He knew she should not be standing there the way she was, with everybody staring and reeking of raw whisky. He knew it wasn't any place for her, even though he could not understand what she was driving at.

"Say," he asked her, "what's the matter, kid?"

Her voice began to shake. She began to shake all over, as if the room was cold.

"You give it back," she said.

"Say!" His mouth dropped open. "I won it, didn't I?"

You might have thought she was afraid. She looked afraid of him, and not of the copper faces in a circle gazing at them. She was afraid of him, and it made him half afraid of her because he could not understand what it was she meant—but he had the sense to lie.

"Say," he said, "that's all right, kid. That's all right," and he turned to Hunky, speaking in Ojibway. "Here," he said, and held out the money.

Hunky reached for it slowly. He must have thought it was some white man's custom which he had never seen, because he made no objection and did not express surprise. He took the money in both his hands, stared at Mary Ware, and made a noise in his throat and stumbled out of the store.

Then Sam, who stood behind the counter, added a final word.

"Drunk," he said. "Dead drunk."

"Jim," she said. She came close to him and touched him. Her hands were icy cold. "You didn't mean it, did you?"

"No," he said. "Shucks, no. I was only jokin', kid," and, just as he said it, he saw Sam's back straighten.

"'EVENIN' mister," Sam was saying, and Mr. Murch was there. Murch might have been walking in the city from the way he looked—fur-lined coat, pointed shoes, felt hat and cane and his square, smooth, pale face, but he took off his hat when he saw Mary Ware. There was no subtlety about it, and Jim had seen men stare at women often enough to understand. Murch had not even been careful to disguise his expression, and anyone could tell that he wanted Mary Ware. He did not know who she was, and if he had, it would have made no difference to him. He

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607162

wanted her as a man did who was used to having his way with women. His pale eyes were filled with a half-insolent, half-surprised desire, oblivious of anything else around him, so that he started when Jim touched his shoulder.

"This here's my wife," he said.

"Your wife?" said Murch. "I didn't know you had a wife."

"Well," said Jim, "you know it now. . . Mary, this here's Mr. Murch. We'll be talkin' and you'd better go upstairs."

He could see that Murch did not want to have her go. He could see what Murch thought of him—a backwoods fool who could not hold a wife.

"Why, ma'am," Murch said, "you must find it lonesome here," and then he looked at Jim the way that engineer at Horse Tail had looked, asking the same question without speaking:

"How did you get her?"

"Sam," said Jim, as if he didn't notice, "let us in your room. We want to talk."

Instead of being jealous, he was pleased that a man like Murch should desire Mary Ware, for it made him absolutely sure of his own judgment. She was worth the taking, and Murch was not the man to do it. He could handle Murch.

It was just as though they two were talking, though they did not say a word.

Murch was sinister, and pale, looking at Jim's heavy build, and Murch was saying without a word:

"What does she see in you?"

And something else passed between them wordlessly. Both of them must have known there would be no haggling over a price that night, after Murch had looked at Mary Ware. Murch would want him to be pleased and dazzled, and Jim Laneer played up to that.

"I guess you can see why I want to sell," he said.

"Yes," said Murch, "I see. . . Mind if I call you 'Jim'? It's easier to talk."

HE had unrolled a blue-print map and spread it on the table in Sam's room.

It showed the watercourses straight down to Boiling Forks, and Jim saw that his land on Horse Tail was blocked in with red crayon, so that it stood out clearly in the lantern light.

"Jim," said Murch, "I want to get this closed, and I tell you what I'll do. I'll name you the top figure—fifty thousand cash, and that's more than it's worth."

The room was close and silent, and Jim Laneer sat looking at Sam's account books and at the calendars on the wall. The size of the price astonished him, though he did not show it, and he knew that Mary Ware was in that price indirectly. He knew it, but he did not hesitate, since he needed every card he had. He rolled a cigarette and looked at the floor, careful not to seem too quick.

"Well," he said, "there's my partners down to Evans. I'll have to see 'em first, and I'll have to show 'em something more than words."

"Show them what?" asked Murch.

Jim was very careful not to speak too fast. Though he knew that everything was hanging on what happened next, he was very slow, like a man who had trouble thinking.

"Maybe," he said, "you wouldn't mind settin' that offer down on paper, and I'll fetch it down to Evans. That'll seem real to the boys, you know."

He half closed his eyes and blew a cloud of smoke, because he did not want Murch to see his eyes. It seemed to him that every second was an hour, but already something like a voice was singing in back of his mind.

"You've got him," it was singing. "You've fooled him, Jim."

Murch had shrugged his shoulders. He had reached across Sam's table for a pen and paper, and then the pen was scratching, and then he passed the sheet across without a word:

As duly empowered agent of the McClane Lumber and Development Company, I hereby make a firm offer payable in cash at time of sale of fifty thousand dollars to James Laneer for all land and rights belonging to him on either side of the stream known as Horse Tail, connecting Gull and Beaver lakes.

"Is that what you want?" he asked.

"Yeh," said Jim. "That'll do, I guess."

"All right," said Murch. "Shake hands—and you go down to Evans."

It was plain enough that Murch was pleased to have him out of the way.

"When'll you be back?" he was saying. "Take your time."

Jim folded the paper slowly and put it in his pocket. Now that it was in his pocket the cocksure insolence of Murch amused him.

"Day after to-morrow morning," he answered. "I'll see you at the Cloud House, ten o'clock." Then he smiled, and no one could see behind him when he smiled.

"You got him," that voice was saying. "Yes, you fooled him, Jim."

He could feel his elation surging in his blood, but he gave no sign of it as he watched Murch leave the store. Sam had been airing out the room, so that it was easy to stand by the open door and to hear Murch's footsteps. At first he was afraid that Murch might change his mind, but footsteps died away. It was getting late and the store was empty, except for Sam, who stood behind the counter reading an old newspaper. At the sight of Sam, Jim hesitated for a moment. He wanted to be sure about the paper in his pocket, and Sam was the man to know. He knew that Sam was straight and would not tell.

"Hey," said Jim, "is this worth money?"

SAM took the letter slowly and put it flat down on the counter. He muttered the words slowly to himself, for he was not an easy reader, and then he scratched his head.

"Cypress," he said, "how did you get that out of him?"

"Never mind how," said Jim. "That worth money?"

"It beats me," Sam said, "how you got it out of him. It's as good as money in the bank. Say, you can raise a loan on that there paper if you shouldn't want to sell."

Jim touched Sam's arm softly. "Sam," he whispered, "don't say that too loud."

Then he heard footsteps behind him. He had forgotten the open door, and now he knew that someone else had entered the store while they were talking. Neither of them had watched the door while they had been bending over the paper, and his carelessness made him angry, but he moved easily, just as though he had nothing on his mind. Jim picked up the paper slowly and put it in his pocket and turned from the counter. Welch was standing in the middle of the room, looking at him. There was no telling how long he had been there or what he might have heard. His face behind that purplish stubble on his jaw gave no indication as his deep-set eyes moved from Jim to Sam.

"Readin'?" Welch asked.

"Yes," said Jim, and he began to yawn. "Just helpin' Sam with the bills." He paused a second and yawned again. "Anyone who sends a bill to Sam, it's like money in the bank."

Even then he could not be sure just what Welch had heard. They stood facing each other, their feet apart, everything about them careless except their eyes.

"Well," said Welch, "it pays to be honest. You might get your back bust if you wasn't honest."

"Who'd do it?" Jim asked. "You?"

"Yes, me," Welch said, "and I'd have done it before this if I'd had my way. We're running this place, see? You look too slick, Laneer. I don't admire your face. Do you want to step outside?"

Jim did not move and his voice was friendly. "Did Murch send you here for that?" he asked.

"No," Welch said. "I don't like your face."

Jim shrugged his shoulders. He knew the kind—the woods were full of men like Welch.

"Sam," he said, "give the boss here a drink. Everything's all right, Welch. Why, I'm selling out. You're too big for me. Sure you run this town."

Then he drew a breath of relief, because he knew that no matter what Welch had heard it had meant nothing to him. The man was only another bully, half drunk and craving a quarrel to ease him from the burden of his life, and he was disappointed when Jim Laneer backed down.

"Wise, ain't you?" said Welch.

"Yes," said Jim, "I'm wise."

THAT talk with Welch made him sure of one thing. The sooner he got to Evans and the bank the better. He made up his mind to start for Evans that night. If there was no train, he could walk the fifteen miles, but he was better off at Evans with that paper than he was at Boiling Forks.

It was dark by then. Their room upstairs was dark, except for a faint grey by the window—so dark that Mary Ware was only a voice in that close darkness, when he came upstairs to her. Her body seemed to be gone, leaving only her voice, which was speaking from a distance, across the lake, across the carries, speaking from the silence of the trees. It was so much like that, that even when she spoke, he seemed to be alone.

"Is that you, Jim?" he heard her say.

"Yes"—he was groping in the darkness—"it's me. Where are you, kid?"

Then, when she answered, downstairs, outside, everything was real, but nothing there was real.

"I don't know where I am. Put your arm around me, Jim.

"Jim," she asked—it must have been a long while afterward—"who was that man?"

"Murch?" he answered, and he began to smile. "Never you mind him. Talk to him if he comes here, kid. He'll be better if he doesn't get to thinking, but never you mind him."

That was all he ever told her, carelessly, half laughing, because he was not afraid, except that he added casually: "I got a letter from him that's going to make us rich, but don't you tell him that."

CHAPTER 10.

BILL SMITH, at Evans, was a crooked lawyer, able to bribe a legislature or do any dirty work—just the man Jim wanted then—and Bill Smith never fooled him. When they talked they understood each other, because each knew what the other wanted, without hypocrisy or shame. Smith sat there in his office at Evans that next morning, hook nose and heavy lips, chewing the end of an unlighted cigar, which he moved with his lips from one corner to the other of his mouth.

"You got that paper?" was the first thing he asked, and then he noddled and chewed at his cigar. "All right. I can get a loan on that."

"Listen, Smith," Jim told him. "You mean I can get a loan on that. I know you like my brother, if I ever had one, boy. One slick play on your part, and I'll call you. Right from now you better know it. I'm going to run this show, and I know nothing's going to help me if you get a hold on me. I'm watching for you, Bill."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607163

Jim's speech rolled off Bill Smith, and Bill Smith only answered by a nod and smile.

"Of course," he answered. "If I ever get a hold on you, you're going to know it, Jim. You better not kill anybody or get yourself in trouble. Are you going back to tell this Murch? I wouldn't for a million dollars."

"Now, here," said Jim—"now, here. I'm doing this, not you. I know you wouldn't. You tend to the papers."

Then they walked together across the muddy street to see the president of the national bank.

"Shake hands with Jim Laneer," Smith said, "and read this note. There's no doubt about value with that offer, is there? We want a loan up to 50 per cent. McClane is going in."

When it came to logging, there was not much justice and no mercy in that part of the country then. Even when he raised that loan, Jim knew the ice that he was walking on was very thin, but it had been so smooth and easy that he was not quite ready when he felt it crack.

He had just come out of the bank with Smith, still thinking Murch was sound asleep, when he looked up the street and saw Mary Ware. And then he knew the ice was cracking. The sight of her on that muddy street between the saloons and shops in the low frame buildings set all his thoughts to spinning. Something wasn't right. She should have been at Boiling Forks, safe there in the store.

Her head was bare. She seemed to be running from something, white and sick, and he ran over to her, calling out her name.

"Kid!" he called out. "You all right? What you doing here?"

SHE was out of breath and shaking. He thought she was going to fall.

"They know what you're doing," she said. "They're going to kill you, Jim."

He hardly thought of what she said at first. He put his arm around her and led her across the street, half carrying her because she was almost dead weight.

"Easy," he said. "Easy. . . Smith, we'll go inside your office. Smith, you lock that door. . . Shucks, no one's going to kill me."

His voice was low and gentle, and his calmness made her calm. In a minute she was speaking quickly, like someone anxious to get it through.

"This morning I was in the kitchen. The door was open, so I could see out in the store. Sam was in there, sweeping out, when five men and Mrs. Swenson came in. One of the men was the one you saw last night."

"Murch?" said Jim.

"Yes, that's who he was, and a big, dark man and three men. Sam was afraid when he saw them. One of them bolted the outside door, and then Murch told Sam to speak up or they'd break every bone in his body."

"Yes?" said Jim, and he rolled a cigarette.

"Then he asked if you had gone to Evans yet, and Sam said yes, you had. Then he asked if you had shown Sam a letter and Sam said yes, and he asked if you were going to the bank with it, and Sam said yes, he guessed so. Then Murch turned on the big man and asked him why he hadn't told him sooner.

"And then Ma Swenson began to talk. She said to look out or else you'd stop them. You could hire men, now you had the money, and ship them up to Horse Tail, so that no one could build a dam. Then Murch stood there listening and thinking. Then I heard him say, 'Well, what of it? Let him try it. I've got all the cards. All we want is to get hold of Horse Tail. I've got a crowd here ready. If he's hiring men to send up, this is the only place on the lake where he can get supplies and boats. He can't get off the pier if we won't let him. As long as I'm running Boiling Forks, everything's all right. If he tries any tricks, he'd wish he wasn't born.' Then I don't know what they said, but they were planning to do something to you. I went out the back door and ran to the railroad; a train was coming."

JIM LANEER didn't listen to the rest. He was not thinking of what she had told him as much as he was wondering what she must have thought of him.

"Kid," he said, "I won't forget you've done this for me. Now wait a minute; let me think."

He was thinking clearly, balancing this and that. Murch knew something, but it was clear that Murch was not sure yet. He looked at Mary Ware again; she was the one to keep Murch in the dark.

"You don't want to see me in trouble, do you, kid?" He leaned towards her. "Or else you wouldn't have come down here. You've got to stick beside me now. . . . Bill, when's the next train back?"

Bill said, in twenty minutes, and Jim Laneer looked at her again. She was good to look at, and he was glad of that, because she needed to be pretty.

"Kid," he said, "this don't amount to shucks. You got to take the next train back. Now, don't you argue with me. I'd go back too, but there's things I got to do. You'll be back in an hour, and you send for Murch to see you. Tell him I had you down to Evans to buy clothes, and tell him I'm coming back sure. I'll meet him at the Cloud House at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and that's the truth. I want him to be sure of that. You tell him, kid."

"Say," Bill Smith began "if they get hold of you——"

Then Jim began to laugh. "You do law and leave me handle Murch."

Then he talked to her gently as they waited there for the train, while she held his hand exactly like a child.

"Jim," she kept saying, "they won't hurt you? You're not doing anything that isn't honest, are you, Jim?"

Something made him soft when she said it. She was not the sort to be in any game like that. He did not want to lie to her, and yet he had to lie. The way Murch had looked at her was enough. She could make Murch believe her if she said he was coming back. She could make Murch hesitate and guess. As long as Murch was in the dark, he would do nothing active. He would rather buy the land than fight.

Jim told her there was nothing to be afraid of—just talk and nothing more. No one was going to touch him. Everything was fine. He told her it was only a business deal, and that was true enough; but there was one thing he said which was absolutely true, just as the train was pulling in.

"Don't forget I love you, kid," he said.

Even then he still thought that he could have the woods and her

SLIM NELSON was on the platform at Boiling Forks to meet him when the train pulled in the next morning.

"Murch is up to the Cloud House," Slim said; his words were quick and jerky. "He's been talking to some of our boys. He's been slipping money to 'em. He's got his gang in there waiting for you. Don't you go in there alone."

Jim Laneer pulled his hands out of his pockets and rubbed them on his coat. The roar of the rapids sounded like loud music.

"We got half an hour," he said. "Are our boys going to stick?"

"No," Slim said. "they ain't. They're bellyachin'. They want money."

Jim pulled his roll from his pocket; he was ready for just that.

"They'll get it," he said. "I don't care what it costs. Show 'em that roll. That talks. Give 'em twenty-five apiece now and fifty when it's finished. How many's Murch got up there with him?"

"Fifteen," said Slim. "That Welch is there. They ain't takin' any chances with you. You keep out of there."

Jim Laneer heard him, but his heart never missed a beat; he could even think that the day was fine, and he could smell the wood smoke and the wet earth and the moist air off the lake.

"That's fine," he said. "This is the day to drive 'em. What time is it? Nine-thirty? You've got half an hour. You do what I tell you. I don't want Murch to know a thing until I'm ready. I'm going up to the Cloud House at ten o'clock. Get the boys and bring 'em outside the Cloud House easy as soon as I go in. You got half an hour. Get the boys and bust in when you hear me holler. Then drive 'em. Drive 'em. Every last McClane man is going out of town. Tell 'em not to be afraid of anything, unless it's me, and don't ask questions. I'm running this show now! I know what I'm doing. Murch won't know what's hit him until I'm jumping on his face."

CHAPTER 11.

IT was simple to him. Everything he did was simple, because he could see the essential thing, and because he could always make men mind. There were two thing in life which he knew mattered—force and money. He could hear the rapids singing.

"You got 'em," they were singing. "You've got 'em, Jim Laneer."

He walked up the muddy track from the station to the Cloud House, whistling through his teeth, not too quickly or not too slowly, thinking of the bar-room fights that he had seen, and of the old life he had known. It was stretched in front of him on the path—axes, peavies, men, women, liquor, icy water, choking snow. He had had a hard life; he had taken it as it came; and he knew he was walking out of it, like climbing up a hill.

The Cloud House was all fixed for what was coming. The door was open, and Ma Swenson and the girls were somewhere out at the back. The room was full of strangers and dusky like a barn after the sun outside. The light came through dusty windows—there was nothing so grim as a bar-room in the morning—shining on the glasses behind the bar, where Pete, the barkeeper, was standing with a bottle in his hand. It was a dirty place, without beauty, without comfort. It was like his life and he hated it. He was glad he was getting through.

Murch was standing alone by the bar; the others stood along the wall across the room, not drinking but looking at him carefully, and watching Murch for any sign.

"Morning, Murch," Jim said. "Morning, boys."

Then Murch waved his hand, and someone closed the door and bolted it.

Jim Laneer did not appear to notice. He rested his elbow on the bar and smiled, but he knew where everyone was standing.

"Well," Murch said, "have you got things all settled?"

He looked sure that everything was settled.

"Sure," said Jim. "It's fixed all right. You weren't taking any chances, were you? That's right, don't take chances."

MURCH began to laugh.

"Why, these boys are here for fun," he said, "and witnesses. Here's a sales agreement. Let's settle it, and then we'll have a drink."

"Sure," said Jim. "I'll settle it."

There must have been something wrong with his voice, because he saw Murch straighten up, and Jim leaned closer to him.

"Listen, you slick bully," he said. "I got something to thank you for. I've been trying to get a loan on that land of mine for three years. Well, you fixed it for me. I

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607164

got my loan, and now to hell with you and your papers. You wrote one paper too many when you wrote that offer. Do you think I'd sell any land to a shyster like you? Why, Murch, I've organised my own company that's going to log out Horse Tail Stream, and my company doesn't choose to dam it, and I got money enough to keep a crowd that'll stop you if you try to dam it—out of your handwriting, Murch. And I'll hold up McClane till hell freezes, now I got the money. Say, why didn't he send a real man, and not a cheap article like you?"

The way Murch looked was something worth remembering. All sorts of things ran across his face, and Murch was quick enough to see. He had been fooled, and he had himself to thank—fooled so that no one would forget it.

"You double-crossing skunk!" he yelled. "Do you think you can make a play like that and get away with it? Say, you lying cheat——"

"Hell, Murch,' said Jim Lancer. "McClane must be getting old to send out a fool like you. Keep your mouth shut and write another letter home. Tell 'em who's running Smooth Rock, and tell 'em to get out."

"So that's that, is it?" Murch said.

"Yeh," said Jim, "that's that."

"All right,' said Murch. "You got it coming. . . . Let him have it, boys!"

There was no doubt what was coming, and he was ready for it.

"Slim Nelson, come on in!" Jim shouted, and turned his back on the bar. At the same time he shot out his left arm and snatched Murch by the throat. Murch had been a fool up to the end to have been as close to him as that.

Jim got him by the collar and smashed a fist into his face, and dropped him in time to meet the men who ran across the room.

"Slim!" he shouted, and then he heard a window crash.

He knew he must keep on his feet if he did not want to be a cripple all his life. They came at him in a wedge, headed by that giant, Welch, and their plan was very simple. They meant to get him off his feet and kick him, and everything was fair. He had forgotten Pete behind the bar. He had not figured that Pete might be in it, too, until a bottle crashed on his head, tearing his scalp wide open and sending a cascade of blood and whisky down his face. His knees buckled beneath him, and a red curtain came across his eyes just as they sprang on top of him like a blanket. He fought silently, without a rule, as he had learned to fight, except for the convention that firearms and knives were barred. While it lasted there never was a better fight than that, because everyone stood up and took it.

THEY must have dragged the pile off him when Slim got in, because suddenly he and Welch were fighting it out alone. He got Welch across his back in a flying-mare hold, and threw him across the room. Then, before Welch could get his feet under him, Jim kicked the fight out of him, which was what they had meant to do to him.

Then he found himself standing in the centre of the room, his clothes half off him, dripping blood and spirits, while everything seemed to sway like a pendulum, so that he was the only person who was standing firm. Welch was on the floor, unable to speak or see, and Murch by the bar was dragging himself to his knees.

"Lay off 'em, boys," Jim called. "That's enough for now."

Then he stepped up to Murch and jerked him to his feet.

"So you were going to have me beat up, were you, sonny?" he said. "Maybe you were aimin' to steal my wife, too, were you? Now you listen close, unless you want your back bust. You and your scabs have twenty minutes to clear out of town and keep out. And take this to set you goin'! . . . Where's that barkeep? Pull him out and beat him, boys! Where's Ma Swenson? Fetch her here!"

He drew his arm across his face. His head was spinning, but his mind was very clear.

"Slim," he said, "you got to keep 'em sober. I want a crew started for Horse Tail to-night."

Then Ma Swenson came, a man dragging her by either arm from wherever it was they found her hiding, and she was frightened—the first time he ever saw her scared.

"I didn't do nothin'—nothin'!" Ma Swenson shrieked.

"Shut up," he said. "I'm talkin', Ma. You hired out your place for this gang to beat me up, and now you'll keep it open, see? And don't you bet on the wrong hoss again. Now fetch some water and a towel, and wash my face."

He felt no anger towards her. He felt no rancour for anyone but Pete, who had smashed that bottle on his head. His head was bleeding freely and spinning like a top, but his mind was cool. His mind was always cool.

"Slim," he said, "bring up the boys. I want to shake hands."

He knew men when he touched them; he knew the workings of their minds, and what they were and what they wanted. He had that faculty for understanding life.

"Now," he said, "get this: You're my crowd, and I stay by my crowd. Only mind you stay by it, too—that's all. We've only started here. If there's loggin', we do it, and no one outside's going to stop us. There's whisky and five dollars extra for everybody, and if anyone don't like it, here I am."

HE was thinking, as he leaned against the bar, that he could drive men, he could break them, he could take them anywhere. He could play on them as Gus played on his accordeon. All you needed to run a show was to know how to use the men.

He turned and walked to the store while they were still yelling. He was spattered and torn, with a rag about his head, and the sun on the lake made the ripples shine like mercury.

Things kept running through his mind, as though something inside it had broken: Sun on the water. . . . The time he smashed his hand at Gull. . . . The water was like a great band playing, and he knew why. The water was his; everything was going to be his, because he could take it. He could take it. He had fooled them; he had licked them. He was taking everything.

When he thought, he staggered, because the thoughts came over him like drink. He was walking in a mist; at a very little distance, even, sight and sounds were blurred. But he saw Mary Ware. The walls of the room upstairs were like mist, but not her face. It was burning in his mind, frightened, staring.

"Hello, kid," he said. "Get a thread and needle and sew my head up."

Then he knew what he must have looked like, just from the way she looked. She was fading out into the mist before his eyes as he stood there swaying.

"Kid," he called to her, "don't you go away. Don't—you hear?"

But she was growing thin and watery, and the floor was like a cloud.

"You keep out of them woods," he was saying. . . . "You can have 'em. I got 'em for you, kid. You and me—we're running Smooth Rock, see? . . . I got to be pulling out now. I got to get to see McClane. . . . Hey, Mary Ware, don't you go away."

Then he must have fainted—the first time in his life that he had ever lost consciousness—but he meant it while the world was fading. He meant that he would give her anything if she did not go away.

CHAPTER 12.

IT took more than the crack from a bottle to lay out anyone in Boiling Forks. You weren't sick in those days until you died, and when a man was dying he did not give up. Jim Lancer could not have been out for more than a couple of minutes; but the sensation was strange to him, since it was wholly new. Something enormous had reached out a hand as black as night, which blotted him out when it touched him, making him black and silent. When that darkness touched him he went away and was part of something utterly unfathomable, but he knew what it was. The thing that hovered about the solitude up there must have been something in him which had always been a part of it.

Then there was an instant when all sorts of things were speaking in rushing, furtive whispers which he could understand; his life was speaking to other lives out there somewhere, and he knew them, though everything was black. Then everything came back as if it had been placed in front of him, but for just an instant he was not back with it.

"Why, hello, kid," he said. "Where are we?"

Mary Ware was bending over him, and he did not care where they were as he reached out his arms to take her. He did not care for anything as long as they were entirely alone, but it was over in a moment, and he saw they were not alone.

Sam was there, and his half-breed woman, Matilde, and Slim Nelson came in carrying a pail of steaming water. Jim's head felt as light as a feather and it made a buzzing sound, but when the room came back everything was clear—the window looking over the lake, the checked shirts and unshaved faces of the men, and Matilde's mournful copper face. Red smears on the bed showed him that he must have been bleeding.

"Hello, boys," he said. . . . "Got a thread and needle, Sam?"

"Ma'am," Slim said to Mary Ware, "you sit down yonder. Shucks, ma'am, he's all right. I reckon you don't like blood."

"Lift up his head," said Sam. "Big men always bleed, ma'am, when you crack 'em on the head."

Sam knew what to do better than a doctor. He sat Jim up straight and pulled off his shirt and told Matilde to clean him off. Then he stood giving orders in a quiet, easy voice, smoking his corncob pipe.

"The bleeding's near stopped," he said. "Just a mite of a tear, ma'am. Once I sawed off a fellow's leg downstairs in the store, with everybody paying a quarter for standing room. There was bettin' that he wouldn't live—that was gold time—but he lived all right. . . . Hand me the thread and needle."

Jim sat looking at Mary Ware and taking a swallow now and then from a glass half full of raw whisky, while Sam Smith sewed up his head. He felt the needle go through his scalp like a thin, hot iron, and the thread would whine through after it, but he did not mind the pain much. He was thinking that Mary Ware did not belong with any of that crowd. She had seen him put Red Hobbs away, but she did not belong.

"It's all right, kid," he said. "Everything's all right. You should have seen the rest of 'em," he said. "We fixed 'em. Hey, Slim?"

"Yes," said Slim, "we fixed 'em. . . . Hank's downstairs."

"Go down and tell him to wait,' Jim said. . . . "And, Sam, you break me out a suit of store clothes. I'm going to the city. I got to see McClane."

Slim heard him and stopped in the doorway.

"Say," he said, "what's this about? Say——"

Jim stood up, and he was feeling better all the time. His muscles moved easily and tirelessly again, and his skin felt fine and free.

"Listen, boy," he said. "You take orders, see? Don't you figure I'm good enough to see McClane? Say, I've only started on

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607165

him. I'll have him squeezed before I'm through. I'll tell you how, downstairs. Now clear out of here. I'm pulling out to-night."

HE felt uneasy when everyone was gone; he knew it was because Mary Ware was there asking him questions without speaking. She was his, and yet she did not belong there.

"Say, what you looking at?" he asked.

He knew she wanted him just the way he wanted her, but there was something between them. She ran into his arms exactly as though something had snatched at her, and he felt her arms on his back, pressing him close to her.

"Don't let me go," she said. "Jim, don't let me go. I don't care about anything the way I care about you. I don't care what they say about you. I don't care what you do as long as you don't let me go."

"Why, hell!" he said. "I won't let you go. Who's been talking, kid?"

Something was the matter with her. She was sobbing in his arms for no good reason he could see. It came over him that she did not care for anything except small things, which were working in her mind, entirely beyond him. Her words were mixed with sobs, making a strange language, because he could not see that anything had hurt her.

"Please!" she sobbed. "Take me out of this! I can't stand the faces, Jim! I shut my eyes and see 'em, Jim—their ugly faces, all alike—old Sam, Slim Nelson—faces. And the noise downstairs, and the women laughing and—— I thought they'd killed you, Jim."

It astounded him at first, but that human touch of his made him see partly what she meant. She did not belong there; she came from a quiet land which had been tamed a hundred years ago. It might have been different once back there, but not for years and years. It might have been garish once, and plain like everything in Boiling Forks, when it was new. It must have been snatched, like Boiling Forks, once from a maw of space. Her people must have been like him once, but that was long ago, and now she was sobbing on his shoulder because the place was new, and there was more than that—something was different in them both.

"Killed me, huh!" he said. "We don't kill like that. When you go for something here, you've got to fight for it. Hell, this wasn't much. I fooled 'em—and you leave that play to me. Sure I'm going to take you out of here. Anywhere you say. Only you've got to stick with me, see? You've seen worse at Horse Tail and you took it like a sport. Have you been hearin' things about me? Well, who's been talkin', kid?"

HE kept his voice steady, but it was getting on his nerves, because he loved her, and he stood like a fool there, listening without knowing what to do.

"You're not going to leave me, are you, Jim?" she said. "He said you had someone else already. You couldn't leave me alone here. You couldn't, could you?"

He backed away so that he could see her, and he kept his voice down, though he had a desire to shout.

"Kid," he said, "what skunk said that?"

"That man," he heard her answer—"that man—Murch. He said——"

"He did, did he," said Jim Laneer. "Murch did, did he? Murch did? Well, he won't again and keep his shoes on. And you believed him, did you? Say, who do you believe—a scab like Murch, or me?"

"I don't know!" she cried. "God help me, I don't know! I don't believe you'd stop at anything to take anything you wanted, no difference who was hurt."

His head was aching and he rubbed his arm across his face. He felt ugly, and he must have looked it.

"Say," he asked, "are you sweet on that scab Murch?"

Then something made her happy—the first time she looked happy.

"You think I am?" she asked, and she began to smile. He felt better then, as though a hand had been taken off his chest, and everything inside him was warm. He walked over to the edge of the bed and sat down heavily.

"Kid," he said, "I only know I don't want you to go away."

She came and sat down beside him and everything was all right, though they had not said a word, and he knew she did not believe it any more.

"You wouldn't fool me, would you, Jim?" she asked.

"Hell, no," he said. "I'm playing straight with you."

"You do love me, don't you, Jim?"

"Yeh," he said.

"Then I don't care. Everything's all right. I get frightened when I think you don't. That's all—I was frightened."

Then everything was all right. Everything was fine, like glassy water on the lake under a soft, warm sun. He tried to think and talk straight, the way he did with other people, but her being near him got his thoughts mixed up.

"Listen, kid," he said. "You and me are different—sure we're different. I'm tough because you got to be tough here. Now, don't you be scared, see? I'm not tough with you. Say, I got this country in my hand—one more slick play and I got it. Then you and me, we'll fix it up. You think I won't act decent? You stick with me and I'll act decent as a preacher."

She reached up and touched his face with the tips of her fingers, the way she did sometimes, as though she could not see him, but was reaching for him in the dark. "You won't want me," she said, "when you get everything."

"Shucks," he said, "first time I saw you I wanted you, didn't I? I'll always want you, kid."

THEN she seemed to know more than he did, the way she did sometimes, and he could tell it from the way she touched him.

"That's not so," she said. "It matters what you are, I guess. Jim, don't you get too sure, because you can't get everything. You may be able to lick everybody here, but you can't lick everything. You can't stop what's around you. We can't get away from what's around us, because it's the world. It's God. It's what that old man meant when he began screaming—do you remember, long ago, last autumn?—that you can't beat the woods."

He began to laugh, but his laughing did not sound right.

"I can tear a Hell of a hole in 'em, kid," he answered.

"Yes," she said, "that's what I mean. Everybody here is tearing holes. You can't take and not give back, or else the thing you take will break you. And I don't want you to be like that. It would spoil everything. You can't love when you're like that—that's what I mean."

"Say," he said, "that's easy. Haven't I been saying it? I like doing it. It's what I'm made for, kid, but anything I take I'll give right back to you."

He had never seen her look so pleased, and he could never forget it. Her pleasure seemed to cut him right in two, and he could believe in anything.

"It isn't only me, you know," she said, and he began to laugh.

"Sure," he said, "you're going to have a kid. Well, everyone'll know it pretty soon. That's why I can't take you to Chicago, where I'm going, Mary Ware, you got to stay here and keep quiet. But we'll have a time when I get back. You're not afraid any more, with everything all right?"

HE knew she was not afraid any more. Everything was fine between them, just as though they were one person, the way it had been sometimes in the woods.

"No," she said, "I'm not afraid of anything when I'm not afraid of you. I want him to be proud of you, that's all."

"Oh," he said, "him? He's going to be proud, all right."

They were always sure that their child would be a boy. And that was not all he was sure of.

As he walked downstairs to the store, a certainty came over him. She would take everything in him with her if she went away, and he knew he was a fool, but he did not care. He knew he would never be the same again, but still he did not care.

Slim Nelson and Hank were talking in the store. He could hear their voices.

"Boys," said Jim Laneer, "where's Murch?"

"Walkin' down the track to Evans," Slim said. "He wasn't waitin' for no train."

"Lucky for him he is." Jim leaned his elbows on the counter and put his hands in his pockets. "He's been after my wife. He better walk, and keep walkin' but not this way. Say, if anybody looks at her——"

"Say," said Hank, "we're talkin' business. No one wants your wife."

"All right, boys," said Jim. "I'm going to Chicago to buy out McClane."

"Buy him out?" Hank said. "Why don't you buy out the United States? Don't get funny, partner."

"Yes," Jim told him, "buy him out, I said. He can't float logs if he don't dam Horse Tail, can he? Well, listen to what I tell you now. Boys, I'm running this."

Then he went outside and walked down to the pier, listening to the roaring of the water. He could tell time by the sun as well as he could by watch, and instinct told him that it was just past one in the afternoon. The day was sinking into middle age, not a cloud in the sky and not a sign of rain. The air was soft and almost dry, and Boiling Forks was rotten dirty in the mud. The lake and across the lake was as lonely as if it all were new. The islands were like small worlds cut off from the shore ten miles away and the sky came down to meet the woods along the shore in a blue, low arch, mysterious or terrible, beautiful or ugly, depending how you felt.

HE stood on the pier for a while, looking at it, thinking. And he saw it as she must have seen it—fine and new. He had looked on other tracts as good as that before the lumber crews went in, and afterwards there was the same bleakness.

Land was no good up there, once the trees were down. The thin top soil washed off the granite, living knobs of rock. On miles of it a thousand years would pass before good growth would come up again.

Near the shore some Indians were sprawling before a fire. Their bark canoes with their broad pitch seams were pulled up near them. They must have been too drunk the night before to paddle up the lake, and they lay there sleeping off their liquor like heaps of dirty rags on the damp ground. It was a wonder that dampness had not killed them all, but other diseases killed them fast enough. He knew their names—Hunky, Joe and Tom and Bill. He even knew their dream names, which you could not tell them to their faces, and probably they were dreaming then of thin, high chanting and the beating of their drums.

Then he heard a step behind him. It was that old man they called Uncle, and it gave him a start to see him, because he was like part of an ugly thought.

The winter had bleached that old man the way the sun bleached a piece of dead wood. His face, his whiskers, everything was white.

"I seen a heap," Uncle said, like an old man throwing out a memory for no reason. "Been everywheres, I reckon. Say, you heard how I struck color back to Beaver in '89?"

"Sure," said Jim. "Sure I heard it, Uncle."

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607166

But you couldn't stop an old man talking:

"Thought that I was slidin' on my pants to heaven then. There was lots of smart fellows hereabouts then. But this here beats you. You can't beat the woods."

"Here's a dollar," Jim said. "Go and get a drink."

Then he walked back to the store.

"Sam," he called. "You, Sam. You got them clothes? I'm pullin' for Chicago tonight."

Sam lighted his pipe, shielding the match carefully between his palms.

"All right," he said. "You leaving your woman here?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Right here."

Sam walked over and spat upon the stove.

"What about this Murch? Supposin' Murch comes back?"

"He won't come back," Jim said.

"He ain't a kind to take a whippin' easy."

"He wont come back," Jim said.

"He's gone to fetch the sheriff. No one'll touch him if Johnson tags along."

"Hell," said Jim. "Let him come. He's through."

"He wants your woman," Sam said.

"Let him try and get her, then," said Jim, and he began to laugh.

He was not afraid of Murch, and that was where he was wrong—one of the few times he ever was wrong when he dealt with men. He should have known that Murch was bound to come back and that there were no rules up there.

CHAPTER 13.

JIM had never seen any place larger than Evans before, but ever afterwards Chicago was always the same to him. He never forgot his wonder at that city and he could always see himself standing as he did the first morning he ever saw it, dressed in a lumpy blue suit so tight across his shoulders that its seams had begun to rip, while people jolted against him as he stood. He must have looked like what he was—a greenhorn from the woods. The smell and the noise and the dirt smote down upon him, but he understood it even then. It was a city that fulfilled a wish within him, wordlessly, yet perfectly. Other cities were tame compared with that one. Other cities were old and tired and cynical and sneering in their age, but not that one. It was always full of lust and never tired. It was reaching out to get everything, and everything was pouring into it always faster. He could tell that much while he stood there on the sidewalk.

There was something in the noise like music, which made him want to walk through the swinging doors of one of the saloons and order drinks for the crowd, but he was careful. He was not a fool.

The first thing he did was to go to a store, and the place was as big as a mountain. He wandered vaguely through aisles of goods which he had never seen before, careful not to ask a question until a man asked him what he wanted, and even then he was careful.

The man had a bare, sleek head and a curled moustache and a coat with tails.

"You work here, stranger?" Jim asked, and the man began to grin. "Then there's no harm tellin' you. I want a baby's outfit, stranger."

The man repeated it after him.

"A baby's outfit?" he said.

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm goin' to have one." Then he began to laugh. "Leastways, you know what I mean." He could handle that man like anybody else. "And then I want a lady's outfit—silk. I want it green, like me, stranger."

He wished that Mary Ware could see it all. He knew she could have helped him and told him what to do, but he never lost his own self-assurance as he walked along the streets. The McClane Company was in a granite building, stained outside by smoke and dirt, but inside it was grand. There were marble tiles on the floor and heavy twisted-gold designs like snakes upon the ceiling. Two elevators were going slowly up and down like feathers in the air—the first he had ever seen—and he stood for a while watching them. Finally one stopped and he walked up to the boy inside.

"Stranger," he said, "can I take a ride in that?"

THE boy looked at him and began to grin.

"You see," Jim said, "I never seen one of them things before, but then maybe you never seen anything like me, boy, so we're even, ain't we? And you look comical to me, too. Excuse me laughing, will ya?"

Humanity was no different there than in Smooth Rock. The boy was real behind his buttons, once you touched him.

"I'm lookin' for a fellow named Seaver McClane," said Jim. "He stops around here, don't he? Well, take a pull on that rope and see if you can find him, and take this—buy somethin' for your girl."

Then Jim Lanzer could have done anything with the elevator boy. His soul—what there was of it—was open like a book.

"Have you got a girl?" Jim asked him.

"Yes, sir," the boy said.

"Dark hair, I bet," Jim said; "blue eyes. Maybe she's an Irish girl. You're Irish, aren't you, boy?"

First there was a door of dark wood and ground glass at the end of the hall, with McClane Lumber and Development Company printed on it in square black letters. Then there was a smell of soapsuds on marble. He was standing in a pen like a cattle pen, shut off from the big room by a dark wood railing where girls clicked at typewriters and men stood up working over ledgers. Their faces were white like Murch's face, and he wondered if Murch was there. A thin, bent-shouldered man sitting at a table looked up at him and spoke loudly, as though Jim might be deaf.

"This isn't the employment branch."

"Who said it was?" said Jim, and he began to smile.

"Then what you want?"

"I want to see Seaver McClane, stranger. He owns this outfit, don't he?"

"Mr. McClane's too busy to see you," the man said.

Jim leaned upon the rail, still smiling, and the rail bent beneath the weight of his shoulders.

"Now, stranger," he said, "I'm new here, but I guess it's like back country. It all depends how busy a fellow is, I guess. What'll you bet Seaver McClane won't see me, when I tell him who I am?"

"I'll bet a lot," the man said.

Still smiling, Jim pulled a roll out of his trousers pocket, watching from the corner of his eye.

"How much?" asked Jim. "Bet anything you like. It's all the same to me."

Just the sight of money changed the other's voice: "Why do you want to see him, mister?"

"Boss," said Jim, "don't you mind why. You see McClane and tell him the fellow who owns both sides of Horse Tail up Smooth Rock way is outside waitin'. Say there's a mite of trouble there, and I reckon he'll be seein' me."

HE sat down on a dark wood seat and crossed his knees, still smiling. Uncertainty was best when everything was hanging on a twisting string, waiting for his own agility to twist it the right way. That was living—that was life—wanting something and getting it, and wanting something more. The time that Red Hobbs had looked at him across the water and had tossed his rifle up was worth a hundred years of sitting in that office of McClane's.

Pretty soon the man came back and asked him to come along. Seaver McClane was sitting in a big office with two windows which looked over the lake, and the steamers and the smoke. He was sitting behind a large flat table with an inkwell and a few papers on it. There was a carpet on the floor, a cuspidor, half a dozen chairs and some maps on the walls, and that was all. Seaver McClane was stirring some powder in half a glass of water.

"All right," he said. "Get out and shut the door," and he looked at Jim for two seconds, stirred the powder and water again and drank it up.

The sun was coming through the window behind him, so that he sat against a background of smoke and sunlight, which made him hard to see at first. The light covered him with a haze like the stories Jim had heard about him ever since he was a kid. For everyone at Smooth Rock had heard about McClane, until he had ceased to be real. But once you saw him you could half believe what you had heard. There was no doubt McClane had done business in his time. His smoothly pressed grey clothes and clean white collar did not conceal what he had been once—a very strong, big-boned man. Traces of his strength clung to him like blistering paint on a building, making you think of what he must have been, but everything was sagging. The flesh had wrinkled over his hands, heavy pouches sagged beneath his eyes, and the skin about his jaws was loose, but his face could tell its story still. You could see he had stopped at nothing. When he straightened up and set down his glass you could see there was something inside him that had not changed with his body. He made a face when he set down his glass, but you could not tell what he was thinking.

"Howdy, mister," Jim said. "Takin' medicine?"

Words meant nothing as they looked at each other, each trying to see behind the other's face.

The old man did not answer for a while. He simply sagged, heavy in his chair, and then he spoke in a deep, slow voice.

"Did you ever have a bellyache?" he said.

"No," said Jim. "That your trouble, mister?"

"I have a bellyache," the old man said. "Then I take soda. Soda stops it. What's your name?"

"I reckon you know it already," Jim said, "but in case you want to know again, it's Jim Lanzer. Pleased to meet you, mister."

"Why don't you sit down?" McClane jerked his thumb at a chair, but he never let his glance leave Jim. "Afraid you'll bust the seat?"

JIM sat down very carefully and a stitch gave way in his coat. The snap of the thread seemed to set the old man off as though a spring had snapped inside him. All at once he slammed his fist on the table and his eyes grew sharp.

"Why don't you talk up?" he shouted. "D'you think I'm going to talk all day about my insides? Say what you want to say, quick, before I throw you out!"

The words meant nothing, and both of them knew that. McClane wanted to know what he was, and Jim did not blame him, because he would have done the same.

He tipped back his chin and put his hands in his pockets.

"Say," he said, "don't try to jump on me. You're only wastin' time."

Then he saw that McClane could change his manner the way you changed a shirt. He could change from a rough tongue to a smooth tongue without batting an eye, because he knew the way minds worked, instinctively, just as Jim Lanzer knew.

His face became twinkling and jolly and as urbane as a politician's face. He wasn't an ex-lumberjack any more, but something courteous and smooth beyond Jim's ken.

"So you're the party who owns both sides of Horse Tail, are you? Didn't Murch see you?" he asked.

Jim Lanzer pulled his hands from his

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607167

pockets and drew out the makings for a cigarette. He measured the old man carefully before he spoke. They had been sparring for an opening, but he knew that was over now.

"Yes," he said. "Murch fixed things up nice for me, but not for you, McClane. He's a damn fool, mister. Me, I'm not a fool."

McClane leaned forward and rested his chin on the palms of his hands. "Go on," he said, "let's get into this. You mean we haven't bought you out?"

Then Jim told him, and it didn't take many words, because McClane was quick. "Say," he said pleasantly, just as though they were friends, "d'you know what that fool did? He wrote me out a fair offer. What do you think of that? You and me, we wouldn't do that, would we? I took that offer and got a loan on it over to the bank. Then I got a lawyer—you would, wouldn't you? And now I've organised the Smooth Rock Lumber Company. I sent a crowd up there to Horse Tail. You'll have a hell of a time pushing 'em out, mister. We don't want no dam on Horse Tail."

HE watched McClane's face carefully, but there wasn't any change. The old man sat there with his chin in his hands. Once he looked away from Jim up to a map on the wall, then he looked back and said, "Murch did that?" And he was not angry, he was thinking, and you could see his mind working behind his dim grey eyes. They were each reaching for the other's thoughts, but they both kept poker faces.

"Yes," said Jim.

"You don't mean," McClane said gently, "that he didn't do anything else?"

Jim blew a cloud of smoke. "Say," he said, "I guess you know what he tried to do. I know just how you work." He was thinking of Red Hobbs, but he did not mention that. "He set the gang to beat it out of me. Well, they didn't do it, mister, and they're not going to. That's why I'm here. I'm tired of rough stuff, mister and you've tried enough on me. I'm all ready for you in case you want to start a war."

As the old man looked at him, his eyelids flickered slightly. For just a moment Jim could see behind him, right into his mind.

"Never mind Murch," McClane said; "you're talking to me now. Listen, boy, I've been fighting wars before you were born—real wars—and I don't stop at anything when I get started, understand?"

"That goes for me," Jim said. "We ain't the kind that stops, I guess."

McClane nodded. "All right," he said. "Do you want a job with me or do you want me to buy you off?"

Jim blew another cloud of smoke. "No, mister," he said, "I either take or bust. Here's what I want." He blew another cloud of smoke: "I want to buy your holding in Smooth Rock, mister. I guess that's plain enough."

The old man's eyes grew wide for just a moment, and you could see that he was puzzled.

"Now," he said. "Here. What are you getting at? I can start a lawsuit and get that dam. Any reason why I can't?"

"No," said Jim, "but I can hold you up a year."

McClane's forehead wrinkled. You could see he was puzzled. He was trying to think. "What's a year?" he said. "Come on, come out with it. A year won't hurt that pine."

Jim smiled across the table, and he had to hand it to McClane. Now that the time had come that he was waiting for, he could not tell what McClane would do. "I guess you haven't heard, mister," he said softly.

"Hear what?" asked McClane.

ALL the bars were down and there was no pretence any longer, but Jim did not raise his voice. He tipped his chair backward and crossed his knees and said, "Surprised you haven't heard. Ask 'em outside if you haven't got a wire. There have been fires up in Gull, mister. I can't understand it any more than you, this time of year. There have been fires over the whole area. There must be a million foot of timber killed. That's why it won't wait a year. You know, and I know, worms get into dead wood something fierce up there. You got to pull it out next season or you got to let it go."

McClane pushed back his chair and his face went brick-red. "You've got your nerve to come here and tell me that. Why, you crook, you set those fires."

"Now, mister," Jim said, "don't say you never pulled a play like that, because I know you have, and worse. Sure, I set those fires. Now, what are you going to do? You can fight me if you want to, but you're going to lose a million feet of the primest pine there ever was, and that ain't right, is it? What I say is, you let me buy you out and let me take that pine."

Suddenly he stood up and leaned across the table, and he was asking for something, the first time he had ever asked a favor from any man alive:

"It'll save you a heap of trouble, mister. You can get me in the end, but, by thunder, you'll have a fight, and you'll have lost that timber, mister. Say, haven't you took enough since you started in in Michigan? Then why hog all the world? You'll die before you finish with Smooth Rock anyway. I haven't money, but I'll give you notes and I'll play fair. What's the use in fighting, mister? Say, you're getting old."

McClane looked at him for half a second, and still you could not tell what he was thinking. Then he pushed a button on the table. "Get me any telegrams," he said, "that came in here this morning."

They handed him a wire, and he got up slowly, walking to the window with it, bending his shoulders over it, his back turned, and Jim Lancer watched him, standing against the light, a heavy, stooping man. Then, when he turned around, his face was friendly and they were not fighting any more. He had weighed the whole business and settled it as he stood there.

"All right," he said. "It looks as though you can have it, boy. Now it's this far, maybe it's the best way out. You're making it all clear."

"Thank you, mister," Jim said. A wave of genuine emotion came over him. "Thank you, mister. I'm obliged."

McCLANE walked over to him slowly. It made no difference what they said, because their minds were speaking. "Boy," he said, "I didn't know there was anyone in your class up there. You've got what I have—you know what makes men go. We'll talk about the papers in the morning and you can dine with me tonight."

They they looked at each other carefully. "No more rough stuff, mister?" Jim said.

"No," said McClane. "No rough stuff. But understand, I must find out about you. When things get down to this, I've got to know a man before I deal with him. Tonight at eight o'clock."

There were sharp, cool lights dancing in his eyes, and the sag had left the corners of his mouth. The wrinkles at the corners of his eyes had grown deeper, so that his lively, active eyes seemed to sink back into folds of half-dead flesh; and then, as his hand reached out, his mind seemed to reach out with it.

"Thanks," said Jim. "I'll be pleased to come to-night."

The first thing he thought when he was out of that place was that Smooth Rock was in his pocket, because he had played the game straight through without making a mistake. Nothing made him doubt it until he was on the street outside that office building, and then he stopped dead still. An uneasiness in his mind had stopped him. The same sort of uneasiness which made him very careful when he was in a canoe a hundred miles from anywhere; he found himself going over that conversation, recalling every word and look. There was something wrong in the pattern of that meeting; there was something jarring in the very satisfactory suddenness of its conclusion. Seaver McClane had simply stood with his back to him for a moment, and when he had turned everything had been over. A man who had sent Hobbs up to Horse Tail was not the man to call off the bets like that, and yet Jim could almost always tell when a man was lying. He could swear that McClane had not been lying. His instinct could only tell him that everything had been too easy—that the old man should have held on to what he had. He had loosed his grip too fast.

"Watch out," something was saying. His mind was speaking in clear thoughts which were almost like a sound. "This play ain't finished yet. He wants something—wants to get something. You be careful, Jim."

CHAPTER 14.

HE had never been in a place like Seaver McClane's house before. He wished Mary Ware could have seen it. If she had been with him, she could have gone there too. A man in buttons let him into a big front hall lighted by electricity that twinkled behind cut glass, and he thought of Mary Ware standing in the light in the green dress he had bought her. "Kid," he would have said, "see where I've got you now." He had never known a man could be as rich as that.

There were satin hangings and pictures and gold clocks and silver things on tables. The only thing that he could think was that McClane had taken every bit of it right out of the woods. Rivers of logs had made that room, and the work of a thousand wet, tired men. McClane had taken those logs and with a twist had turned them into silver and velvet.

McClane was waiting for him, dressed in a black suit with a white front, and there was a girl beside him with light gold hair, almost white, as cool as the frost outside a glass. He had never seen a girl like that. Everything she wore was money—money had made her arms and throat as smooth and white as the satin dress she wore; money had made her hair as soft and fluffy as spun silk, and money had made her proud. She looked at him without smiling and barely touched his hand.

"This is my daughter Cynthia," McClane said.

"'Evenin', ma'am," said Jim. "You're looking mighty fine."

Her hand was cold when she touched him, and you couldn't tell if she were real or not, right then. But there was something in the way she looked that told him she was curious about him.

"Oh," she said, "you think so?"

"Sure," said Jim, "and I'd tell you more if I wasn't a married man."

They had drinks out of wineglasses, which a man brought in, and then they sat at a table with two men behind the chairs. The table was covered with lace and silver and cut glass.

"Mister," said Jim, "I hope you won't mind, but this here is new to me."

But once they started talking, nothing bothered him.

"This don't amount to much," McClane said, and they began to talk about the woods. It was strange when they began to talk about the woods, because the lace and silver went away and the woods were in the room like shadows, silent and austere, and woods seemed to be watching—ghosts of woods. They were talking about drives and stands of timber until they were different people when they talked.

"Say," said Jim, "what's the fizzy stuff?"

"Champagne," McClane said.

"I'll take whisky," Jim said, "if it's all the same to you."

"All right," McClane said, "we'll have whisky, Jim."

AND they sat drinking glass for glass, until finally they went into a room with books and heavy leather chairs.

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607168

"Cynthia," the old man said, "you go to bed."

"No," she said. "I like to listen."

It did not take him long to see that the old man wanted something, because the desire seemed to close around them in that room after dinner.

"Say," McClane said, "let's hear you sing. Know any of the songs?"

"Sure," said Jim, and the idea amused him. "Sure, they sing 'em there still, come evenin'."

And he leaned back in his chair. He had never known a chair could be as soft as the one he sat in, and he felt warm and comfortable, as he did sometimes warming out before an airtight stove. He tossed his head back, half closed his eyes and began to sing.

The singing made the old man talk, and Jim sat there listening, his eyes half closed, trying to see what was in back of it. It came over him that the old man was lonely because he saw someone who was beginning when he was nearly through. At any rate, he rambled on half aimlessly about his life, and Jim heard it without much astonishment or diffidence, until Seaver McClane's life seemed to lie stretched between them like the patterns on the rug, without much kindness, in a series of relentless periods—the history of any man who had made his pile from nothing. The design of it was a simple progression of taking and of holding what one had, and then of taking something more.

Jim sat there wondering what it was all about, what had made Seaver McClane drive on. Even when he had had everything he wanted, McClane had never stopped. Jim wondered if he would be like that, and he knew he would unless Mary Ware could stop him. Then, when he saw Seaver McClane look at the girl across the room, Jim had a sudden shock, for all at once he caught the drift of what was going on. It was only the flicker of an eye, but it was enough for him to guess what McClane was figuring. The old man was thinking fast; he wasn't the kind to give up until he died.

Jim imagined what McClane wanted because he would have wanted it himself, and he remembered having heard it said that McClane was an impulsive man. He wondered if the old man wanted strength, now that his strength was going. He wondered if he might be looking for someone else to do the grabbing for him, now that he was growing tired.

"CYNTHY," Seaver McClane said, "I guess you never heard me run on like this. I'll tell you why. Because I'm talking to a man. Look him over, Cynthy."

She must have had the same suspicion. Jim could see her look him over from the cool distance of her thoughts, carefully, as she might have examined an applicant for a job, with her head tilted indolently backward. He could feel her weigh him, thump him, and pull him here and there, as though she actually touched him. All the while her body was half reclining, relaxed, and partly careless and partly inviting.

"Yes," she said. "I see him. He isn't hard to see."

Then McClane spoke carelessly, like someone speaking of the weather:

"You say you're married, Jim?"

Jim kept his face cool; it was red from the whisky and the weather, but that was all.

"Yeh," he said, "less'n a year ago."

"Well," McClane said, "well," and then he stopped. "You better bring your pack up here and stop."

"Thanks," said Jim, "but I got to be gettin' back if I'm through to-morrow. I'm busy back in there, mister."

"To-morrow," the old man said. "We won't clean up to-morrow. There's no dust on me yet, but I want to know a man whose note I take. You stay here to-night; the man will give you everything you want."

"Yes," said Jim, "you move, you think fast, mister."

Seaver McClane's white shirt front was wrinkled up like hills and a piece of cigar ash fell on it leaving a long grey smudge.

"Yes," he said, "but I've been moving. One thing comes, and then another, until you forget what's what. Sometimes I wonder what it's all about when I sit here remembering the deals I've made and the men I've seen, and I wonder was it worth the while. Then I think of something that cheers me up. There must be only about three men who've handled more timber than me, and that's something to think of. I've cleaned off a tidy lot of land. Some of it's gone into farms, but most of it's stumps, not good for taxes, nothing. Miles of burned stump and slash. Yes, sir, miles and miles. Sometimes I dream of it at night and see the old pine back—those stands were mighty prime. You're too young to have seen old Michigan before we went to work. I see those stands in my sleep some nights. Well, someone had to take 'em. And now do you know what I want? That's the odd part of it. I want to get back to the woods again. I want to go up some place where there's trees."

HE knew that Seaver McClane was telling the truth. Jim looked at the rows of books, at the carpets and the leather chairs.

"You want to leave this and get back inside? Don't bluff me, mister."

Seaver McClane moved his shoulders in a puzzled way.

"Yes," he said, "I know, and it beats me why. Why is the moon? Why is the wind? Why am I here, or you? I only know this doesn't amount to a slash to me and I'd rather have what's made it. I keep thinking of the shade, and the sunlight coming through in little patches, dancing on the ground. Mind how you can look between the trunks and see the ground all spattered with the sun? I've seen a sight like that in Chartres Cathedral when the sun comes down from stained windows. Those who built it were woodsmen, and they tried, but they couldn't make a go. They had to have a roof. They couldn't change the stinking, musty air. And the little things—all the mites of things we've stepped on and spat on—they come back to me now. There's the moss, for one—the grey moss on the old wood, with little red cups in it. There's nothing better than those mosses. I'd like to lie and look at 'em and the little ferns and little trees. There's nothing finer than a mite of spruce. Well, they all keep coming back."

Jim looked at him for a moment. "Mister," he said, "what's the idea telling me this? You don't fool me. You're a hard man and you're talking mighty soft."

Seaver McClane rose and dusted the ashes off his vest.

"Yes," he said. "I'm hard, all right. I know what I want and I get what I want. I want to turn in and sleep now. Me, not you. You two sit down here and talk; you better get acquainted. Good night, Laneer."

CHAPTER 15.

WHEN they were alone, he stood there looking at her. He stood there looking at her, half smiling, careful that his face showed nothing. Surprise was what took his words away—clear, sharp surprise—and he could be blamed for that, now that he suspected what Seaver McClane had on his mind.

Cynthia McClane had not moved. She was half reclining on that leather couch, like something in a thought when you saw the sun strike on snow—satin white, diamond bracelet, pearls around her throat. Jim wondered if she understood—he should have known she knew. Seaver McClane had placed his daughter and Jim Laneer together in his thoughts. She personified all the rest—sawmills, booms of logs on miles of water, a thousand teams of horses, camps and things which were still beyond him at which he could only guess. In the clear directness of his thoughts, Jim knew that he was worth it; he was the man for Seaver McClane and he could admire McClane for finding it out so soon.

If he was right, and he could half believe he was, he could have the works by swapping Mary Ware—that was how it stood. He knew the old man wouldn't sign a paper unless he thought that he would throw her over.

It could not have taken him more than ten seconds to think it through as he stood there, half smiling, looking stupid and heavy. He walked to a table, reached for a decanter and listened to the whisky spill into his glass; he knew he had a chance for bluffing still. If he played right and temporised, he might have Mary Ware and the woods together, and Mary Ware was a long way off.

He picked his glass up slowly and looked at Cynthia McClane. She had not moved; the whole room seemed full of her; her eyes were half closed, but he could feel her watching him. Suddenly her lips bent up and she opened her eyes slowly.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, kid," he said.

"Look at me again," she said. "I've never seen anyone like you so near. Look at me again."

When he looked at her, his heart beat faster and something made him angry, though he did not show it.

"I guess that's right," he said. "I guess you don't know roughnecks, sister. Well, I don't know as I've ever seen anything like you."

THERE was another silence as he stood there looking, and then she spoke abruptly, as the old man might have spoken.

"Do you know what he's thinking," she asked.

"Yes," said Jim. "I reckon, sister." He rolled a cigarette and picked up his glass again. She moved her pale-gold head, half a nod and half a shake.

"All right," she told him. "We can talk. At first I thought he had gone crazy, but I can see what he sees in you. We all want something, don't we, roughneck? You're not shy; you watch everything and you don't lose your head. You have something he's been looking for. He wants a man to run the business for me when he is through. Could you look after me, roughneck?"

"Say," said Jim, and he felt his face grow red. "I'm a lumberjack—— What's in this for you?"

She shrugged. She seemed pleased to hear his voice grow harsh.

"That's right," she said. "Now we're down to cases, roughneck. I've been considering the idea. It might not be as crazy as it sounds, you know, now that we're being frank. You're getting red, aren't you? It shows you're honest, roughneck."

Jim moved nearer to her. "Spill it out," he said. "What's in it for you?"

"Three things," she said, "and it's not everybody who could give them to me, either. I'm used to having what I want, roughneck. I want security and money. I want a man who can give me money—and I need a lot—and a man who wouldn't give a continental what I do—no sentiment about it. You might do that, roughneck."

"Yes," said Jim. He stood looking down at her with his hands dangling at his sides. "I guess I could. You're a tough one, ain't you, sister?"

She patted the couch beside her. "Yes," she said, "we're both opportunists—you because you've never had enough, and I—well, the other way. Don't stand up, sit down."

He sat down beside her, watching her.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607169

He could feel a pulse drumming in his temples and suddenly the room seemed hot and close. Her neck was bare; he had never seen a dress cut so low, even on a dancing girl, and she half lay there, gazing at him, insolently amused. She might have been looking at a dog she thought of buying.

"Yes," he said again, "you're a tough sport, sister."

"I wonder," she said, "what you think of women, roughneck. I suppose you have them up there. Do you put them on a pedestal?"

"What's a pedestal?" he asked.

"A high place," she told him, "high."

"No," he said, "I guess I wouldn't put you there."

"Well," she said, "we might marry just the same. I wouldn't exactly care for your type, but then, ——"

"Sure," said Jim, "that goes for me, too, sister, but that's all right."

THERE must have been something in his face that frightened her then, because he saw her eyes open wide. Then he reached for her suddenly. He had her by the shoulders and she was struggling in his arms desperately, without a sound. When he kissed her lips, her hair came loose and the satin dress had slipped off one shoulder. No matter what he did to her, she did not make a sound. Afterwards neither of them spoke for a moment, and he could not understand why he had done it, except that something had made him angry.

"Maybe that'll teach you," he said hoarsely. "Don't fool with roughnecks, kid."

"That's new," she said. She was breathing fast and her eyes were bright. "You're new. I didn't think you'd dare. I like things new. Good night."

And that was it—she liked things new. She was a woman and he was a man, but except for the difference of sex, he knew the same brand had burned them both. They both of them would snap up what they wanted, which was why the whole scene never seemed strange to him. Although he half hated her, there was a sort of desire between them which was ugly and perverted, but desire.

"Then you like things queer," he said. "Good night."

The thing he could not understand was how she looked as though nothing had happened at all. There was a ring in her voice like a silver coin on wood, pure and cool.

"Good night," she said.

Then he was alone, staring at that room with its books and carpets and silver picture-frames. Everything was dim and out of focus, the way the woods were in the heavy mist, and he was not thinking straight. His thoughts were whirling like white water, filled with the idea that he could have everything, and then they went dead still. He could have sworn that Mary Ware was there—not that he could see her, yet something of her was just beside him, making his mind cry out, not making any sense.

"Kid," his mind was saying, "I didn't mean it, kid. I'm not going to let you down."

"Excuse me, sir," someone was saying. One of McClane's men in buttons had come out of nowhere and was speaking. "May I show the gentleman to his room?"

"Show who his room?" Jim asked him.

"You, sir. The orders were the gentleman was staying here to-night."

Jim drew a breath and a stitch snapped in the shoulder of his coat.

"Sure," he said, "I get you, boy. Sure. I'm bunkin' here to-night."

CHAPTER 18

HE had never seen a room like that; he wished Mary Ware were there to see it, too—running water in a bathroom, carpets, towels, silk curtains and a mattress softer than a feather bed. But he was up early in the morning out of habit and he was feeling fine. The man in buttons took him to the dining-room. There was coffee cooking in a silver kettle with a spigot on the bottom. The man drew him a cup and brought him a dish of eggs, which he had just finished when Seaver McClane came in.

Seaver McClane looked grey and quiet—grey hair, grey face, a new grey suit and a pearl-grey tie.

"Get me some soda and water," he called. . . . "We'll set out and get you clothes before we go to the office, Jim; you look like hell."

"That's right," Jim said, "but I don't feel like it, mister."

"No," said Seaver McClane, "but you will when you're old like me. Cynth was talking about your clothes."

"Yes," said Jim, "I guess."

Everything was plain enough, although neither of them said a word. They talked about prices and his sawmills and the season's cut until it was time to leave.

Then he bought four suits of clothes at the store where the old man took him, and shoes and ties and socks.

"Say," Jim said, "ain't I handsome, mister?"

"You'll do," McClane said. "Now we'll go to the office, and you and I can talk."

Jim could remember every word they said. Now that it was morning he was still waiting to be fooled, but nothing happened. First Seaver McClane pressed a button and said, "Get my lawyer and get me some soda and water. Get it quick."

As soon as the door was closed, he looked at Jim and said, "Sit down. I'm tired of moving. Someone's got to do the moving for me."

Then Jim asked a question that had been running through his mind.

"You've been talking wide and handsome. What do you know about me, mister?"

SEAVER McCLANE drummed his fingers slowly on the desk, so that they kept tapping all the time he talked.

"That's fair," he said. "I inquired by telephone yesterday after you left here. I liked you, understand, Laneer? I got ways of knowing. You were born in Mine City. Your folks kept the hotel, you came by some schooling and were cook and helper in camp. Then you were river boss and the best rough-and-tumble fighter on the drive. You've done cruising. You broke the jam at Bottle Creek. You were in the gang when we drove out Trask in Ludlow County. You used some money of your old man's to buy up land on Horse Tail. A man named Hobbs pulled a gun on you and you beat him up last autumn. You took a girl into the woods with you and came out two weeks later and married her. You've been mixing in elections and you can handle men. You know how to work a deal, because I've seen you work myself." Seaver McClane paused and scowled slightly. "What did you marry for, Laneer? I don't see that."

Jim Laneer tried to grin; the corners of his lips twitched up and back.

"Say," he said. He was surprised that his voice was easy. Seaver McClane was watching him, dead grey and stony with only his eyes alive. "I don't know what made me. I was drunk, I guess."

Seaver McClane's fingers tapped slowly on the desk like the periods of years. He must have been thinking of his own life back in the river towns when he was young.

"Well," he said, "these things can be fixed. I was married myself back there—in '78. These things can be fixed."

"Yes," Jim said, staring at the ceiling, "yes, I guess. What's a woman, mister?"

Seaver McClane cleared his throat. "Jim," he said, "Cynthy is a high-strung girl, but she knows what she wants. I knew that you and she would get along."

"Yes," said Jim, "I guess."

The old man leaned back and everything about him slipped into weariness. His shoulders and the corners of his mouth grew careless. He was not watching any more.

"About a month from now," he said, "I'm going out that way. I want to see some trees again. I'll stop in at Boiling Forks, and Cynthy—I guess she'd better come along."

"All right," Jim said, "that's fine with me."

"And now," the old man said, "I'll sign those deeds and you can sign the notes."

HE never forgot the taste of that moment, and he had the sense to know that there would never be a time again like that. Though everything was steady, he could have whipped the world just then, and his mind was moving in the stars.

"You've got him, Jim," his mind was saying. "He can put it over on you now."

"But I want to know you first. I want you to stay at my house for two weeks as my guest. While you're here I want you to make out your plans of how you'll get Gull logged, where you'll put your camps and where you'll make your roads. You can have a room in this office, and I'll want the whole thing clear, and then I shall want to go over the country with you. We may go further than that."

No matter how Jim tried to think, there was nothing he could do. He could see the logic which made the proposal fair. He could see the woods at Gull being held out like a bait for him to follow, but he could only wait.

"Mister," he said, and he thought of Mary Ware, "I got to get back before that. The boys won't understand."

But Seaver McClane had his answer ready: "I've got a man out there who can handle everything while this is going on. Murch is familiar with the situation. You leave that end to Murch."

"Murch?" Jim half started from his chair. "Like Hell I will! Murch don't like me and I don't like him!"

"Now, wait," Seaver McClane's voice was urbane and pleasant. "The war's all over. Murch is a good man who does just what I say. He won't touch you now. No one will take any advantage of you while you're here."

Jim Laneer tried to think, but he knew his hands were tied. He thought of Mary Ware alone at Boiling Forks, and he thought of Cynthia McClane. The old man might be telling him the truth or he might be working to keep him there, simply to keep him out of Boiling Forks. There was no way of being sure.

"Mister," Jim said, "you're putting me in a hole. I don't trust Murch around the corner. You're not planning anything behind my back?"

"No"—the old man's glance grew sharp—"I don't like your way of saying that. Why don't you trust me? Is there any reason why you shouldn't? Most men do. What's on your mind, Laneer?"

He was tempted for a moment to say that he wouldn't trust a man who had used a killer like Red Hobbs, but he thought better of it and held out his hand and smiled.

"Nothing, nothing, but you can't blame me for wondering. Here you see me coming out of nowhere and next time staying at your house. But thank you. I'll be pleased to stay."

"There's only one reason why you're staying," McClane replied, "and that's because I like you and Cynth, she likes you, too."

He never had a clear recollection of those two next weeks, nor was he ever proud to think of them. He only had the consolation of feeling that anything was fair in dealing with a man who had sent Red Hobbs in to get him. What he could remember best were bright, strange hours when sometimes he never thought of Mary

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607170

Ware for half a day, and there was not much reason to think of her in that life where she did not belong. The woods did not belong there, or loud voices, or the faces he had known.

WHEN he remembered, Jim Laneer could always think of lights and heavy carpets and of Cynthia McClane, cool, half laughing, and yet half serious, because there was something between them after that first night, and he could not set her right about it when he was not always sure how he felt himself.

She was not ashamed of him. She even showed him to her friends, half smiling as she seemed to say: "See what I've got here." And he met them easily, just as he had met the boys at Boiling Forks, unembarrassed, because he always liked a crowd.

"Now, Jim," the old man said, "it's this way: We'll be up at Boiling Forks Friday, ten days from now, and you be there to meet us. We'll finish this deal up there."

They were standing on the station platform beside the train that was going to take him back—Seaver, Laneer and Cynthia. Seaver McClane shook hands and smiled.

"Well, we better say good-bye."

"Mister," Jim answered, "you've been kind to me. Maybe I don't deserve it. I don't know."

Suddenly he felt ashamed of himself as he thought of what he had made them think. What would Mary Ware have thought, he wondered, and what was he to say to Mary Ware.

"It's not good-bye, you know," Cynthia McClane was saying.

"You're right," he said, "it's not good-bye."

All the time he was thinking of what he was going to do. He would have to get Mary Ware out of the way until the thing was over, but he had time enough for that. He would have to explain to Mary Ware, and what was it he could tell her that she could understand. Once Seaver McClane had signed the papers, he would think of something else, but he did not like to think.

"Friday ten days off," the old man said. "Good-bye."

"Well," Jim said to himself, "that's that," and he tried to put it out of his mind and only to remember that he was going back to Boiling Forks.

IT was a good three days' riding then, with two changes on the way, before you got to Boiling Forks, and he was in a hurry to get there without knowing exactly why, except that he had been away too long. He sat quietly most of the time, staring out of the window with his calloused hands resting on his knees. His hands and his sunburned neck against the newness of his suit made passengers gaze at him curiously, aware that there must have been some story in him, but the people on that train were just so many shadows.

The thing that was real was the sound of the trucks against the rails, chuckety-chuck, a smooth, fine sound which was regular and inevitable. He could think of the steel rails reaching out to where there was nothing, farther every year. They were drawing everything in toward them, until everything that was worth having would go back along those rails. It was a fine thing to think about. He could think of lines of men with axes, oxcarts and covered wagons, and the railroads reaching into nowhere, never stopping any more than he could stop. He could shut his eyes and see lines of logs moving endlessly from the water toward the mills where the saws were going.

"Boy," he said to himself, "when I get to Boiling Forks I'm going to paint the town."

He could shut his eyes and see Cynthia McClane and the old man again, but the sound of the trucks sent them into the distance and turned them into shadows. Already he could believe that nothing out of the way had happened—that everything would be all right. His confidence grew as the towns grew smaller, and as the farms grew poor. First there were old stumps on the slopes of the pastures, and then the stumps were thicker and the train began to rattle over rivers down which logs were floating. There were cook scows and crews walking down the banks, working with their peavies where the logs had stuck. Then there were the sawmills beside the river and the lumberyards, but the logs were coming from a long way up. The country down there had been cleaned out long ago. The sun was setting on stump land and spindling second growth as far as you could see, and the country was scarred by fires. It was a good clean cutting—they hadn't left a thing.

WHEN he got off at Evans to wait for the Boiling Forks connection, it was well on in the afternoon, still, dry, clear weather, with a scattered pile of clouds over the west. Bill Smith was there to meet him, talking fast, so that his cigar kept jerking up and down between his teeth. Bill Smith shook hands twice and helped him with his bags like a servant.

"You put it over, boy," Bill said.

"Sure," Jim said. "I was going to tell you that, but how'd you know?"

"Hell!" Bill shouted, and slapped him on the back. "Everybody's heard. Murch was telling us. Say, everything's all right up here. You're sliding up to Heaven."

"Sure," said Jim, "everything's all right. Where's Murch gone now?"

"Boiling Forks," said Bill. "He's waiting for you there."

SOMETHING inside Jim stopped still, and there was something black in his mind, not formed enough to have a meaning.

"Here," he said, "wait a minute. What's he doing there?"

"Why, say," said Bill, "everything's all right. He's waiting there to meet you, that's all. Sure, everybody's heard. The crowd will be down to meet the train. There'll be a time up there to-night. They're waitin' for you, Jim."

"Here," Jim asked him, "what's the point in that?"

Bill took his cigar from his mouth and held it like a paintbrush, moving it so that it cut the air in little smoky arcs.

"The point," he said from one corner of his mouth, "is that you're the biggest man east of the state line."

The sky was red by the time he got to Boiling Forks, and night was coming on, making the outlines of the log houses and shanties soft. The lake was getting red-black, darker than the sky, and it drifted into a haze that was like the end of nowhere. The air was just like that—from nowhere, clear, unsullied, and beginning to grow heavy with the spring.

They had built a fire near the tracks, and its sparks and smoke were like gold in the half light. The light from the fire darted over the faces of lumberjacks and Indians and women who stood near it, but he did not see Mary Ware. Old Gus was there with his accordion and some men were waving pine-knot torches. Ma Swenson and all her girls from the Cloud House were there, adding the last touch to the old life of the place. Old Boiling Forks was meeting the train, the last trace of the settlement which had been there before the railroad came.

As soon as they saw him they began to shout and the accordion began to play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." It made him laugh, because he always liked a crowd.

Ma Swenson seemed to have forgotten that her barkeeper had tried to smash his skull.

"Dearie," she screamed out at him. "I always said you'd be the boy, didn't I now, dearie? Hey, girls, didn't I always say it?"

"No hard feelings, Ma," said Jim. "The drinks are all on you to-night. . . Boys, Ma's setting up refreshments for everybody here. Go up and help yourselves and if she don't like it you tell me."

Next he shook hands with *Slim Nelson*, but he kept looking all around him. He was still shaking hands with Slim when he said, "Say, where's my wife? She ain't here, is she?"

Slim gripped his hand tight—Slim had a powerful grip and his lips pulled together in a tight, cool smile. "That's all right, big boy," he said.

"It damn well better be all right! I'm askin' you where is she?"

Slim's voice was comforting, like the voice of someone who had done a first-rate job.

"Why, here," said Slim. "She's gone, big boy. Murch fixed it up all right."

CHAPTER 27.

JIM LANEER opened his mouth, and closed it again without a sound, because something stopped his speaking, something that made him sick and cold, as if he had been dying. He could feel a rattle in his throat and lights danced before his eyes. All at once he knew that he had been thinking of her all the time, and he had always been afraid that she would go away. All that he had liked about her came up like hands to choke him.

"Sure," Slim was saying, "it's all right. She went easy. Murch seen her. She just went hoppin' like a rabbit. Don't worry. She knows she's through. Don't worry. She won't be back."

Nothing had ever hit him as flat as that. Everything he had thought of her and had done to her came down on him like a ton of rock.

It amazed him that he was standing up and asking:

"Listen, you. Did Murch go off with her?"

"Hell, no." Slim was laughing when he said it. "That was comical. She lit out with those Injins headed up to Carrot Lake. Murch is waiting for you in the Cloud House now. He wants to tell you it's all right."

He never knew exactly what he did, because his mind seemed to be one thing and his body something else. Then things came clear again, as though he had lighted a lantern in the dark, and he was in Ma Swenson's office, with its old safe and chair and table, leaning against the door, which was closed behind him, but he never knew who had told him that Murch was there.

But Murch was there as clear as crystal, standing with the table between them. The light from the bracket lamp made his square face and smooth jaws yellow-white. Jim heard his own breath coming fast, as if he had been running, and he felt cold sweat trickling down his forehead, but there could not have been much queer about him, because Murch was speaking easily. He could hear the accordion playing and voices through the closed door.

"Hello, boss," Murch was saying. "I reckon you're a happy man to-night."

Jim Laneer drew in his breath and his voice sounded hoarse, like a sick man's voice.

"What you done to Mary Ware?" he said, and Murch was smiling back at him, cool—just as cool as snow.

"That's all right," he answered. "As soon as I heard how things were, I told her. Someone had to, out of decency. As soon as I explained to her that you were stepping out with Cynthia McClane, she didn't ask a question. You needn't worry. That girl's proud."

"Huh," said Jim. All he could do was

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607171

to make a sound without framing a single word.

"THAT'S it," Murch said. "As soon's I told her what I'd heard, she knew she was all finished. She got pale and went upstairs. Your man Nelson saw her, too, and he called out to that breed to see she didn't kill herself. They don't kill themselves. She was down again in about a minute with some clothes in a bundle. I tried to stop her. I told her you didn't want anything like that, but she didn't stop. She went running out the door over to the lake with that bundle in her hand. Some of those Ojibways were setting out somewhere, and one of them took her bundle—an old man—and a squaw helped her into a canoe. I went down to try to reason with her, if you want to know, but she wouldn't listen. She only said she wasn't coming back."

They were singing a song outside in the bar-room. He could hear the accordion and the stamp of dancing, but every word that Murch said was frozen in his mind.

"That's what you told her, was it?" Jim said.

"That's it," Murch said. "Why worry? Naturally, you don't want her any more. As a matter of fact, I was—you know how I was. I wanted her to go with me. She'd have done better if she had. . . . And now let's you and me talk. I've something to tell you, Jim."

Murch smiled faintly—not so much a smile as a puckering of the lips. He did not care what happened as long as he landed right side up.

Jim drew in his breath a second time.

"So you told her that," he said again, "you slimy, lyin' scut!"

Murch smiled, but a touch of pink came into his cheeks.

"That's comical," he said, "coming out of you."

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" Jim heard his voice rising into a shout. "I'm going to tear the skin off you right now for lying to my wife!"

He moved just as he finished. He was half across the office to the table when he heard Murch speak again in a voice that cut through the red curtain of his anger and gave him a flash of sense.

"Steady," Murch called. "You're far enough, Laneer."

THE voice stopped him like a shot before he was half across the room. The co-ordination of his brain and body stopped him without his knowing how, but his instinct had been right. Murch had pulled a gun, and he could tell that Murch knew how to use it. It was a blue-metal revolver, directed right between his eyes, so that the blackness of the muzzle seemed to wrinkle the skin on his forehead, though Murch was a good six feet away.

"Get back, you," said Murch. "Get over to the door and keep your hands still, and listen, you. You mauled me once, but that don't go again. Listen, you, don't call me names. I'm talking. You're all I am, and then some more. Why, you've got ice in your blood, you crook. You sold out your wife twice over. Don't you tell me what I am. You used her to keep me guessing and you sold her out to McClane. Why, say, that little girl's worth twenty ugly Joes like you. She'll be in heaven when you're in hell, and I'll ship you there the way I would a rattler, if you don't cool down."

The only thing he could do was to stand there. Murch didn't move his eyes or move his gun.

"You're listening are you, now?" Murch said. "I thought you would, and you better. I suppose you think you're through with me."

Jim Laneer leaned against the closed door, aware that there was something new in the way Murch spoke.

"I'll handle you when I get time," he answered. "My word to you is get out of here and don't come back."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Jim Laneer could feel the voice of Murch sharp against him like a knife. "Now, listen, if it's the last thing you hear. You and me are going to play together like two friends. Maybe you don't know it yet."

"You heard me," Jim Laneer repeated. "I'll handle you when I get time."

"You're crazy," Murch answered easily. "Think back and you won't want war with me. Did you ever think I might have anything on you? Stay still. Don't move. Did you ever hear of a man named Hobbs—Red Hobbs?" He waited for a moment, and Jim Laneer stood still. "They tell me you had a little rough and tumble with Red Hobbs right here last autumn, and no one's seen hide or hair of Hobbs. Of course, if you and I were friendly —— Jim, you stay right still."

Jim Laneer could feel the pulses beating in his throat and he could hear the voices from the room outside just as they had sounded that October night.

"Murch," he said, "I'm going now. You be out of here before I come back. That's all."

He could feel Murch looking at him as he turned his back. He heard Murch call, but he did not answer.

HE was not thinking of himself, but of Mary Ware and of Red Hobbs with his pale blue eyes, vital, restless as a flame. He could see the plaid of Red's mackinaw and the blazing color in his hair. "You hear me, sweetie," Red was shouting. Then a thought crossed his mind. Had McClane kept him in Chicago so that Murch might find out something?

He must have been a sight when he walked out. He did not hear a sound or know he was in the bar-room until Slim Nelson got him by the arm.

"Hey!" Slim was calling. "You hear me? What's the matter, Jim? Has anything gone sour?"

Something choked him when he tried to speak. "She's gone. Mary Ware."

"Sure," said Slim, "she's gone. Look around you. Ain't there plenty more?"

And then Jim said, "She must be up to Carrot Lake. That Indian outfit will be camping up there now."

"Sure she is," said Slim. "Up to Carrot Lake, and what the hell?"

Then they were outside in the dusk without his ever knowing how he got outside.

"Slim," he was saying, "are you a friend of mine? . . . All right. We're fetchin' out my canoe. I'm going in to get her."

"We're going to what?" Slim shouted. "Cripes ——"

"Shut up," said Jim, "don't talk."

"Cripes," said Slim, "it's eighty miles. You can't see carries in the dark."

"Shut up," said Jim, "don't talk. You hear me. We're going in to get her back."

AFTER Jim Laneer had gone, Murch sat down on the edge of the table in the private room, with his eyes intent, although they were fixed on nothing. Then he put his pistol in his pocket and wiped his fingers carefully with his handkerchief.

Then he opened the door and called Ma Swenson's name. There was nothing in his expression to show that anything had happened, when Ma Swenson came in, except the brightness in his eyes.

"Well?" Ma Swenson said, and stopped.

"Things don't look nice," Murch said. "We've got to fix Laneer."

Ma Swenson's eyes grew narrow and her mouth closed tight. "You got something on your mind?" she asked. "Did you try him with Red Hobbs?"

Murch nodded. "He didn't take it, but he killed Hobbs all right. It's Laneer or us, that's all, and it's what I told you. Hobbs is up there somewhere."

They looked at each other without speaking, and then Ma Swenson's voice dropped to a hoarse whisper: "Now, dearie, I simply told you Red Hobbs was after him. You did the rest, and I don't like it, dearie."

"Now, wait a minute," Murch answered, and Ma Swenson waited, watching him, rubbing her hands on her plush dress. "Suppose I find Red Hobbs?"

Ma Swenson looked at him quickly and the blotches stood out on her face. "Suppose you do. I don't like it, dearie."

"Suppose someone finds out who sent Red Hobbs up there?" Murch was silent for a moment, but his eyes were asking questions. "You know me and I know you. It's either Laneer or us, and we've got to get Laneer."

Ma Swenson looked behind her, but there was nothing in the room.

"Dearie," she said, "there's whisky in the corner. I only want to do the right thing. How are you going to find him? Red won't tell where he is."

CHAPTER 18.

JIM LANEER could see Slim Nelson in the bow of the canoe, and he was glad to have him there as long as he kept still. There was nothing in the canoe but an axe, a skillet, a lard pail, a side of bacon and some coffee. Without a load or a keel, that birch bark was as light as a feather on the water, and so cranky that she would have gone over a dozen times if they had not known their work. Jim felt better when he had a paddle in his hands.

The water on Cloud Lake grew blacker, until it looked as impalpable as air when the stars came out. There was a light head wind, but not enough to slow them up. The only sounds were from their paddles going in and out, and the dripping of the water as the blades moved above the surface, and now and then a cough from Slim, and the lap of ripples on the bow. Out there on the lake the silence gathered around them with the dark, so deep and solemn that the smallest thing could break it like a shot. Jim remembered what Mary said—that you might think you were dead. A sturgeon ahead of them slapped down on the water like a crack of a whip, setting his nerves to tingling, and over to the right, the little frogs were chirping in an endless song like crickets. But sounds like that only made the silence deeper, giving a personality to the silence that was omnipotent and sinister, that was reaching out to draw him deeper into it. It was the silence of the woods, and she was lost somewhere in it; she had always loved that silence.

It was dark still when they got to Sandy Creek at the bottom of the lake, and that was an even twenty miles. His back and arms were tired, but he would have gone on if Slim Nelson had stood for it.

"Say," Slim said, "I don't know what's biting you, and I'm not asking, but if you're crazy, I'm not, see? We're going to set right here and wait till morning. I won't rip our bottom out in no dirty-twisting creek chuck full of snags for any woman; and when we make a two-mile walk around Jug Rapids, I don't aim to fall off no cliff because it's dark."

Jim had sense enough to know it was the truth. Everything was waiting up there to get you if it could. After three miles of twisting, swampy water, the outlet they called Sandy Creek met rising ground where the water ran white—dirty yellow-white—in spring, between high granite banks. You could hear it from where they were, and then came a string of lakes like a chain, with carries in between before you got to Carrot.

"And now," said Slim, "you better get it off your chest. What's bit you?"

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607172

"Shut up," said Jim. "I told you, didn't I? I don't walk to talk."

He sat there in the dark, leaning against a stone, his body numb and senseless. Now and then he must have dozed, though he could not be sure when sleep and waking left his mind the same. Up there at the head waters of Cloud Lake the trees were crowded to the water—straight, trim spruce and poplar, and now and then a white birch bark like a ghost. The trees were closing in and shutting out the air; they seemed to be creeping nearer all the time, though he knew it was not the trees, but the thing behind the trees.

HE could not get it out of his head—though he knew the thought was crazy—that the woods had taken Mary Ware. He kept thinking of the times they had had—fine times—and he was thinking what he would tell her when he found her.

"Why, kid," he would tell her, "to hell with all the rest of it. The rest can all go hang."

That was the truth; he could have sworn it. There was no reason in the truth, but it was so. And then a strange thing happened. The world was growing grey and cold, and Mary Ware was right beside him, sitting by the water. He could feel her beside him in her blanket coat, with her arms wound around her knees and her hair half loose, looking out at something on the water.

"Jim," she said, "it's beautiful."

"Sure," he said, "it's beautiful, but it'll get you if it can."

Then something was laughing, and he was alone in the early morning by the water. The loons were calling out on the lake behind a point of dark, black trees.

They must have been a sight when they got to the edge of Carrot Lake at the end of the next day. It was dusk by then, with five miles more to paddle before they struck that Indian camping-place. The woods had beaten down their strength. He wondered if he looked like Slim. Slim's face was coated with a two days' stubble; his eyes were sunken and resentful with fatigue. Jim's own clothes—those city clothes—were torn into ribbons by the bush.

"Say," said Slim, "ain't you goin' to rest a minute? She's up there all right."

"No," said Jim, "we're movin' on. Shut up, don't talk."

There must have been an Indian village before the white men came on the rocky ground that rises above a sandy cove five miles down Carrot Lake, and nothing had changed it much. The round-roofed lodges shingled with cedar bark, and now and then a birch bark wigwam, sprawled half-way up the side of the hill.

You might have thought a good wind could have blown them down like cards. He could see them in the starlight, lighted by little fires inside, and the birch from the wigwams glowed all over. Then the dogs came at them, snarling and snapping, as they pulled up on the beach and picked their way through the fishing gear.

"Hey," Jim called, "bejoo!"

But there was not a sign, even when the dogs grew quiet. They started walking up the hill. They must have been halfway through the place when Slim said, "Huh, they're all up the side of the hill. Listen, it's a drum."

EVERYONE in the village was out on the side of the hill, sitting motionless, making spots of dark against the light ground, watching what might have been a small wigwam; but Jim knew what it was.

"Medicine," whispered Slim.

The thing that looked like a wigwam was the structure that a medicine man set up when he started talking to the spirits. It was made up of scrolls of birch bark wrapped around saplings which were thrust deep in the ground, with bits of evergreen and bells tied to the tops of them. You could see its outline well enough against the sky and water of the lake. Jim had seen that ceremony once before, but not when he was tired. Something made him stand dead still. He could hear Hunky's voice inside there, querulous and low, chanting to the beating of a drum, but there was something queer about the voice against the silence as he called upon the spirits and his gods.

Then the thing was shaking in a spasm. He could see the poles waving across the sky, and the little bells were jingling, and there was a chorus of voices among the bells—four or five voices, bass and treble—which were speaking all at once. You could swear that they had come alive. The bear and wolf and turtle were speaking, and finally Manito himself came down.

"Onishinabi," he was saying, "onishinabi."

It must have been his weariness that made the illusion perfect, because weariness was on him like a cloak. It made him go beyond the trickery toward a spirit of belief. It seemed to him the woods were speaking. The great spirit was the woods, which was keeping time to the staccato throbbing of the drum.

He stood there, leaning on his paddle, weak before the sound until the thing was over. He wondered if Mary Ware were listening among the shadows of the hillside or sitting behind the fire behind the blackness of a lodge. He wanted to call out her name, but he was not fool enough to call out at such a moment, when he and Slim were the only white men in an alien place.

Finally the drum stopped after the voice had died away like a preacher's voice in church. Then Hunky came out of his medicine house and stood near a little fire. Now that he was out, there was no magic in him. He was a tired old man in a wretched shirt and trousers, who gazed solemnly at the two strangers moving toward him.

"Cousin," he said in that guttural tongue of his.

Jim walked close up to him. Now that the drum had stopped, he was ashamed of the way he had felt.

"Where's my woman who ran away? I've come to bring her home."

Hunky raised his arm so quickly that Jim stepped backwards.

"She's there," he said.

Jim did not understand him. He heard Slim mutter behind him.

"Cousin," said Jim, "I'm after my woman who ran away."

He could not see Hunky's face, but he could feel his eyes on him.

"She's dead," he said.

CHAPTER 19.

THE words were what made it true. The words struck him like a cold wind and went howling through his head. They were outlandish, singing words which had their peculiar sense because they called to the instincts of the blood and not to the reason.

As he heard them they conveyed their meaning without his having to turn them into a white man's thought.

"Akosywin," Hunky was saying. "Nibowin." And Mary Ware was dead and dying again in the words and gestures.

The sickness had come in the lungs like water; the cold had done it. She was heavy with a child and could not stand the cold. It had not taken long—two days before, in the morning, she had died.

"When?" he asked.

"In the morning," Hunky said again—"early morning."

There were faces in a ring around him watching, and that was when he was sure. He had dreamed of her in the early morning. She had come to sit beside him just before the black wave of silence had taken her away.

"By God," he said, "it got her," but he only half heard what he said and he knew his words were crazy—not that it mattered. "It was always after her," he said.

Then Slim Nelson took hold of him hard, although he did not feel much sensation.

"Hey," Slim said, "she wouldn't slide off like that. He's lyin'."

"Shut up," said Jim.

"Boy," said Slim, "you only hear him say it."

"Take your hand off me," Jim said. "You heard me, take your hand off me. They got her, them damn woods! They were always pulling after her!"

He felt himself swaying after Slim took his hand away.

"I know. You don't know. Where's her grave, then? I want to see her grave."

Hunky took him up there, up close to a grove of yellow pine, and he saw the birch-bark grave like mist in the starlight, like a narrow little house, with tree trunks behind it in straight, dark lines. There were dishes laid before it, heaped with the food they gave the dead, and all of it made the pit of his stomach sick and weak.

His knees bent under him and he was in the long, tufted grass on his knees.

"Kid!" he was calling. "I didn't mean it, kid! So help me, it wasn't so! I swear to God's it wasn't so!"

FROM the dark of that grove of yellow pine something threw the words back in an echo at his face. Something threw them back and he knew she did not hear. Then he wanted to get away from there. He was running without knowing when he started, running down the hill toward the glow of the bark wigwams, calling to Slim to get away.

He did not remember for a long while what happened after that. There was water and the paddle in his hand. The woods kept pulling at him and tripping him when they carried the canoe through them, but there wasn't any sound. Now and then he saw Slim looking at him as if he were a crazy man. And he might have been because he knew the woods did that. Slim kept talking to him, but nothing stayed in his head because he knew that Slim was wrong telling him that an Indian was a liar.

"Sure," Slim said, "I seen him lie. I say he lied and hid her. She lived out all winter, didn't she? And it didn't hurt her lungs. She ain't dead. Women with kids don't die. Say, once I had a girl in Evans——"

"Shut up," interrupted Jim. "The woods——"

"All right!" Slim shouted at him. "I won't argue with a crazy man!"

"I ain't crazy," Jim said. "They took her. It's the woods."

"Yes," said Slim, "that's crazy, too. They don't die like that."

The woods were coming down to the water and throwing their shadows across the inlets. They were behind everything, perched on smooth granite rock which was rising from the water. They were bursting the granite with their roots and sending down the ferns and lichens to crumble it away. He could perceive a motion in the trees which was sinuous and constant. The trees were strangling each other, like wrestlers locked and swaying, and now, in the arms of spring the woods were killing and giving birth at once, blindly, until all those tops of trees crowning the low, rolling land moved in an endless rhythm like a dance that made him giddy, until he shouted at them:

"Damn you, stop!"

And he thought of everything that he and Mary Ware had done, all mixed up with trees and the rippling of the water, and once he heard her whisper, "You love me, don't you, Jim?"

THEN all at once everything came so clear that he could have

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607173

believed he had been sleeping and startled wide awake. It was morning, and sunny, almost warm. They were in that chain of lakes that emptied into Cloud, paddling toward high, pinkish, granite cliffs topped by their growth of spruce which seemed to close in their way. Down by the cliff was rising a sound like the chattering of a million birds, which grew steadily louder as they came nearer the cliffs. It was like a voice out of the woods calling to him.

"Come on, Laneer," it was calling. "I got her. I'll get you."

He knew exactly where they were—at Jug Rapids, the beginning of Sandy Creek. Slim half turned in the bow, showing three-quarters of his haggard, bearded face which made Jim wonder if he, too, looked as bad as that.

"Jug Rapids, pard," Slim said. "Carry's over yonder."

But the thing was talking to him. He could hear it in the shouting of the rapids.

"To Hell with carryin'!" Jim called. "We'll run 'em!"

There was a light pull of current and he had to raise his voice.

"Listen, you!" Slim shouted. "It don't run!"

Jim dug his paddle in. They were past the rocks by then, where you pulled out to take the portage. He felt the sliding of the current under the thin birch bark, yet there was no sense of motion until he watched the shore move past.

"Water's high!" he called. "We'll run!"

Slim never had a yellow streak and he knew they both were good. Almost born with a paddle in their hands, they both had that God-given sense of judgment and co-ordination for manoeuvring in white water, but when they got around the bend the sight ahead was something to make you jump, as Jug Rapids opened like a book of death—a gorge of cliffs and spruce and heaps of boulders on either side, dark green trees and the salmon-pink of granite, with a light blue sky above. Close to the water there was a mist, almost like rain, and the water had gone mad. Dirty yellow water spouted in the air. It jumped and roared in the agony of its strength as far as you could see, but once around the bend the roar was like a wall. It came straight at you like life gone mad, and Jim knew what it was.

"All right!" he yelled. "Come on!"

He saw Slim bend forward with his paddle raised, and then a cross-current swiped at them, almost making them head sideways, but he kept them straight head on. Then everything went mad, and, once he was in there, he knew it was too strong.

"Jim," he heard his mind saying, "you won't ride out of this."

He never knew what got them, but they must have been half-way down when they went over. He was sure the canoe never struck. It simply flipped over as though a hand had given it a twist, and the water hit him, smashing him against the rocks.

HE was trying to keep his head up, gasping for breath in a lake of foam. His strength meant nothing. He might have been a stick against the power that was there. His foot touched bottom, but he could not keep his feet in that. It rolled him and beat out his breath.

"Take that," it roared, "and that, you fool!"

He never knew how he got out. It must have been a back eddy that swept him like a stick up on the shore. He was lying on his back on a little spit of sand when he opened his eyes. The water was roaring. When he sat up he felt a pain go through him. The rocks and trees seemed to run at him as he lay on that bit of sand, and the sun went dancing through the dirty yellow of the water. Slim Nelson was flat on his face, half in the water, half on the sand. Jim knew he must have pulled Slim Nelson there. In spite of his pain he yanked Slim out and laid him across a rock to drain the water from him. Then he heard his own voice speaking in a shout above the water, and he knew what he was talking to. He was talking to the woods. He was shaking a bleeding fist at the spruce as if it understood him.

"You got her," he shouted, "but you ain't got me yet!" Then he was talking to Mary Ware, although he knew he was light-headed and though he knew she was dead. "They got you, kid," he called to her, "but wait till I get through!"

His head was light, but his mind was clear. He knew, as soon as he got back to Boiling Forks, that he was going to see McClane. There was that thing watching him behind the trees the way it always did.

"You took her," he called again, though he knew he was acting like a fool, "but you ain't got me yet! Wait till me and McClane get started. I'll play in with him if it's going to clean you out."

There was no answer. The sound was beating down on him as he stood half-naked, and the noise of the water swirled around his words, but he could see the end of Smooth Rock and the end of silence.

He could hear the calling of the lumber crews and the sweet thud of the axes and the tearing of the saws. He could hear the sawmills going, changing Smooth Rock into timber feet and the resonant pungence of the sawdust. He could see the charred stumps and slash of Smooth Rock after they were through.

It was worth seeing Beaver McClane for that, and any deal would do if he could sweep the place out clean. He would sell his soul if he could sweep the place out clean.

"Hey," he shouted, "Slim, come out of that!" and he rolled Slim Nelson off the rocks. Slim's eyes opened slowly, but when he saw Jim he must have remembered something. The stubborn line of his lips broke and he said, "She ain't dead. They don't die like that any more'n me."

But the sound of the water wrapped around the speech, leaving everything just as it had been beneath the sky of early spring—trees and rocks and roaring water, oblivious, complete.

CHAPTER 20.

TIME meant nothing up there except an endless swinging circle when they walked along the stream toward Cloud Lake, crawling over boulders, bending, slipping, while the woods stood straight and still around them. Neither he nor Slim spoke much, because they knew they had to save their strength to get out of there alive; but each knew what the other thought without speaking.

When a timber cruiser in his canoe saw them on the shore of Cloud Lake and headed toward them when they waved, they were both in bad shape, walking very slowly, ragged, bearded, hungry.

"Where've you boys been?" the man asked and Jim was the one who spoke, like someone unfamiliar with a language. If he had wanted he could not have told clearly just where they had been. At first it seemed to him that the man in the canoe had come out of nowhere, like things he had been seeing, but once Jim saw that the canoe with its food packs was real, his mind grew clear, as though he had come out of the dark into a lighted room.

"Mister," he said, "I'm Jim Laneer, walking down to Boiling Forks. I guess we've been mighty close to Hell, but we can take a beating. What day is it?"

"Thursday, friend," the man answered, "the twenty-second. Don't you know the time?"

The world was coming up to him again like early morning, as he stood there on the shore—Boiling Forks, Murch, Beaver McClane, his land at Horse Tail.

"Thursday?" he said. "Then to-morrow's Friday. We'll thank you to take us on to Boiling Forks. Got some food and a shirt? Got a razor and some soap? McClane's coming Friday. I want to see McClane first thing."

A hundred thoughts that had been asleep were moving in his mind, awake and pulling at him, now that he had food. Ambition and resentment were pulling at him, telling him to move. For the first time in days he thought of what Murch had said. Though he was used to being threatened, uneasiness stabbed at him, for he knew that Murch was dangerous, and Murch was still at Boiling Forks, for anything he knew.

"Come on," he said. His strength was coming back now that he had had food. "Give me a paddle now, and Nelson here can rest."

THEY got to Boiling Forks the next evening just as it was getting dark. The weather had clouded by then, ending in a drizzle of cold rain that made Jim shiver as he looked through that gray curtain of rain that shut out the shore. He could not believe he had stepped off the train at Boiling Forks only a week ago. It might have been a year from the way he felt, and there was no sense of anticipation in him, but rather a growing uneasiness.

Something made him watchful. Even before the canoe was near the dock he found himself peering through the rain. The rain was dripping on his bare head and spattering on his neck. He could hear it all around him when it struck the water in a million little hissing sounds. Now that they were near the dock he could see lights through the rain telling him of warm, close rooms, and he could feel, in anticipation, his body drying in the warmth and shelter. There was no one to meet them when they got out.

"Friend," Jim said to the man, "we're both of us grateful. . . Slim, we'll go to Sam Smith's store."

He could see the lights of the store as he spoke, but the muddy track that led to its lighted windows was empty. Sam Smith was alone, leaning over the counter when they got in, reading a newspaper, which was spread out flat, as was always his habit when the store was empty. When Sam looked up, the heat waves from the stoves in the centre of the room came in front of him like rippling water. He took off his glasses and laid them on the paper, as unmoved as though he'd seen them all half an hour ago.

"'Evenin', Sam," said Jim Laneer. "Has McClane got up here yet?"

"No," Sam Smith answered tranquilly, "but they're expecting him this evening. They're looking for you, Jim. I thought you'd like to know."

Jim Laneer walked near the stove and held out his hands toward it, watching his own shadow—seemingly not a part of him, but the shadow of someone else—which the oil lamp made against the shelves across the room.

"You thought I'd like to know what?" he asked. "Me and Slim, we're tired and we don't want to know a thing."

Sam laid down his pipe and leaned his elbows on the counter.

"Jim," he answered, "don't think I'm in on this. I aim to keep out of trouble, but didn't I warn you? I warned you to watch Murch. I told you he'd be out to get you after you played him rough. When I say they're looking for you, you know what I mean. I'm only telling you because I thought you'd like to know."

JIM LANEER had a strange sensation. Though he was standing safe and sound in the store in a world of human beings, he did not seem to have left the woods and some part of the woods had followed him in there.

"All right," he said. "If anybody wants to find me, I'm not running, am I? What's the matter? Old-timer, you'd better talk out straight."

Sam Smith kept his eyes on Jim, filmy

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607174

and bleached from what he had seen for forty years at Boiling Forks, and he spoke almost wearily, without a trace of excitement:

"Jim, they found Red Hobbs. I thought you'd like to know. Murch must have had a hunch about you and Red Hobbs, Jim. After you and Murch had words—soon's you went away—he went and got the sheriff. Then they set out to Gull Lake and dragged it. I always reckoned that's where Red was, since none of his outfit never turned up. Sure, they fished up Red, roped and weighted down in his own canoe."

He stopped, but Jim Laneer did not answer. Jim tried to keep his wits together, tried to keep his face contemptuous and set, but he felt his mouth drop open, he felt his back grow stiff and his hands grow cold.

"Sure," said Sam Smith, "it was Red all right. It was kind of hard to make him out, but it was his mackinaw on him and his hair—hair keeps good under water. Red, he was tied and weighted with that same rope that you bought from me that had a blue thread run through it, right off a piece that was left up in your cabin yonder. There isn't any rope like that up there in a hundred miles. Yes, sir, Red, he was drilled through the head with a rifle bullet, same calibre as your rifle, Jim, and he had been speaking of wanting to go to find you. Well, the sheriff's looking for you now, and I thought you'd like to know."

Jim heard Slim Nelson move like someone waking up, but he did not look at Slim. As he watched Sam Smith he could discover no pity, no dislike. He could guess what Sam was thinking—that he was through, like a line of others Sam had seen. Once a man was washed up and finished, Sam would let him go. There was no friendship in Boiling Forks, once a man was down. He could half believe that Red Hobbs had been out there waiting all the time for just that moment, waiting to tell anyone that might be looking for him. Red Hobbs was as good as in the store beside them, grinning and blinking his pale blue eyes. Though Jim Laneer knew it was a time to be cool, his mind moved fast, faster all the time, yet getting nowhere, darting like a fish on the end of a taut line. Though his mind moved fast enough, his head seemed to be sinking, just as he had seen Red Hobbs sink into a murky obscurity. "Keep your mouth shut, Jim Laneer," his mind was saying, but he knew he had to speak, and he heard himself speaking placidly.

"Yes," he was saying, "and you thought I'd like to know?"

"Yes," said Sam. "I thought you'd like to know."

NOW that the news had come upon him, Jim's hands were like lead and there was a weight upon his shoulders as if he had been carrying a heavy pack for miles along a carry. He could think of nothing to do but stand there by the stove with his mind going back and forth, fitting everything which had happened in order since he and Mary Ware had paddled out in a bark canoe on that autumn morning less than a year ago. Ever since that moment something had been tracking him. He had heard it when the drum had been beating up at Beaver. He had felt it touch him in the winter nights. It had been with him in the room above the store where he was standing when he and Mary Ware were there. It had taken her away, and now it had him by the throat. The end was so sure and perfect that he could believe that nothing he might have done would have made a bit of difference. "Keep your mouth shut," his mind was saying, and he heard Sam Smith still speaking:

"There's a saying I've heard, and I guess it's true: You can't keep a dead man still."

Then Jim Laneer was angry because he was not afraid of Red Hobbs dead any more than he had been afraid of Hobbs alive.

"Say," he said, "who is Hobbs? Do you think I was ever scared of Hobbs? He hasn't anything to do with this. It's the woods. You can't beat the woods."

Then Slim Nelson had him by the shoulders, speaking fast:

"Why didn't you tell me you was in a killing? Why didn't you come through clean instead of hiding the body? That fellow who brought us in, like as not he's at the Cloud House now, telling 'em you're back. You've got to get out of here, and I'll go with you. Come on, we've got to move."

But even as Jim thought of it, he knew it was no use.

"No," he answered. "I got to take it now. Sure, I killed Red Hobbs, and now it looks as though my luck is out. I killed him because he tried to kill me first."

But suddenly Jim knew he could not prove it—just as soon as he had started speaking.

"And now the whole works have come on top of me, that's what. It's the woods. They got Hobbs on top of me. You can't beat the woods."

Then he knew that they thought he was crazy when they looked at him, and he stopped and rubbed his hand across his face.

"Slim," he said, "what I mean is I can manage people, but this, it isn't people. Slim, you see Bill Smith at Evans. . . . Sam, is there any word just when McClane is coming? They may think they've got me, but I'm not finished yet."

"He's due in this evening," Sam Smith answered. "They say he's travelling in a private car. I guess he's heard of this by now."

"Yes, I guess he has," Jim said, "and I guess he's laughing fit to die, but he won't when he sees me."

Then they both were looking at him again, and Sam Smith cleared his throat.

"I'd rather you go outside," he said. "I guess it won't do any good to talk wild. I've got nothing against you, Jim, but I don't want trouble here."

FROM the way Sam Smith spoke, Jim knew that Sam thought he was as good as finished already. When a man was down at Boiling Forks no one ever cared. Voices and the sound of feet outside told him it was too late to go already.

He had seen the thing happen to others before, so that he could see it happen to himself almost as if he were in the crowd which came pouring into the door half a minute later. The crowd was made up of the people who always gathered at Boiling Forks when a man was wanted. They jammed their way in joyfully, like spectators at a play, the very ones who had cheered him when he got off the train. There were Ma Swenson and Gus and several of the girls and some of his own men. He could have called them all by name. Joe Johnson, the sheriff, was out in front, with Murch walking beside him just as Jim had seen him last—square-faced, clean-shaven, in a city suit. Once he was inside the store, Joe Johnson walked slowly, with his hand above his revolver holster, as though he did not like the job.

Jim saw that he was not sure, that no one in the crowd was sure yet just exactly what to do.

"Slim," he said quickly, "don't you move a hand. . . . 'Evening, Joe, what can I do for you?"

"Well, sheriff," said Murch, "there he is, and there's no use talking."

Then Joe Johnson gave a glance at Murch before he answered:

"Now, Jim, I'm sheriff here. I want to talk to you. Will you come somewhere where it's quiet, or do you want to talk right here?"

Jim Laneer looked carefully at the crowd again. He saw Ma Swenson look at him and blink uncertainly, and he saw she did not know which way to jump. He had been a big man when she had seen him last and he might not be finished yet.

"Right here. Why not?" Jim Laneer said, speaking at just the right moment, with that sense of his for crowds. "I hear you found Red Hobbs. I hear Murch went out with you and found him. That was kind of Murch to take the trouble. Now, before you go on, you answer this: Do you aim to arrest me, Joe?"

JOE JOHNSON cleared his throat. "I aim to hear what you've got to say. I've got to make up my mind."

Then he saw that Murch was angry.

"Haven't you made up your mind enough?" Murch asked. "I've told you everything, and it's clear open and shut. Put the handcuffs on him, Johnson."

Jim Laneer laughed shortly and his laugh held the crowd motionless and puzzled.

Joe Johnson rubbed the back of his head before he answered:

"Now, I don't like this, Jim. No matter how big a man is, he don't get away with murder. When I asked you a while back did you see Hobbs, you said you didn't, and now he's found tied with your own rope with a bullet through his head. Now, what you got to say?"

"All right," said Jim Laneer, and he knew he had to talk quickly. "Before I answer, you tell me this: You knew Hobbs. Hobbs was dead broke last fall. Who gave him money and a new canoe and a rifle and an outfit? Who sent him in to find me? Why? Because it was out that I owned both sides of Horse Tail, that's why. McClane is on his way up here, and you better be careful, Joe. Before you lay a hand on me you better see McClane."

He saw that his words had worked. He saw Joe Johnson's eyelids flicker, but he was watching Murch.

"That's all talk," Murch answered, "and he knows he can't prove it. Go ahead, sheriff, ask him if he killed the man."

"All right," said Johnson, "did you?"

"Sure" said Jim; "why not? There's plenty saw him go for me with a gun last fall. He came there after me and started shooting first, then I had to drop him. Any more you want to know?"

He saw Murch watching every muscle of his face. He heard someone sigh and someone cough before Joe Johnson asked: "Why'd you hide the body if you killed in self-defence?"

Jim nodded toward Murch. "You better ask him that. He's putting this up on me. He knows why I didn't want trouble with the law. I own both sides of Horse Tail. They'd have held me in high bail to get me out of the way. You be careful, Johnson."

The sheriff's eyelids flickered a second time and he scratched his head again.

"And I'll tell you why Murch is bringing this up now," Jim spoke more loudly. "He's doing it because he knows I'm going to get him fired. There's no one here doesn't know Red Hobbs swore he'd kill me."

"Easy," Joe Johnson's voice broke in. "You hid him, and that's ugly. If you'd come back and told the law —— Jim, there was a girl there with you. She could be a witness, and you need a witness bad. If you hadn't sunk that body, if you hadn't lied ——"

JIM LANEER felt his face grow white. He seemed to be building up a wall of stones, but no stone would stay upon another. They kept rolling off and down upon him every time he set them up.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607175

"I'm not talking any more," he answered, "but you be careful, Joe"

"I'm being careful" Joe was growing angry "It don't help you to lay the blame on someone else You had a girl up there. She must have seen what happened. You had a girl up there and you took her out and married her. Why did you do that? There wasn't any cause to marry her. Did you marry her so she couldn't talk against you under law? You better answer, Jim."

He tried to answer, though he knew it did no good. "I told you once"—and for the first time his voice was unnatural and strained. "I didn't want it out that I'd hidden Hobbs. That's all. I told you McClane's crowd had been up there. They wanted to dam Horse Tail. If they could get me out of the way, they could do it easy. Look at Murch. Do you think he wouldn't get me held if I had a killing on my hands? Yes, that's one reason why we got married, but it isn't the only one."

He could see that no one believed him any longer, not a word. "Joe," he added, "there's more to it than that. I'm telling you Hobbs was sent up there to get me into trouble."

"And he got you into trouble." Joe Johnson's voice had changed. "It don't do up here to be tricky with a corpse. Why else did you marry that girl, Laneer?"

He felt his face grow white, and then he told the truth. "Because I wanted to," he said.

He looked at Murch, and Murch began to laugh in his half-silent way, and suddenly everyone began to laugh.

"I guess that wasn't what you told McClane," Murch called. "Perhaps we didn't get it straight up here."

"Dearie," called Ma Swenson, "you love too many girls."

Joe Johnson moved toward him quickly. "Steady, Jim," he said. "You answer this. You need her now if you ever needed her. Where is she now?"

There was a silence again, and Jim Laneer was standing alone with that silence pressing on him.

"Where she can't talk," he said. "She's dead."

MURCH shifted his weight from one foot to another and opened his mouth and closed it.

"Laneer," he answered, "she was worth any ten of you."

Then he saw that Joe Johnson was holding a pair of handcuffs.

"Hold out your hands," Joe Johnson said. "The grand jury meets down at Evans next week, and they can work this out. Laneer, you're going to come with me, and I hope you're coming quiet."

Jim Laneer held out his hands without a word and felt the cold iron on his wrists, and then the iron clicked. Slim Nelson was saying something, but nothing he said made sense, for the click of the iron made something snap inside him. The faces in the room staring at him suddenly went into a single blur.

"Clear out," he heard the sheriff calling. "Get out, you've seen the show."

"Yes, you've seen the show," Jim Laneer heard his own voice answering. "I know who I've got to thank for this. It's you, Murch, but don't you think you did it. Nobody got me but the woods, and you can't beat the woods."

"Jim, you keep quiet," Slim was saying. "I'm going to get Bill Smith."

But Jim Laneer hardly heard him. Once the iron was on his wrists, he knew that he could never be clean again. He knew suddenly what he should have known before—that he had been in a game that was ruthless, dirty, double-crossing. There was only one thing that he wanted before they dragged him off. He had a single hope left, but it was as solid as a rock, a single card worth playing.

"Wait a minute, Joe," he said. "This is going to wash out clean, once I've seen McClane. As soon as he gets here, let me write him a note and let Slim take it to him. He'll see me all right. He's coming in to-night; you can wait as long as that."

It was his last card to play to see McClane face to face. That or nothing, and Murch must have seen it too.

"Don't listen to him," Murch said quickly. "Why, you, McClane won't want to see you after I've seen him first. You're finished, understand? You're through."

Joe Johnson scratched his head again. "Now, I'm doing my duty, mister, but I'm not offending anybody," he answered. "If Jim Laneer's got something on his mind and if Mr. McClane wants to see him, I guess there's no harm done. . . . Laneer, you come into Sam's room, there's paper and pencil there."

JIM LANEER walked heavily, half stumbling, and sat down by Sam's table.

"Seems like Murch had a grudge against you," Johnson said. "Don't forget I'm doing this for you."

"Thanks, Joe," Jim said. "It's comical. A while ago I thought I ran this town."

Then he took a piece of paper and wrote quickly:

McClane: I know something you don't know, and you better see me quick, before I talk out of school.

"You tell Slim to give that to McClane himself," he said, "as soon as McClane gets in, right into his hands, and he'll see me all right."

He leaned his hands on the table and leaned his head upon them, and then he closed his eyes and did not speak again; though all the time everything that had happened kept going through his mind in chains. He never thought that he would see McClane like that. The time when they had last met—he kept thinking of that office and the house and of Cynthia McClane, without its making sense. When he got down to the present, things had moved too fast to give them any reason. He must have been asleep when the sheriff shook his shoulder, because he had forgotten where he was.

"Come on, get on your feet," Joe Johnson said. "McClane's in and he says he'll see you."

"All right," Jim answered. "Where's McClane?"

"Down by the railroad station. He's got a private car. Jim, if there's any mistake, you rees'll I stretched a point. You remember that."

CHAPTER 21.

IT was dark outside and that fine rain was coming out of nowhere in the black. The sheriff held him by the arm as he walked towards the station. It was plain enough, even in the dark, that the news was out, of what had happened. The news would go across the lake by morning and up the river to other lakes, that Jim Laneer was held for murder, that Jim Laneer was through. They were staring at him from open doors when he went past, as though they had never seen him. Even with Johnson's hand upon his arm, he was entirely alone, different from everyone else in Boiling Forks, because he had handcuffs on his wrists. A drunken man was shouting at him and someone began to laugh.

In spite of the rain, nearly everyone was down at the station, staring at a sight they had never seen before. There was a car on the siding, shining and wet from the glare of two big lamps by the station door, like a world of its own that had broken off from a different world. Though the curtains were all down, the light that shone through the cracks by the windows was a different sort of light to those who stood there watching—a bright, sophisticated light. It hinted of silver and champagne and of all that had been heard of cities. Jim Laneer could remember that world vaguely, recalling that he had been there once. He tried to think of how it had been, when he and the sheriff walked up the steps and through a narrow passage of the car.

The car was not much, once he was inside. There was a sitting-room with padded chairs, a table and lights from the ceiling. The table was hitched to the wall, with a pack of cards on it face upward, and Seaver McClane was sitting near it in a black silk dressing-gown, drinking some soda and water. As Jim Laneer and the sheriff stood there, he stirred the mixture with a spoon and coughed.

"Cynth," he said, "you better go to bed."

Jim Laneer had not thought of Cynthia McClane being there until the old man spoke, and then he saw she was sitting farther up the car, half in the shadow, with the light on her yellow-whitish hair, watching the handcuffs on his wrists.

"No," she said, "I guess I'll stay. . . . Good evening, Jim."

Jim Laneer smiled slowly. "Evening, kid," he said. "It's pretty rough up here."

"Sheriff!" Seaver McClane said, "you can wait outside on the platform. This man won't make trouble. . . . Cynth, get me some soda and water . . . You sit down, Jim."

JIM LANEER did not sit down. He stood watching Seaver McClane, once they were alone, trying to see behind the wrinkles on his face, but he could not tell what the old man was thinking—whether he was pleased or embarrassed to see him there. It puzzled Jim Laneer, although he was absolutely sure that Seaver McClane had worked out every move straight down to the end. Seaver McClane must have heard about Red Hobbs long ago, but they might have met exactly as they had planned, from anything that happened.

There was one rule in the laws up there which Jim Laneer had always followed. When you were down, you did not cry for help. It was a rough game where there was no use to ask mercy, once you started. All that he wished was that Cynthia McClane was not there to see him, because he had not been straight with her.

They must have stood for quite a while looking at each other before the old man spoke.

"Well?" he said. "Well?" And stopped.

The old man's voice had a mocking quality which broke Jim Laneer's self-restraint. It made him forget that Cynthia McClane was there, because he was convinced that the old man was laughing at him, and the conviction made his own lips twist, though he did his best to keep his face straight. Jim knew that Seaver McClane's voice was driving out his common sense.

"Laneer," the old man said, "it looks as though things were changed—a whole lot changed—since we talked last."

He sat down again behind the table, and began stirring his spoon around the glass, while the wrinkles drooped around the corners of his mouth, but Jim's voice made him look up quickly:

"You're right, they're changed, mister, and maybe you're not so smart to have 'em changed. We might have still been friends, and this ain't Chicago, mister."

Then Jim knew that the old man could handle anything, from the depth of his experience. Though he must have understood, instead of giving the slightest sign of comprehension, his eyebrows drew together and his voice grew bland and even.

"Laneer," he said, "this won't get us anywhere."

Jim Laneer laughed, and he could feel his muscles quivering with an anger he could only half control.

"Mister," he said, "you be careful. You

National Library of Australia
http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607176

may think you've got me bad, but you haven't licked me yet."

SEAVER McCLANE'S back stiffened, and he took the spoon from his glass and laid it carefully on the table.

"I haven't?" His voice grew louder, but there was no anger in it. "I haven't? No, Lanceer, it looks as though you've licked yourself, and now you're blaming it on someone else. That's human, and it's common. No, Lanceer, you've licked yourself, like a lot of your sort up here. I thought you were a shade above a shantyman, but that's where I was wrong."

"Mister," Jim said hoarsely, "I guess you've said enough."

"No"—Seaver McClane rapped his hand on the table, and his eyes grew hard and stony—"I'll say my little piece to you, and you won't stop me, Jim. I'm getting old, and I've been around some, but I've never known when murder paid, or crooked dealing either, or when a killer wasn't yellow. Now, here you are, and I'm glad this happened when it did. Because you let your temper get away with you, you're going to be locked up. When everything was right for you, your own soul put you out of the running. Yes, sir, I know your kind. Your own nature's broke you down. It's going to let me start right in to dam that Horse Tail Stream of yours—and don't think I won't do it—and there's nothing you can do. You've licked yourself, Lanceer!"

It seemed to Jim that he could have stood anything better, because, when he thought of Mary Ware, he knew that half of it was true. As he stood listening, Seaver McClane's face danced before his eyes, and red-hot bands of fire were shooting through his brain.

"That's enough from you!" he shouted out before he knew what he was saying. "I'm doing the talking now!"

HE saw the old man give a leap out of his chair, and he saw that Cynthia McClane was standing up, but nothing could have stopped what he had to say unless someone had killed him.

"You stand where you are, old man. You've got these irons on me, but I can handle you. And when they come off, I'll finish you and your whole crowd, as sure as I'm alive. Don't you give me any sermons. Why, I'm a saint compared to you." He could think the words had changed him into someone else as he saw the old man staring at him.

"I can take what you hand out and like it. We've both fought dirty, and you've started that. But I never raised my hand to strike a woman. Talk to me of killing—mister, I'm a piker at that game along with you. What did my wife do to you? Did Mary Ware ever hurt you that you should have pulled her in?"

He paused to catch his breath, and he saw McClane's face grow red, and next he heard him shout:

"Man, have you gone mad?"

"You've got her out of here." Jim did not hear or care what McClane was saying, once he found his voice again. "I've got sense enough to know. You told Murch to drive her out of here, and you drove her out. Mary Ware—she's dead up there, and what did she do to you?"

He stopped again, and he felt his breath twisting at his shoulders and tearing at his throat. Then the old man stepped backward as though something had pushed him.

"Now, Lanceer"—the old man's voice was changed—"I had no hand in that. If there's anyone to blame, blame it on yourself. I never said a word to Murch, but if he heard any gossip from Chicago—maybe he talked to someone from the office—that's your fault, not mine."

Jim Lanceer heard himself laughing, though he had not meant to laugh.

"You did that, mister, and I know you like a book. And Murch was pleased to do your dirty work. He always wanted Mary Ware. I know, and I can tell you what you did. When you heard I'd gone in to find her, when you knew I was going to stick by her, you knew all bets were off with you and me, and you set out to get me quick. You pinned a killing on me, mister."

When he finished, their faces could not have been a foot apart, but Seaver McClane did not draw back.

"Lanceer," he said, "keep down your voice."

Jim Lanceer nodded.

"Wouldn't you like it down, mister? You want to keep it down, but it won't keep. You sent Murch in there to find where I put Red Hobbs. All right, you found him. But you don't know what else I know, and I'm not born a fool. Last autumn you sent Hobbs up to Horse Tail Stream to find me. You bought him a new rifle and you bought him a canoe."

"WHAT'S that?" The old man's voice had a queer sound in it. "Are you speaking about me? Do you say I sent that man in to find you?"

"That gets you, does it, mister? Who's a killer now? You knew Hobbs had tried to kill me once. I heard it from your mouth. As soon's those men of yours I met up there told you I owned both sides of Horse Tail, you started Hobbs in after me. I guess everything I did after that—and I did plenty, mister—wasn't too bad for you, but I never drove your woman out to die."

Seaver McClane opened his mouth and closed it.

"Lanceer——" he began and stopped.

"You wait," Jim answered. "I'm telling you, McClane. You may own half the State, but it ain't healthy, even for a man like you, when it comes out you're using killers. And, mister, it's going to come out, unless you see the prosecuting attorney down to Evans and get me out of this. That'll be the wisest play you ever made. You think it over, mister."

Then he stopped, because he knew when to stop talking. He had let Seaver McClane have it, and it was up to the old man now. The car was silent, and he could see Seaver McClane thinking, with all expression ironed out from his face. He could hear the rain on the windows of the car, and the murmur of voices from the crowd on the station platform, and the steady roar of Boiling River in the distance.

"You've got him," his mind was saying. "You got him, Jim Lanceer."

Then a sound startled him. Cynthia McClane was laughing at him, quietly, musically, and he had forgotten about her.

"Thanks," she said, "for the story, roughneck. Everyone will like to hear it, won't they?"

He turned his head toward her without answering. Her eyes were narrow; her lips were thin and ugly, and he knew she hated him. He knew why she did, and he did not blame her much.

Then Seaver McClane spoke so suddenly that Jim whirled half around.

"You damn fool!" McClane roared at him. "So you're trying to blackmail me, are you? I can understand you trying, but I gave you credit for more sense. Tell that to anyone who knows me and see if he'll believe you. Anyone who knows me would know that it's a lie. I don't work that way, and I've never had to, and no one who works for me either. And now you get out of here. . . . Sheriff, you hear me? You can take this man away."

For a moment Jim Lanceer was so surprised that he could not speak, because he knew that Seaver McClane was telling him the truth.

"Try to throw mud at me, will you?" the old man's voice rose again. "Why, I was going to help you if I could, Lanceer, but you don't know when to stop. So I drove your wife out of town, did I? I sent a killer at you, did I? . . . All right, sheriff, we're finished now."

Before Jim had a word to say, Joe Johnson tapped him on the shoulder and told him to come on. Then he turned without speaking, and the door slammed shut behind them, while Seaver McClane stood staring at the door. His anger was leaving him, and the surprise that was behind his anger was coming back.

"He wasn't lying," he said. "He believes I did that. No, he wasn't lying."

Suddenly he moved toward the door of the car and opened it.

"Is there a man named Nelson out here who brought me in a note?" he called. "I want to see him. Tell him to come in."

CHAPTER 22

THE gaol was down at Evans, and they waited for a train in a corner of the Cloud House, while everybody stared. Joe Johnson tried to talk to Jim, but he did not answer much until they were back on the station platform watching the train come in.

"Say, you'll be all right," Joe Johnson said. "Didn't you see McClane?"

"Yeh," said Jim coolly, though he knew by then that he would never be all right. Then he had another thought.

"Where's Slim?" he asked. "Why hasn't Slim been here?"

"Slim?" Joe Johnson answered. "I told you everything's all right. He's in with McClane now, where you were—right in the private car."

Jim Lanceer shrugged his shoulders. It came over him that Slim was looking for another job already—where he could get one—from McClane. And the world had left him flat.

"Yeh?" he said. "Well, that's all right. It don't matter now. I'm tired."

It was not so much his muscles as his mind that made him tired. Though he could realise that everything was over, the swiftness of what had overtaken him left him dazed, and life was roaring in his ears like the water in the rapids. Life, or luck, or whatever he might call it, had taken him like the water and had stripped him as clean.

The gaol was a small brick building in Evans down by the railroad tracks, with a row of three cells out in back. There were two drunken men in two of the cells, but the third was empty. As Joe Johnson opened the door the place smelled close and dirty.

"You'll be all right here, Jim," he said.

"Yes, I'll be all right," he answered.

"I'll send your lawyer first thing in the morning. Anything you want?"

"No," he answered, "I'm all right."

THERE was a single barred window looking toward the railroad tracks; there was a lantern down the hall which threw the shadows of the bars across his face. When he lay down on the bed with the shadows of the bars still pressing down on him he knew he was all right, because nothing mattered. When he closed his eyes he could not sleep, although he could feel his body calling out for sleep with a weariness that made his mind grow queer. He was aware of it, but nothing mattered. Then sometime in the middle of the night there was someone just beside him, and he knew it was Mary Ware. Then his mind went blank, but he did not go to sleep.

He never got it clear what was happening, except that men came in to ask him questions and that he could not have answered clearly. When Bill Smith came to see him in the morning, Jim noticed how the lawyer stared, and he heard him saying, "Jim, are you all right?"

And he answered, "Yes, I'm all right."

Bill Smith lighted a cigar and chewed the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607177

end. It was clear that he was thinking fast.

"Jim, it's lucky you've got me," he said. "I've handled killings before this. Red Red Hobbs don't amount to very much, and no one minds him dead. You're still a big man up here, so pull yourself together. There's always a way out of these things. All you have to do is wait right here and let me do the thinking. It would have been a whole lot better if you'd let me do it sooner. I know the public prosecutor like my own brother. We've got to talk to him, understand? And when we talk, you let me do the talking. Don't you be surprised by anything I say."

"You're right," Jim answered. "I guess nothing you'd do, Bill, would surprise me much."

Bill Smith smiled pleasantly.

"The only thing that may surprise you is what it's going to cost. And this is going to take some time—four or five days maybe—but I guess you're all right here."

He could tell that Bill Smith had an idea already. He said he did not care what it cost, if Bill could get him out, but it was a good five days, like a year where time meant nothing, before he saw Bill Smith again.

CHAPTER 23.

WHEN he heard his cell door open, the noise must have waked him up.

"Say, what's the matter now?" he asked. "Can't you leave me sleep?" The sun that was coming through the cell windows told him it was morning, but he could not tell what morning. Joe Johnson was standing over him with a bunch of keys in his left hand. "What day is it?" Jim asked.

"Boy, it's a day you better know," he said. "The prosecuting attorney's outside in the office. Now's your chance to see him, because he's friendly, Jim." For the first time since Jim had been locked up, his mind worked quickly. The sheriff's manner was different, telling him as plain as words that he was not through yet for the sheriff was always turning where the wind blew best. Joe Johnson was as much as telling him that something outside had changed.

"Your lawyer's out there too," he added. "Bill's been working for you right hard. Now, Jim, you come along. You can't go wrong with Bill there."

As Jim Laneer stood up, he felt his strength come back, pulling his mind and muscles all together. His instinct was speaking to him like a voice that Bill Smith had thought of something. Bill had found out something, and was going to get him free.

He followed the sheriff to the gaol office, walking carefully along the corridor. He wanted to ask Joe Johnson something more, but he knew, when it came to Bill Smith, that it was better to keep still. He and Bill always understood each other, and everybody knew that Bill and the prosecutor were in politics together.

"Jim," his mind was saying, "you're not finished yet."

The office was a box of a room, close and hot, sheathed in yellow varnished pine, and once Jim was inside he knew he was right. The expressions of the two men sitting there, and the quick way they looked at him, told him they had agreed to something. Bill Smith sat half sprawling in a stiff chair, with his cigar, as always, perched in the corner of his mouth. The prosecuting attorney sat beside him, and im had always known him. Silas Jones was attorney that year, a stout, smooth-faced, bald-headed man with heavy-lidded eyes. As he looked up without a word, the flesh of his neck bulged over his collar.

"You're getting fleshy, Si," Jim said, and just then Bill Smith looked at him sharply, speaking with a glance which Jim could understand. Bill was telling him to be careful as plainly as if he had spoken.

"You be careful, Jim," his glance said. "You do just what I say."

Then Jim knew something else as plainly as if he had been told out loud. He knew it as soon as Silas Jones told the sheriff to wait outside.

"And don't let anybody in," he added. "If you want to keep your job."

"They want something out of you," Jim Laneer's mind was saying. "You be careful, Jim."

BILL SMITH never did anything for nothing, and he and Silas Jones were there as close as if they were holding hands. They wanted something from him, but he could not guess just what it was until the prosecutor spoke. "Laneer, Bill tells me you own both sides of Horse Tail."

Bill's eyes were on him again, and Bill was chewing hard at the end of his cigar.

"Yes, I've been telling Mr. Jones," he said, "because Mr. Jones would be a great help to us up there. Mr. Jones feels he might do more with Mr. McClane than either you or me. He's interested, Jim, and he agrees with us that local business ought to open up this country. You'll be glad to talk to us later, won't you, Jim?"

"Sure," Jim answered, "sure. Anything you say."

He was careful, and everyone in that room was careful, but he knew what they were asking. They were asking him to pay.

"You see," Bill Smith went on, "Si and I have news. When your boys up there heard about your trouble, it seems they got excited." He laughed and slapped his hand on Si Jones' heavy back. "Your boss Hank has just come in, and he says there's been more fires on McClane's holdings. McClane is getting wild. He's got to get that burned land logged this winter. There's got to be a dam on Horse Tail, and if Mr. Jones and I should reason with him——"

"Sure," Jim answered, "sure. It's kind of you to think of that right now." There was no reason explaining further, because everyone understood.

"Of course"—Bill Smith took his cigar from his mouth and laughed again—"Mr. Jones here wouldn't appear publicly. He wouldn't have to, would he? B... I told him you'd do almost anything agreeable. . . . Well, that's not what we're here for, is it, Si?"

"No," Si Jones answered, and moved up his heavy eyelids. "Laneer, Mr. Smith can talk to you, I guess."

Bill Smith looked at Jim again, and Jim looked back. Though he knew that both men were as crooked as cow paths, they were going to get him out. All at once he did not care how much he paid, if he could get outside again.

"Now, Jim"—his lawyer was speaking, but his eyes were speaking louder—"you're in a tough position. I needn't tell you that. Until I told Mr. Jones the truth, no matter how much he has admired you—and he has admired you—he felt he had to go on with this. His own investigation and all the evidence pointed too strongly against you. You can't blame him, Jim. A man in his position has got to show definite reasons for not prosecuting a killing in this country, and the electorate must understand his reasons. Only when I went to him frankly as a friend, the way I said I'd do, and told him the truth about this case as you told me, was he willing to reconsider. You had no witness, but when I told him what you told me in here the other day——"

HE stopped with his eyes square on Jim Laneer, giving him a warning, telling him to hold his peace.

"Only when I told him the truth about the girl you married did he decide to drop this case. Now, I've got your statement here, just as you gave it to me the other day——"

"Say," said Jim Laneer, "let me get this right. I never——"

Bill Smith scowled at him and waved his hand before Jim understand him.

"I've got your statement here," he repeated, "that you made the other day, when I asked you for the truth, for you to swear and sign that your wife, Mary Ware Laneer, shot and killed Red Hobbs. I'll go over it with you now, so that Mr. Jones can be satisfied it's right. I want him to be satisfied in his own mind you didn't kill. All you did was to protect her name by giving her your own. No jury would find you guilty for anything you did. It would not pay to bring you into court, as Mr. Jones will understand."

Jim Laneer took a step backward and leaned against the wall. He had never known the capacity of Bill Smith before. It seemed as though his mind had stopped when Bill Smith mentioned Mary Ware, but he could remember even then admiring the adroitness of Bill Smith. He was taking the memory of Mary Ware, twisting it in his long fingers, exactly as he pleased.

"Say," he said, "how's that——" He spoke before he thought, but Bill Smith stopped him.

"Be quiet," his glance was saying. "You do what I say."

"Now, Jim"—his lawyer's voice was moving on like a stream of smooth clear water—"I'm going over this again before you sign. Not that there's any need, but to satisfy Mr. Jones. Up at Boiling Forks last autumn, Red Hobbs made advances to a dancehall girl, which she repulsed. You interfered and took that girl away, as witnesses can prove. The man Hobbs affirmed that he would go in after her, as witnesses can prove. He went in some time later and encountered you both at your cabin on Horse Tail near Gull Lake. In the course of that interview, before you could interfere, this Mary Ware snatched up a rifle and killed the man. You, Laneer, protected her as any man would do. You hid all trace. You took the girl down here and gave her your name for protection, and until I convinced you that you were wronging yourself, even after she was dead——"

He stopped. There was a sound outside. The sheriff was knocking on the door.

"Mr. Jones——" he was calling.

"Quiet out there," said Mr. Jones. Bill Smith put his cigar back in his mouth.

"You shouldered the blame yourself. That's your part, and I'm willing to say that any man would call it chivalry. But that does not close the evidence. The girl was nervous and hysterical, as witnesses can prove. Finally, obviously harassed by her guilt, she ran away, as witnesses can prove. Now, Jim, no one can blame you when this account comes out, and that's all Mr. Jones is waiting for. The law is a pretty human force sometimes. He's read your statement carefully, and all you have to do is sign and swear—and I congratulate you, Jim."

THERE was a knocking on the door again.

"Mr. Jones," the sheriff was saying, but Jim did not hear what anyone replied. He was looking at Silas Jones, sitting with drooping eyelids, and he knew the man did not believe a word, and did not care, but Jim knew that he would take it, once the words were in his mouth. Flimsy as that statement was, he knew it could be used. Mary Ware was where she could not talk, and Bill Smith had used her, because there was nothing to fear from her. He had it all on the sheets of paper in his hand.

"Now, Jim," he said, "you sign each page."

All he had to do was sign, but he did not lift his hand. He noticed that his hand was shaking; the walls of the room seemed to be moving toward him. His forehead was wet and his nerves were jangling, and suddenly he knew he could not do it. Though he knew he was a fool, he knew he could not do it. Something in

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607178

the way they watched him made him deathly sick. Bill Smith was saying:

"What's the matter, Jim?"

It seemed to him that Mary Ware was right beside him when he answered.

"I've done enough to her," he said; "I'm looking after her."

"You fool!" Bill Smith hissed at him. "You don't know what you're saying! Don't you know that she's dead?"

"Yes," he said, "that's why. She's where she can't talk for herself, and I'm looking out for her. Mary Ware—she wouldn't touch a fly, and I won't have it said while I'm around. I killed Hobbs the way I told you, and you two, and no one else, won't put that on Mary Ware."

They were looking at him as though he were crazy, and he was not sure he was not, but he knew that he had done that right.

"No, sir," he said, "no one touches her, alive or dead, while I'm around. . . . Smith, you tear up that paper quick or I'll make you eat it whole."

Then something happened. He never knew just what. Bill Smith was talking to him fast, telling him to be quiet, telling him to think, when the door opened suddenly and Joe Johnson hurried in.

"You got to see him. I can't keep him waiting," Joe Johnson said.

"See who?" Silas Jones stood up. "Get out of here. I said to stay outside."

"You better see him," Joe Johnson repeated; "McClane, he's waiting with a party from Boiling Forks to see you about Laneer."

IT was so sudden that Jim Laneer could not recall what happened next. He remembered that he was thinking of Mary Ware and not listening to what anybody said, or noticing, when he saw Seaver McClane walk in the room. He was dressed just as he had been the first time Jim had seen him, in a pearl-grey suit and a pearl-grey tie; his shoulders were stooping and his heavy head peered forward. Then Jim saw Ma Swenson with her hat on one side of her head, the way she always wore it; and then Slim Nelson came in, grinning at him, with half the buttons of his check shirt loose.

He saw them all clearly enough, but there was something wrong, because Mary Ware was with them. He shut his eyes and opened them, but he still saw her.

"Mr. Attorney," Seaver McClane was saying, "I've come here with witnesses. It won't do to hold this man."

She was still there while the old man spoke; she had on the blanket coat that Jim had bought for her, and a man's hat, and her eyes were wide open. He saw her reach out her hands, and then he heard her say:

"Jim—don't you know me, Jim?"

Suddenly he was as weak as water, and when he tried to answer, the words stuck in his throat, but he heard Slim Nelson laughing.

"It's her all right," Slim called to him. "Didn't I tell you? I said she wasn't dead. I said them Indians were lying. They held a grudge against you, Jim. Mr. McClane, he sent me in and I fetched her out this time."

He did not believe that it was true until he heard Slim Nelson. Then, though something stopped his speaking, he had her in his arms, and he did not care who saw them.

"Jim," she was saying, "I never knew you came up there to find me. I never knew you cared as much as that. They thought I'd want to hide from you, and they never told me you came. But I'm here now. It's going to be all right, Jim."

FOR a little while he could not think of anything to say.

"Kid," he said at length, "I'm looking after you. Don't you go away."

"Do you want me, Jim?" she asked, and he could not blame her asking, any more than he cared who heard him answer.

"I've always wanted you. There wasn't anybody else, not ever, once you came along. Nothing else was so."

Then he was looking at Seaver McClane.

"And don't believe 'em when they tell you different, kid, because it isn't so."

"Jim," she whispered, "don't. He's been good to me, and he's been good to you. He sent in to get me, Jim."

"Mr. Attorney," Seaver McClane was speaking, "there's a witness here—this woman, Mrs. Swenson—who heard plans made to have Hobbs follow Laneer. A man in my employ arranged that, named Murch, without my knowledge or consent. He's run away, and he'd better keep on running. I never believed a man of mine would play a trick like that, and I take all the blame. Mrs. Laneer here will tell you that Hobbs tied and gagged her, and waited with a rifle for Laneer. When you've heard this, if you still want to hold Laneer, I'll send for my own lawyer——"

The old man stopped, searching for a word, and Ma Swenson broke in shrilly:

"You see, I told him, dearie. I knew how interested Mr. McClane was as soon as he commenced asking questions. Wasn't it lucky I should happen to see Mr. Murch meet Red Hobbs in the saloon? It just happened to cross my mind, when Mr. McClane asked me, that I saw Mr. Murch give Red Hobbs money, dearie, after talking about you. Any friend of Mr. McClane is always a friend of mine."

"And now"—Seaver McClane stepped in front of Ma Swenson as though he did not see her—"you'll be out of here inside an hour, Laneer, or I'll know why. And I want to give you my apologies. I hope we're starting even now—right where we started first. You own the land on Horse Tail, and I own that timber up on Gull. You'll have to stop your men burning any more, and we'll have to get together."

But Jim Laneer did not answer him at once. He was looking at Mary Ware.

"Why, kid," he said, "I'd come and get you anywhere. I'm taking care of you, and no one's going to stop me, see?"

CHAPTER 24.

EVANS being the county seat and the only town near Smooth Rock, the McClane Lumber Company had set up its office in one of the small frame buildings on the main street. It amused Jim Laneer to see the sign when he remembered the office in Chicago with its elevators and marble floors, but he knew that Evans was the place where the money would be made. The money would come from the sawmills at Smooth Rock straight into Evans, a stream of money running from the rows of logs going through the mills.

Jim Laneer walked slowly, whistling through his teeth, with Mary Ware beside him. He was wearing a new checked shirt and heavy boots.

"Kid," he was saying, "the whole jam broke on me so quick I never thought I'd feel this way again."

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Good," he answered. "That's how I feel. You wait till I see McClane." He stopped when he saw that she looked worried.

"What do you mean, Jim, when you say that?"

"Why, say"—he began to laugh—"you were in a jam once. Didn't you feel good when you were out? Say, I could whip the world to-day. Wait till I see McClane."

"Jim"—she laughed and took his arm, and he knew that she was frightened—"aren't you going to tell me what you're going to do? Haven't you tried to whip the world enough?"

Life was running through him again, sparkling in his blood like sunlight on the water.

"You'll see what I'm going to do," he said. "You wait till I see McClane. Say, what makes you scared, kid? He's going to have a shock when I get through with him."

"Jim," she asked him, "haven't you changed at all?"

He put his hand over hers and shook his head. "Kid, you wait and see," he answered.

But once they were alone with Seaver McClane, Jim was almost sorry that he had brought Mary Ware along. She put a constraint upon what he might have said and made them both feel awkward.

The old man himself got a chair for her, and they all sat down opposite a blueprint map of the lakes which was tacked on a bare wall. They talked about the weather for a while, until Jim Laneer broke in:

"Mister, we didn't come to talk about the weather. Let's go and get this over. I own Horse Tail and you've got to dam it to get your timber out. I've still got a crew of men up there. I offered to give you my notes for your holdings, but that was when I was riding high." He looked at Mary Ware. "Mister, this business has made a heap of worry. What's your proposition?"

SEAVER McCLANE did not answer for a moment, and the wrinkles gathered about his eyes and he leaned back in his chair.

"Laneer, I won't take your notes," he said. "I'm going to get that wood myself."

"All right," Jim answered, "I guessed as much. It would have been a lot better if you had told me sooner."

But Seaver McClane was not through. "Now wait," he said; "I know you can put up a fight, and I don't want a fight. I never do unless I can't prevent it. A lot of things have happened since we talked about this first, but I haven't changed my mind about you. Someone's got to get that pine out for me and, as far as I can see, you're the best man to do it. I'll put you on my pay roll, starting at ten thousand, and I'll buy your holdings exactly as I offered. Murch offered you fifty thousand. That's too much, but I won't go back on it. Laneer, I still want to be friends with you. Suppose we shake hands."

Jim Laneer looked at Mary Ware before he answered.

"Mary Ware and me both want to thank you, but I'm not working. We're selling out to-day. The rest of it doesn't go, except we're selling out. I wouldn't cut another tree up there if you gave me a million, mister."

"Laneer," the old man said, "you're talking like a fool."

But Jim Laneer knew he wasn't when he saw Mary Ware.

She understood what he meant, although he never explained it all to her. She had never looked as fine as she did then.

"Maybe," Jim said—"maybe, but we're through. Mary Ware and me, we're pulling out of here to-morrow. We'll take the bark canoe. I don't know where we're going or what we're going to do, but there's a lot of country up a ways."

Then, when he saw that Seaver McClane did not understand him, he tried to make it clearer. "Mister," he said, "it's this way; I should have seen it all the time and I should have known it sooner: I can either take the woods or Mary Ware, and, mister, you can have the woods."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4607179